SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. APRIL, 1889. No. 4.

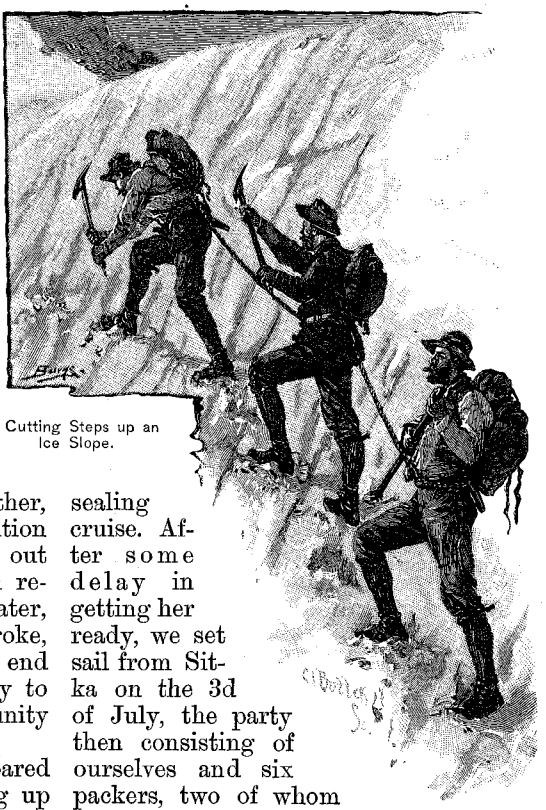
CLIMBING MOUNT ST. ELIAS.

By William Williams.

IN 1886 the *New York Times* organized an expedition under Lieutenant Schwatka, the main object of which was to explore the glaciers to the southward of Mount St. Elias and ascend the mountain as far as possible. This was the first attempt ever made to penetrate that part of Alaska. The party succeeded in getting very near the foot of the mountain, a distance of about forty-five miles from the sea, but owing to the unfavorable state of the weather, combined with other causes, all attempts to ascend Mt. St. Elias proper were abandoned. Mr. Karr, however, climbed one of a chain of hills situated in the vicinity of the main range. Only nine or ten days were spent away from the beach.

In the spring of 1888 Mr. Harold W. Topham, of London, came over to this country with his brother, with a view to getting up an expedition similar in its purpose to that sent out by the *Times*. I was fortunate in receiving an invitation to join them. Later, a third Englishman, Mr. George Broke, was added to the party, and by the end of June we were all at Sitka, ready to avail ourselves of the first opportunity to proceed north.

The Schwatka party were spared much time and trouble in getting up the coast, as the U. S. S. Pinta had received orders to carry them as far as they wished to go. Not being so fortunate in this respect, we were obliged to proceed partly by sailing vessel, partly by canoes. The only available schooner was the Alpha, a vessel of twenty-seven tons, which had just returned from a sealing cruise. After some delay in getting her ready, we set sail from Sitka on the 3d of July, the party then consisting of ourselves and six packers, two of whom were white men, and the remaining four Indians. Though the latter are generally capable of carrying heavier loads than white men, yet we did not think it



Cutting Steps up an Ice Slope.

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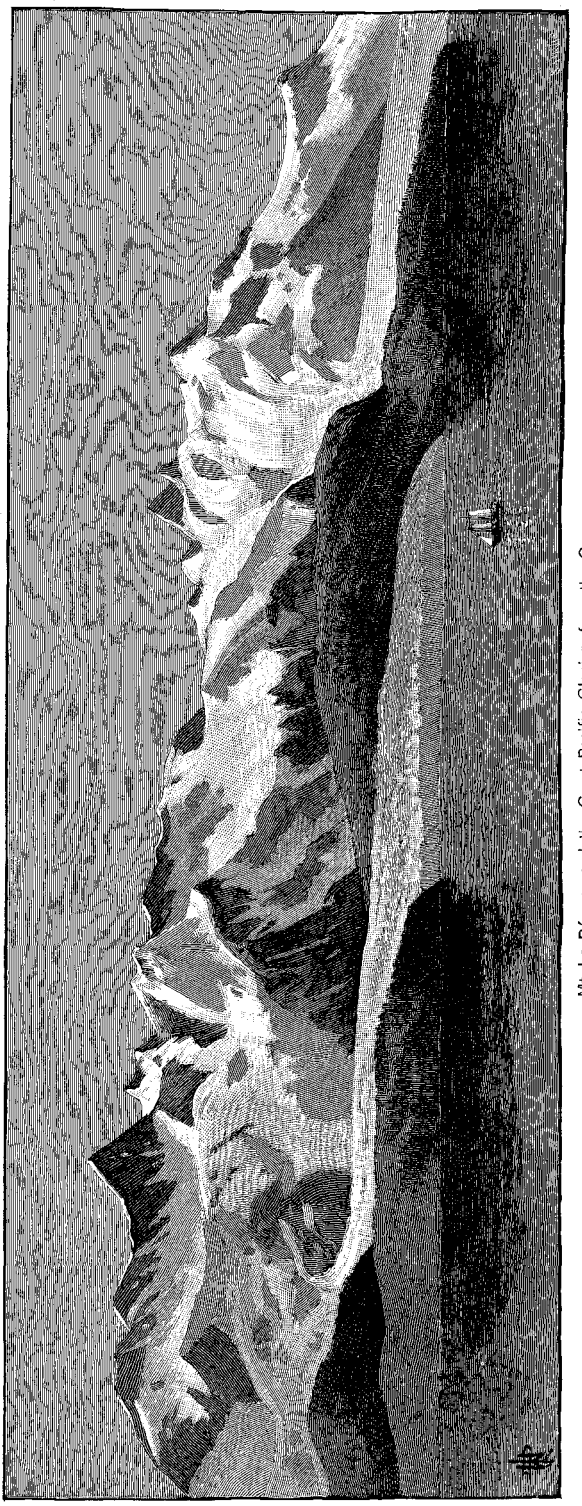

Mt. La Pérouse and the Great Pacific Glacier, from the Ocean.

advisable to rely on them altogether, lest they should leave us suddenly in the lurch.

We were seven days in reaching Yakutat, an Indian settlement situated 250 miles beyond Sitka [map on p. 390]. The vessel being small and dirty, the voyage on the whole was not very enjoyable. On the fourth day out we caught occasional glimpses through the clouds of the Fairweather range of mountains, consisting principally of Mt. Fairweather, Mt. Crillon and Mt. La Pérouse; these peaks rise almost directly out of the sea, two of them to a height of nearly sixteen thousand feet. I obtained a fine view of them on the return trip, and have no hesitation in saying that they present one of the grandest of mountain panoramas. Owing partly to their proximity, they appear much finer than from Glacier Bay, from which point many Alaskan tourists see them yearly. Several glaciers descend from their slopes, some of which, as that at Icy Point, terminate abruptly in the ocean, their faces, which are washed by the sea, being about two miles long. On Mt. Crillon we noticed in particular two icefalls that impressed us as being unusually fine.

Yakutat Bay is the first indentation of any importance above Cross Sound, and hence is easily recognized in clear weather. The coast to the eastward is very low and generally lined with pine-trees. Yakutat itself is situated on a small island about five miles up the bay. It has a fairly good harbor, the entrance to which is by means of a

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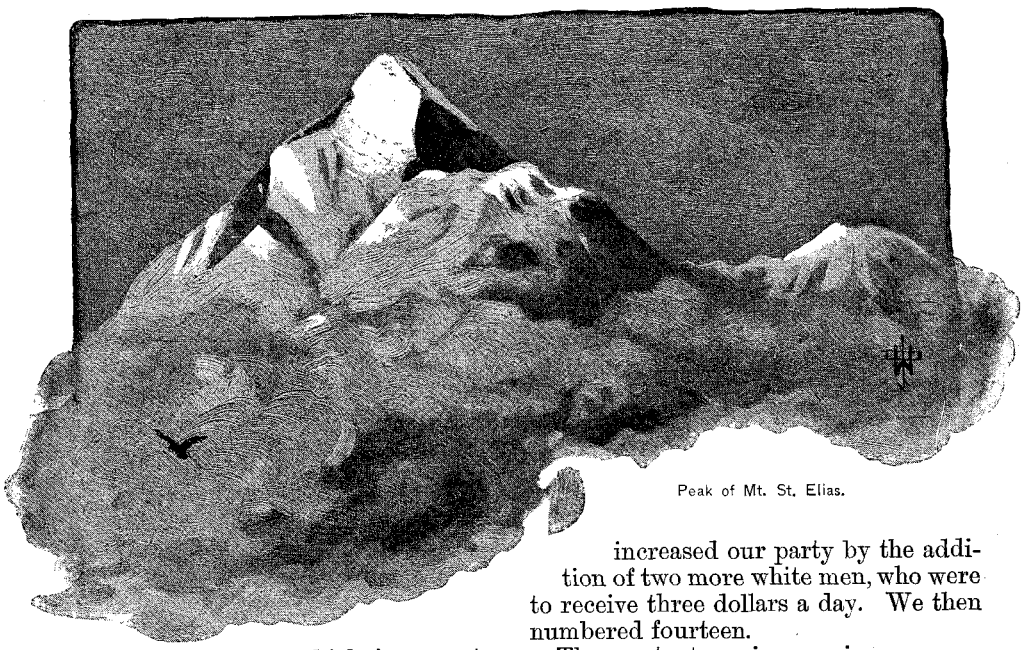
channel not over twenty yards wide. It is exclusively an Indian settlement and consists of just five houses, each covering an area of perhaps thirty square feet. They are quite picturesque, a distinctive feature being the oval door,



Peak of Mt. St. Elias.

which is none too large and situated a foot or more above the outside platform, so that in order to enter one must reduce one's height at both ends. The houses are all of a size, and contain a large central space which serves both as parlor and kitchen; opening out on it are several smaller rooms, which are allotted to the different families. The chief, Billy, is quite friendly, and will allow one, if without shelter, to spend several days in his house. If he expects anything in return, he will say so beforehand.

The inhabitants evinced a sort of stupid interest at our coming. One "Dick the Dude," of Juneau, whom we had temporarily hired at Sitka, but soon afterward discharged as being too true to his nickname, had, in order to annoy us, sent up word of our arrival by some Indians who were coming north in canoes to visit their friends, stating that we were very anxious to obtain packers and were ready to pay high wages. As a result the Yakutats stood out for three dollars a day for some time; fortunately we were not altogether dependent on them, and the realization of this fact, more than anything else, brought them to terms. We eventually hired two of them at two dollars a day, and further increased our party by the addition of two more white men, who were to receive three dollars a day. We then numbered fourteen.

The next stage in our journey was from Yakutat to Icy Bay, situated about fifty-five miles to the northwest. No one, however, should be misled by the word "Bay," for, as we subsequently learned, the curvature of the beach is almost imperceptible, and hence offers no protection against the ocean swell which is constantly sweeping in. We were obliged to proceed thither in canoes, on account of the surf through which we had to land. The canoes used along the Alaskan coast are "dug-outs"; they are made of all sizes. As but few trees are of sufficient thickness to give the large ones the requisite beam, the sides are stretched and made to retain their new position by means of water heated by stones.

The Indians acted in a very aggravating manner about starting. Not caring to paddle their canoes fifty-five miles, it was their intention to wait for a fair off-shore breeze. Our main object, on the other hand, was to reach Icy Bay while the surf was low, regardless of

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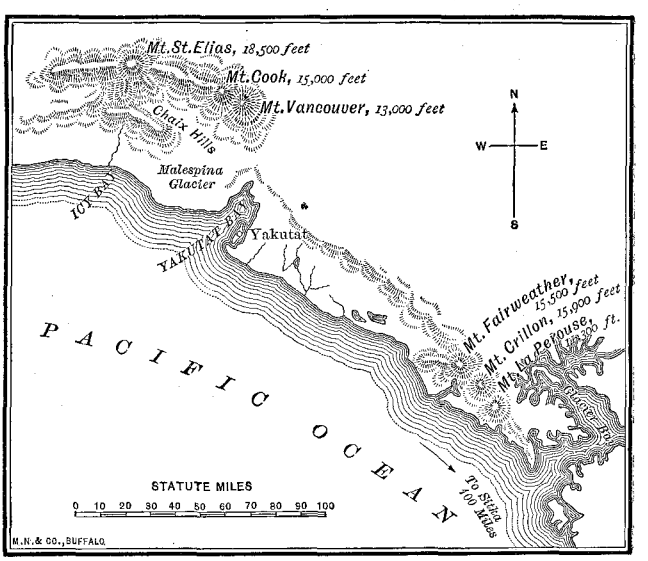
whether a fair wind was blowing or not. Why we should be in any hurry was quite incomprehensible to men to whom time is no object. We finally succeeded in making them do as we pleased by threatening to proceed in the Alpha.

We left Yakutat on the morning of July 13th in two large canoes and one small one, all three being heavily laden with men and provisions. The trip to Icy Bay was accomplished in ten hours, thanks to an off-shore breeze which sprang up early in the morning and stayed by us most of the day. Part of the time, and for a distance of over fifteen miles, we were sailing along the foot of the Malespina glacier, so covered with earth, stones, and brush as to make it absolutely impossible to discern the ice with the eye, though the temperature of both wind and water gave clear evidence of its presence.

Sailing in a large canoe is a most delightful experience; the craft seems to glide over the surface of the water without cutting it; this is owing to its very light draught; its great width, on the other hand, gives it considerable stability up to a certain point. If the Indians were taught the use of the folding centre-board, they could probably make their canoes go fairly well to windward; the best they can do now is to avail themselves of a beam-wind.

We found comparatively little surf anywhere on the coast, and by awaiting their opportunity the Indians succeeded, amidst the most intense excitement on their part, in bringing the canoes in on the crest of a wave and landing us without much wetting. Fifteen hours after our arrival the surf, however, was so high, that it would have been impossible for us to reach the beach in safety. We landed very near the place where the Schwatka party were put ashore by the Pinta's boats; the beach at this point is broad and steep, and composed of black sand; this, together with the dark green trees in the background, gave the landscape a sombre and impressive appearance.

It may now be well to say a word about our general plans. We had brought along fourteen hundred pounds of provisions, consisting mainly of bacon, hams, smoked salmon, flour, beans, dried apples, tea, and coffee, enough to enable fourteen men to remain away from Yakutat forty days if necessary. Of these forty days it was our intention to devote at the outside twenty-eight to climbing; food had been brought for the remaining twelve in case we should be detained at Icy Bay on our return through the unfavorable condition of the surf, as we could not count on obtaining any food at that place. Hence it was never intended to remove more than about two-thirds of our provisions from the beach.



Map showing Alaskan Coast from Mt. Fairweather to Mt. St. Elias.

On the morning of the sixteenth we broke camp, leaving an Indian behind to take care of the canoes which remained; one of the large ones was sent back to Yakutat with seven other Indians who had accompanied us only as far as Icy Bay. Our native packers carried from seventy to ninety pounds, our

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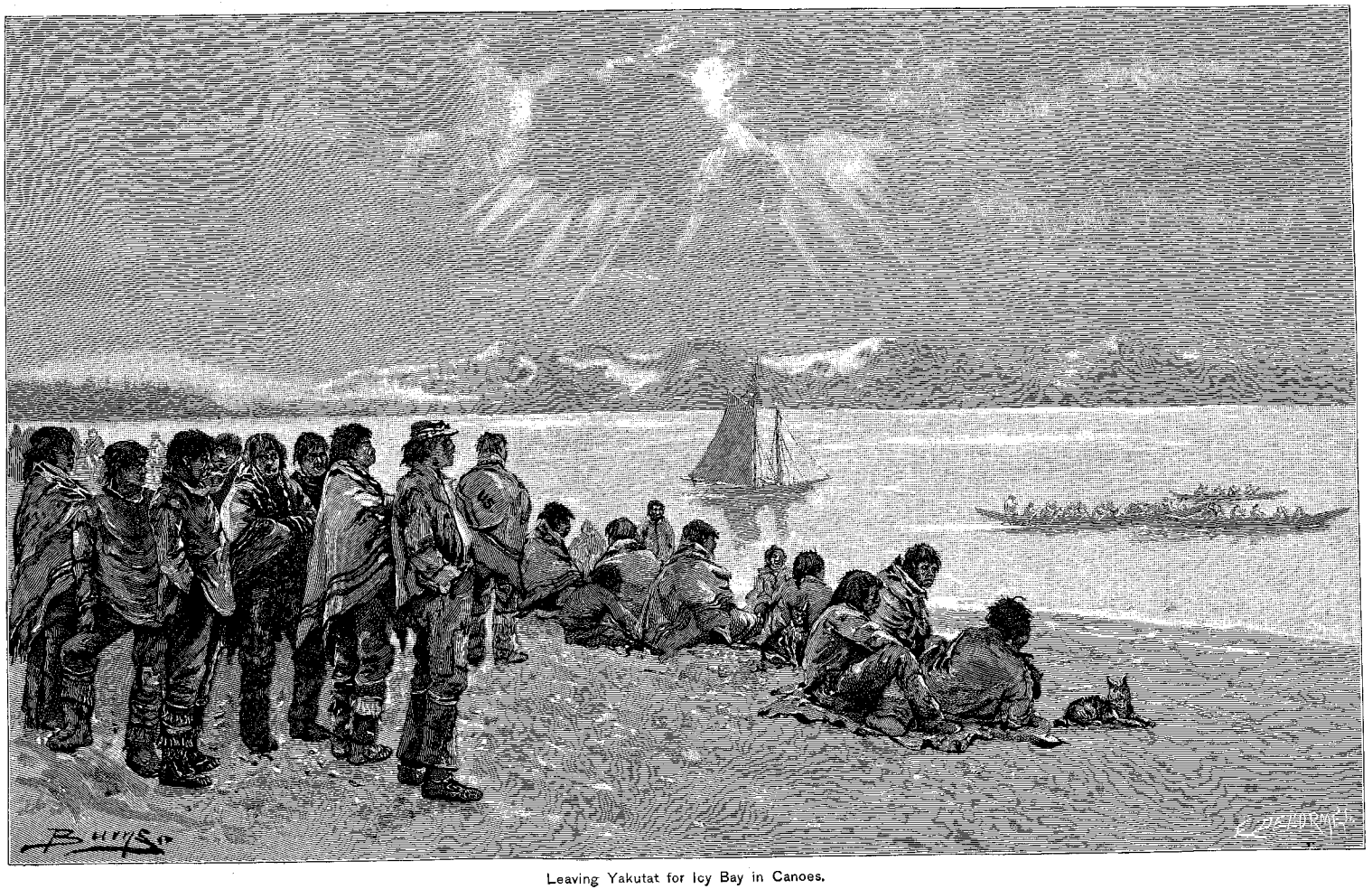

Leaving Yakutat for Icy Bay in Canoes.

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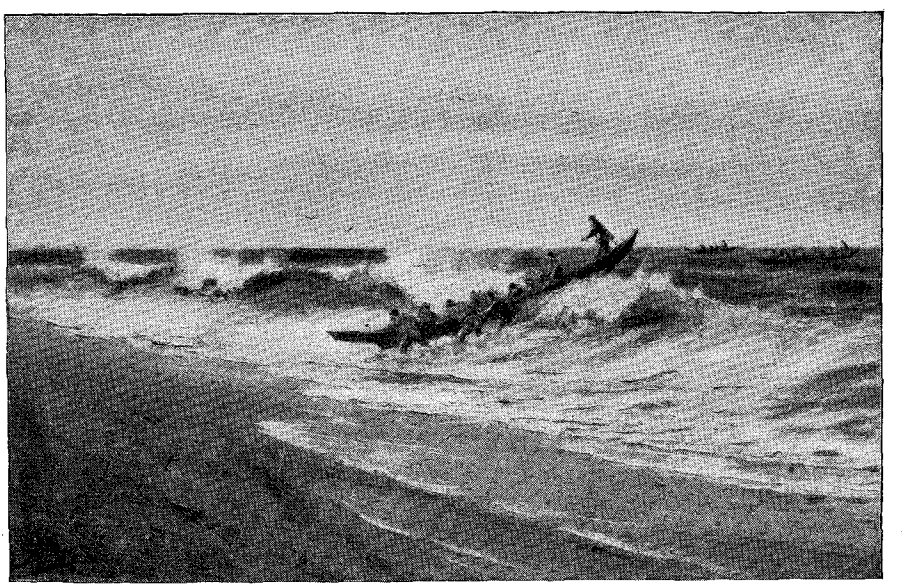
white men from sixty to eighty, while my English friends and I had loads varying in weight from twenty-five to forty pounds. We followed the beach in a westerly direction for about five miles. During part of the time we were obliged to walk over ground which was thickly covered with wild strawberries; they were of very good size, but were somewhat lacking in flavor. They grow mainly in the sand. The bears are said to be very fond of them.

The route for the first day was substantially that taken by the previous party. We soon left the beach and turning sharply to the right followed up one of the many arms of the Yahtsé River, this being the name by which the Jones River is known to the Indians. A great deal of wading had to be done through deep glacier water, and this certainly was not one of the agreeable features of the trip.

The second day out we left the Yahtsé and ascended the Agassiz Glacier, which lay on our right. This glacier is entirely unlike any we had ever seen; along its edge and to a height of 500 feet or more it is so densely wooded with large trees and brush that it is hard for one to realize that a few feet beneath the soil there is solid ice. On emerging from the forest, we found ourselves facing an immense moraine which extended for miles away to the northward and eastward. The Alaskan moraines are different from those commonly seen in Switzerland, which generally consist of stones and boulders piled up in a continuous line at the edge or on the surface of a glacier; about St. Elias one finds *débris* covering the ice to a greater or lesser depth and extending quite a distance away from the borders. In the centre of the glacier white ice is generally seen. Travelling over the *débris* is very rough work, and particularly so for men with heavy packs; the stones are loosely distributed, and even with the greatest care in selecting a footing one frequently loses his balance and gets a bad tumble.

Once on the glacier, we were obliged to elect which one of the two routes leading to St. Elias we would take, for before us, at a distance of perhaps eighteen miles, the Chaix Hills, a sandstone range some twelve miles long and thirty-five hundred feet high, lay in such a position that a straight line drawn from us to the mountain would have intersected them at right angles, dividing them into two equal parts. Two years ago the Schwatka party went to the left;



Landing through the Surf at Icy Bay.

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as they expressed the opinion that St. Elias was inaccessible by the face they saw, we decided that it would be better for us to try the other way first.

Camp at Icy Bay before the Start for Mt. St. Elias.

Most of our Indians had never been on ice before, yet they carried their loads of eighty or ninety pounds over rough and slippery places with comparative ease; more than once we took great pains to cut steps across an ice-slope to prevent anyone from slipping; but they generally disdained using them, crossing either just above or just below where we had prepared the way. They refused to wear the shoes with nails we had provided for them, preferring their mocassins; several reached camp one night with bleeding feet, but they nevertheless persisted in using their own foot-gear. We subsequently discovered that one of their objects in so doing was to avoid wearing out good shoes in our service.

The average Indian is a competent being, though it takes some time to discover his good points. He is quick at grasping ideas, and is especially good at imitating what others have done. But it requires great patience in dealing with him, the more so since he deals with the white man at arm's length. He is exceedingly distrustful, nor does he cease to be so until he has become thoroughly convinced of the honest intentions of the stranger.

In the early part of the third day our general course was toward the eastern end of the Chaix Hills, but by noon our progress being slower than we had anticipated, we decided to make for the nearest point on the same, to avoid spending the night on the glacier, if possible. We were fortunate in finding a suitable place for leaving the ice; this cannot be done at every point, owing to the steepness of the glacier at its edge. Between the hills and the glacier ran a swift stream, after fording which we found ourselves on a beautiful camping-ground. The change from the moraine was very refreshing. To a height of several hundred feet these hills are densely wooded with dark green brush; above grows a kind of coarse grass of a lighter hue; still higher appear the steep and bare slopes of sandstone. Pine-trees are found on a few isolated spots. We subsequently learned that the northern face is covered with snow, as might be expected. It is very odd that such rich vegetation should be found in the midst of so much ice.

Eight of the packers were now sent back to Icy Bay to bring up another

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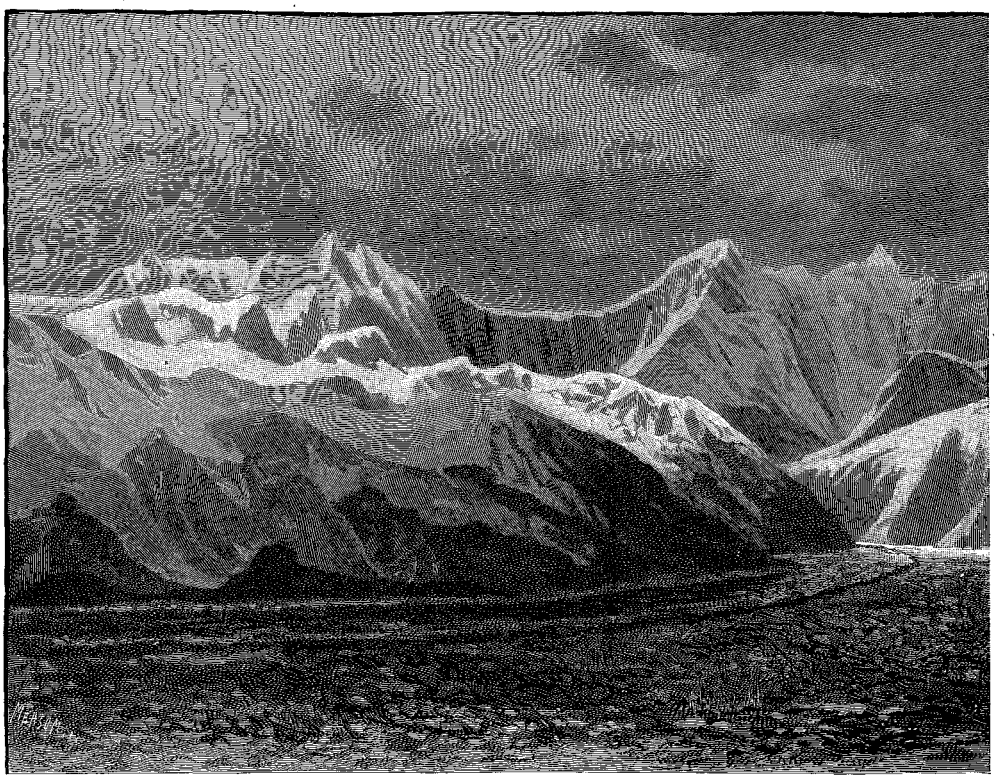

Mount St. Elias from the Northwest Corner of the Chaix Hills,

supply of food; two of the Sitka Indians remained, to aid us in moving camp while exploring the ground that lay before us. They stayed very reluctantly; they did not seem to appreciate the distinction we had intended to confer on them by selecting them as the two best.

Our immediate object was to reach the eastern end of the Chaix Hills, by following up the stream, if possible, as walking along its edge was vastly preferable to crossing the rough glacier. About four miles above the last camp we discovered a beautiful lake, bordered on one side by the green hill-slopes, on the other by the steep cliffs of the glacier. It was only one of a great number of similar lakes which are to be found all along this sandstone range. A flock of ducks rose as we came in sight. Owing to the steepness of the ice around a second lake, we were eventually obliged to take to the glacier again, and by means of it we succeeded, in the course of two days, in turning the hills at the desired point. We were then on a glacier proceeding directly from the southeastern face of the mountain. We ascended it for a short distance, and from a point about two thousand feet high obtained a perfect view of the imposing mass of St. Elias, then less than eight miles distant. Though by no means the highest mountain in the world by actual measurement, yet it probably appears as large as, if not larger than, any other, for it is plainly visible from the sea throughout its entire height of eighteen or nineteen thousand feet, though situated from forty to fifty miles inland. The Swiss mountains, which are all under sixteen thousand feet, are generally seen from elevations varying from four to eight thousand feet, while in the Himalayas the plane of observation is considerably higher. It is certainly true that, with the possible exception of Mt. Wrangel, about which little is known, Mt. St. Elias presents the greatest snow climb of all the mountains

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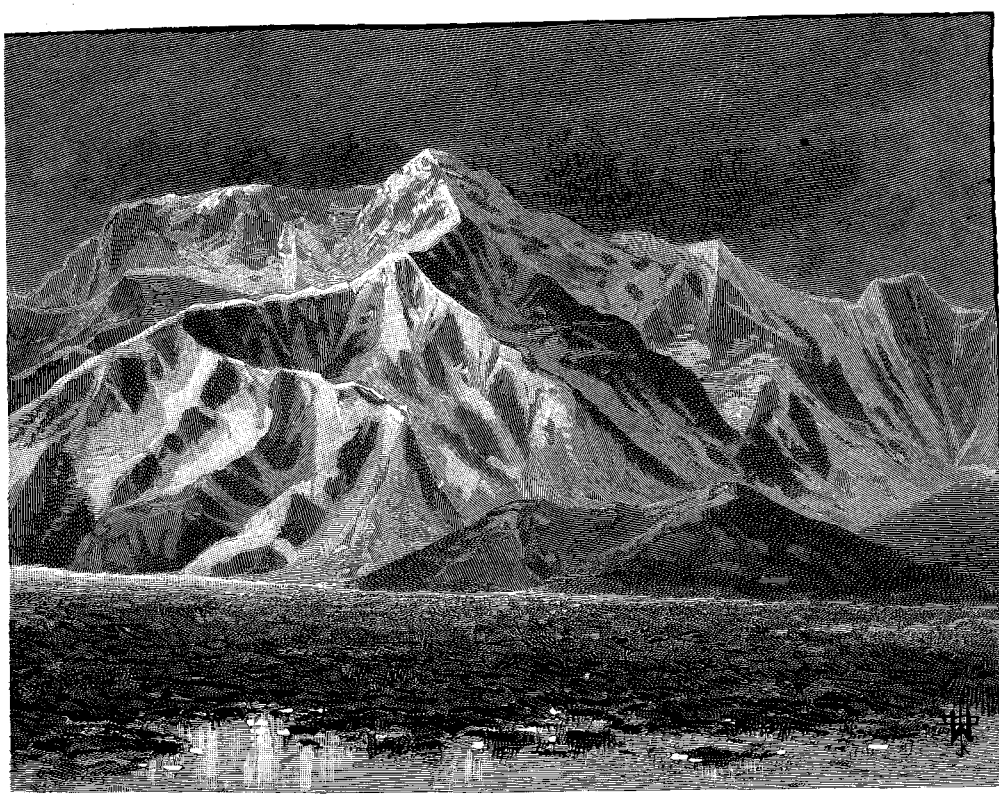

showing the Crater, the entire upper rim of which was ascended.

in the world, on account of the low point to which the line of perpetual snow descends in these northerly regions. Beside St. Elias such mountains as Cook and Vancouver sank into insignificance. The face we were looking at was composed mainly of great masses of broken snow and ice; on either side were rocky *arêtes* leading up to the final pyramid; the lower part of the mountain seemed much less accessible than the upper part. After a careful survey of the whole, we came to the conclusion that any attempt to make the ascent from that quarter could only result in failure.

In order not to endanger our chances of possible success on the southwestern face through any lack of time, we decided to start for that point at once. This involved retracing our steps to the first place we had reached on the Chaix Hills; a short distance beyond we met the eight packers on their return from Icy Bay, and the party, which then again numbered fourteen, directed their steps to the northwestern corner of the Chaix Hills. Lake Castani, discovered and named by the previous party, happened to be filled with water and floating icebergs as we passed it. On our return a fortnight later, we found it to be quite empty, the icebergs being stranded. Beyond Castani we were obliged to pass some thick brush before reaching the Guyot Glacier. A walk of three hours over white ice then brought us to the northwestern corner of the Chaix Hills.

Just before leaving the glacier one of our men discovered a large flock of geese on a lake. The whole party was summoned, and dropping our packs we armed ourselves with clubs, with a view to having some fresh food for the next meal. Fortunately the geese were too young to fly, as we had been obliged to

* A point just above the asterisk, where the foot of the mountain meets the glacier, was the site of our five days' camp. Directly over this in the illustration is the crater; and the extreme right-hand limit of the upper rim of this —a point about half an inch to the right of a vertical line drawn from the camp—was the highest spot reached.

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A Rainy Day on the March to the Mountain.

leave all our guns behind, on account of their weight. The geese retired to a sheltered nook beneath a great ice-arch with considerable overhang, which they were only induced to leave on hearing the report of a revolver. As they swam out, a dozen or more were either clubbed or grabbed. We found them excellent eating, though doubtless the surrounding circumstances added somewhat to their savor. A fortnight later the geese in the neighborhood were all able to fly, and hence our unsportsmanlike methods ceased to be of any avail.

Our new location on the Chaix Hills was amidst the grandest of mountain scenery. The most conspicuous object was, of course, Mt. St. Elias, which rose abruptly from the glacier some twelve miles beyond. Two massive shoulders of snow led up to the summit, in shape resembling a pyramid, three of the edges of which were visible. Somewhat in advance of the final peak was what appeared as an immense crater or amphitheatre, which, if severed from the rest, would in itself be a mountain of no mean dimensions. St. Elias ter-

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minates on either side in a long ridge of as fine precipitous rock as is often seen. These ridges appear as a continuation of the shoulders, than which they are, however, so much lower that there is little difficulty in determining where the mountain proper begins and where it ends. The peak and the ridges, then, taken together, may be said to form a unit in themselves. Turning to the left, the eye, after travelling over immense tracts of glacier, encounters a range of snow-clad mountains with but few protruding rocks; they were particularly beautiful when tinged by the reddish light of the setting sun. In the immediate neighborhood of our camp violets, forget-me-nots, and blue-bells were growing in profusion. A pool of tolerably warm water, fed from subterranean sources, gave us an opportunity of enjoying a delightful swim. It seemed very odd to be bathing when surrounded on all sides by glaciers, and with Mt. St. Elias in our immediate vicinity.

Thinking we saw a possible route up the mountain by way of the crater, we decided to move forward immediately. Having crossed the Tyndall Glacier in three hours and a half to Schwatka's last camp on a range of foot-hills, we sent back to Icy Bay all but four of our packers. With them we gradually pushed on up the glacier, and camped the third night after leaving the Chaix Hills near the mouth of the second of the three glaciers, which join the Tyndall on the left and at right angles. At this point one of the party was unfortunately incapacitated from further climbing by accidentally breaking his snow-glasses. Leaving him and the two Indians at the camp last mentioned, the remaining three of us, with two white packers, pushed right on to the base of the mountain and crater, and pitched our tent on the only green spot on the southwestern face of St. Elias.

This spot, covering perhaps two acres, was about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, on what may be said to represent the line of perpetual snow on Mt. St. Elias. We had some little trouble in reaching it, owing to the treacherous condition of the glacier up which we were obliged to proceed. The latter is very much crevassed for a distance of two miles or more from the mountain. In the very early part of the season it is probably covered with so much snow that one would hardly become aware of the presence of the ice beneath; but by the end of July much of the snow has disappeared, and the remaining snow-bridges over the crevasses being then very thin are liable to give way when subjected to any great pressure. Hence we had to feel our way along very carefully, and at times retrace our steps for a considerable distance in order to try getting ahead at another point. As we were tied together with a stout rope, which was kept taut when in dangerous places, the only result following the breaking through of a snow-bridge was the temporary disappearance, partial or total, of one of the party beneath the snow. With the aid of the rope he was able to regain the surface with little or no trouble. Without the rope, though, a person would in many cases fall to a great depth, where he would be jammed in the ice or freeze to death before any assistance could be rendered. Of course it is of the utmost importance that crevasses which are hidden by snow should be crossed at right angles, for if several are on a snow-bridge at once and it breaks through, the rope ceases to be of any avail, and all may come to grief. Such accidents, however, need not occur when proper care is exercised in examining the surface of the snow.

Our party was the first to set foot on Mt. St. Elias, for the previous expedition, having proceeded up the Tyndall Glacier to within a certain distance of the mountain, decided to branch off to the left on account of the roughness of the ice ahead.* Mr. Karr then ascended one of a chain of hills which faces the main range.

Heretofore the fuel question had never given us any trouble; we had always succeeded in finding wood or brush wherever we had stopped; but now our fires were comparatively small, being fed only by bits of shrubbery and dry moss. We were, however, always able to boil enough water for coffee, and no further cooking was required, as we had brought with us hams and hard-tack for use while on the mountain.

* Karr's "Shores and Alps of Alaska," p. 102. Schwatka's letter to the New York Times, October 7, 1886.

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The view from our camping-ground was one of rare beauty. A small portion of the summit of Mt. St. Elias was visible, peeping up over the crater. Its great height, however, could not be fully appreciated from so near its base. A most remarkable and unique sight were two straight and narrow glaciers, which appeared to have fallen over the edge of the mountain at a point where it was very steep. They were parallel to each other, being separated by a strip of fine bare rock. They resembled two frozen cascades and must have been over two thousand feet high. For the first time we caught a glimpse of the valley through which the upper part of the Tyndall Glacier descends; the rocky peaks and precipices in the background were very grand; they reminded us somewhat of the scenery from Montanvert looking up the Mer de Glace.

No less than fourteen different kinds of wild flowers were found near our camp, and a few excellent strawberries were picked. Ptarmigan, which during the last few days had been seen in large numbers, had now grown scarce, though with the aid of a gun we could have secured enough for several meals. Four marmots were captured by smoking them out of their hole in the cleft of a rock; situated as we were, they made an excellent stew, to prepare which we destroyed one of our wooden boxes. Two bears were seen crossing the glacier. They did not trouble us, and we had no means of troubling them.

From our camp on the mountain the crater was reached by two different *arêtes* and on two different occasions. The ascent alone of the first *arête* occupied the better part of eight hours, and was not altogether without difficulty. The height reached was about eight thousand feet; a low, broad cairn was built at the top. Being of the opinion that the route we had chosen was too long for the beginning of the ascent of such a mountain as St. Elias, we decided to ascertain whether the crater could not be gained more easily in some other way. The night previous to the second successful attempt to reach it was spent in the open air, two hours beyond the regular camp, at a somewhat chilly spot; we were surrounded on almost every side by snow and ice, so we could hardly expect very much warmth after the sun had gone down. The glacier to the left of us was very peculiar. It seemed to have its origin in a rocky precipice and consisted mainly of yawning crevasses; it was evidently the remnant of a once fine glacier coming down from above.

A start was made at 4.30 A.M. The Tophams and I were tied to a rope, our two packers remaining at the base of the mountain. After two hours and a half of steady climbing we had gained the crater by a rock *arête* running parallel to the one we had already ascended. Our experience with the rocks of Mt. St. Elias was not of an agreeable character. They were practically all composed of shale of the most rotten kind, thus affording no hold for either our hands or our feet. Large pieces broke off and went tumbling down below at every step we took, filling the air with dust, and at times we were obliged to use great care in order to avoid going along with them. Had the rock been firm, the climbing would have been very fine, as the *arête* was quite rugged. The sharp character of the shale was most injurious to our shoes, however stout they were, and the integrity of our footgear was, of course, a question of the utmost importance to us.

Once on the brink of the crater, we obtained a perfect view of this wonderful cavity in the mountain side. It is one of the main features of the southwestern face of St. Elias. It begins on the right in a splendid jagged *arête* leading up to a peak which, from another point, appears as a spur of the mountain. At the foot of this peak begins the upper rim of the crater, which descends gradually to the left in the shape of a spiral curve. In its entire length it is frosted with a layer of snow over fifty feet thick; the effect of this is very striking. The walls of the crater are composed of steep, bare rock, the surface of which is furrowed and stratified in a most wonderful manner. The interior is filled with snow; its outlet is to the eastward, where it feeds a large glacier. There is good reason to believe that this amphitheatre is of volcanic origin. Several specimens of rocks which were brought down seem to support

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this theory, while later in the day a cone was passed resembling in shape and general appearance those seen in the crater of Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii.

Having paused a few moments for the view, we turned to the left and began following the edge of the crater in a westerly direction. We soon passed the point we had reached two days before, and then walked steadily for two hours over snow-fields and steep *débris*. Later we had about fifteen minutes of good climbing among solid sandstone and conglomerate rocks. This we enjoyed immensely, as it was in marked contrast with what we had been treated to on the shale *arête*.

After a hasty lunch at ten we continued the ascent. The following hour was occupied in cutting our way up an ice-slope. This is always slow and tedious work, and particularly so when the ice is covered with a layer of snow. At an early hour of the day such slopes can sometimes be ascended by digging one's feet into the snow, and without the aid of any steps in the ice ; but after the surface has been exposed to the rays of the sun there is always danger of the whole mass of snow detaching itself from the ice and forming a miniature avalanche, in which case the whole party would be pretty sure to follow the avalanche down the slope. It is far safer, and generally absolutely necessary, when brought face to face with such an obstacle, to cut one's way up it step by step ; the rate of progress under such circumstances is often not over 150 feet an hour, whereas a good snow-field can be climbed at more than ten times this speed. The steps are cut by means of an ice-axe, the shape of which is familiar to Swiss tourists. The first man has most of the heavy work to do. Those behind him have to see that the rope is kept taut and to dig their axes well into the ice at each step, in order to have a good hold on it, should anyone slip. The descent of such a slope is generally accomplished in the same way that one would descend a ladder. When thus facing the ice, there is less danger of losing one's balance ; then, too, it is easier to secure a foothold in a slippery step with the toe than with the heel.

Having climbed the ice-slope, we found ourselves at the point where the crater appears from below to take a sudden turn to the right. We then walked along the undulating line of its upper edge ; no sooner had we reached the top of one eminence than we were obliged to descend again, only to prepare for climbing another. The snow was very soft ; we constantly went in to our knees and sometimes to our waist. At 1.45 P.M. we were at the point where the rocky peak already referred to may properly be said to begin. According to observations made with aneroid barometers and a boiling-point thermometer, the height reached was 11,460 feet, nearly 9,000 of which were above the line of perpetual snow. Several sights were taken with the prismatic compass in order to locate our position on the mountain. It was unfortunately too late in the day and the snow was getting too soft for us to ascend the small peak ; we estimated it to be about 1,500 feet above us, and under favorable conditions we could probably have climbed it in less than two hours.

There are several reasons, which it would be tedious for the reader to have laid before him at length, why no further attempt was made to reach the actual summit of Mt. St. Elias. The only practicable route leading to the final peak from beyond the crater appeared to be over a huge mound some 1,500 feet high, the slopes of which were mostly covered with ice. To cut steps up it would in itself be no small task, and would have to be performed at the beginning and not in the middle of the day's climb ; hence it would be necessary to establish a temporary camp at a considerable height on the mountain, and to do this would require the services of packers experienced in climbing, such as the present expedition did not have at its command. Even then success would not be certain, unless another year should find these same slopes covered with firm snow instead of ice. That this would be the case is not at all improbable, in view of the unusual amount of sunny weather which prevailed in Alaska during the whole of last summer, the tendency of which is to turn snow into ice. Beyond the mound

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the ascent by the southern *arête* appeared to offer fewer difficulties, though the very summit of the mountain wore a snow-cap with a great deal of overhang. The southwestern face of St. Elias, it is safe to say, will never be climbed; it presents a mass of broken snow, beautiful, yet forbidding. We estimated the summit to be about 7,000 feet above us, making its total height 18,500 feet. It seemed to us that the Coast Survey giving it 19,500 feet was too liberal in its figures.

The day was cloudless; the whole scene was one that baffles description. It surpassed in grandeur though not in picturesqueness the very best that the Alps can offer. Roughly speaking, the eye encountered for miles nothing but snow and ice. I had never before thoroughly realized the vastness of the Alaskan glaciers, though during the past fortnight we had spent many a weary hour in crossing immense moraines. One of the glaciers we looked down upon was not less than sixty miles long, while another attained a breadth of twenty-five or thirty miles.

From below I had gained the impression that ice covered with *débris* predominated over white ice. I now saw that this was not the case, and that the ratio of *débris* to clear ice was probably not greater than that of one to ten. When standing at a considerable height one appreciates for the first time the beautiful curves through which the glaciers alter their course. We noticed this in particular in looking down upon the Agassiz Glacier. It appeared at one point to describe three or four arcs of concentric circles with radii varying from eight to ten miles, each arc being indicated by a light coating of stones, the whole resembling an immense race-course. Through the middle of the Tyndall Glacier, and for a distance of several miles, two light streaks of moraine ran parallel to each other, presenting from above the appearance of a huge serpent crawling the length of the glacier.

The groups of snow-clad peaks visible to the naked eye were countless, and to the northward, in which direction the view was barred, their number is doubtless quite as great; only a few of them, however, impressed us as being either very high or very striking in shape. Some of them rose out of the snow in such a manner as to lead one to believe that they had been recently buried and were waiting to be dug out. When I say that but few appeared very high or striking, I should except Fairweather and Crillon, which were plainly visible above the clouds though a hundred and forty miles distant. The ocean was covered with fog; it frequently is in these latitudes; in fact it would often be raining for a whole day at the beach, while about St. Elias the sky would be cloudless.

At three o'clock we thought it best to begin our downward journey, as we did not care to be caught out over night. A small American flag, presented to the Expedition by a lady of Sitka, was placed in a tin can and left at "Flag Rock," a point about 10,000 feet high. The descent was accomplished without accident, and we reached our sleeping place at 8.30 P.M. While descending the final *arête*, and when not occupied in dodging falling stones, we noticed some very fine effects of the setting sun on the snow mountains and on a few thin floating clouds; the hues did not equal the Alpine glow of Switzerland, but the light blue of the sky was very beautiful. The sunlight falling on the green spots in the valleys below made them stand out in marked contrast with the surrounding snow and ice.

After a hasty meal we wrapped ourselves up in our blankets and spent another night in the open air. We had all enjoyed the day thoroughly; I shall certainly remember it as one of the pleasantest I have ever spent in the mountains.

The twentieth day had now elapsed since our arrival at Icy Bay, and it was time for us to be thinking of getting back to the beach, not knowing how long we might be detained there by the surf. Leaving a few things behind, we began the return journey in earnest the day after the climb, and reached the shore in the course of five days. The Indians were overjoyed at the idea of being homeward bound. They seemed thoroughly tired of the

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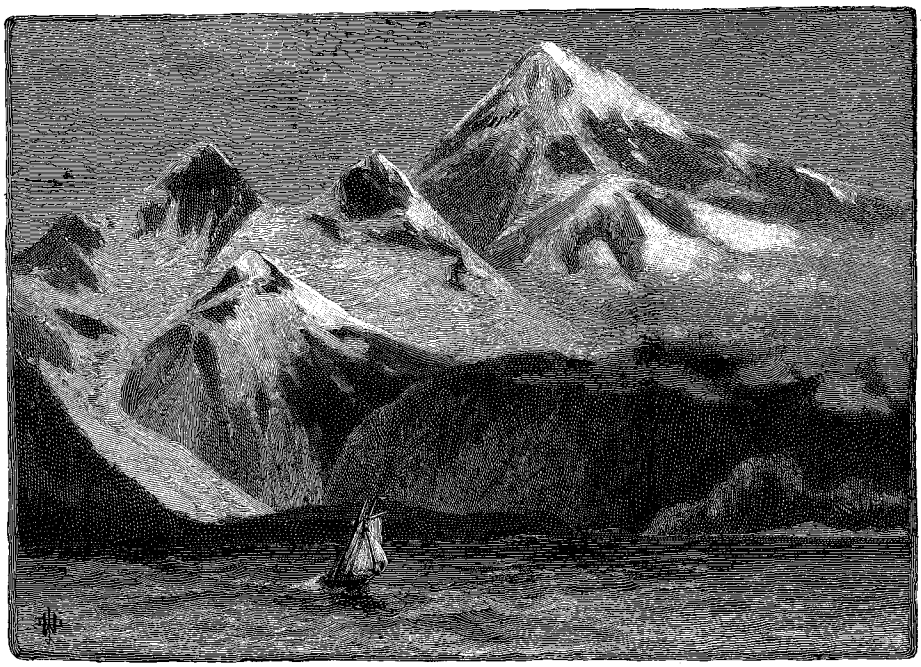

Mt. Crillon from the Pacific Ocean.

mountains. We found the Yahtsé River very much higher than when we had come up, and hence the wading was more disagreeable. At one place we were submerged for some time anywhere from the chest to the neck, according to the size of the man. We were so light when under water, that the quicksands below did not trouble us. On the other hand our loads rendered us top-heavy, and one of our men as a natural result lost his balance and went over, wetting his pack. Our smallest Indian had to be relieved of his load altogether. Curiously enough the Indians seemed to prefer wading to walking over dry ground. The first day out, they took us through deep water no less than ten times in the course of half an hour, much of which could have been avoided, as we subsequently found, by making a short *détour* through the woods. On the present occasion one of them, having crossed the stream, deposited his pack and returned to the deepest part where he literally took a bath with all his clothes on and seemed to rejoice in our unsuccessful efforts at finding a shallow place for crossing. The water coming directly from the glacier was so cold that we white men were only too glad to get out of it, but its temperature seemed to have no disagreeable effect on the Indians.

The shore-camp was reached August 7th, early in the afternoon. There was but little surf, and fearing that the conditions might change by next morning, we decided to start for Yakutat that night. The Indians were very glad to leave, and as a consequence we found getting away from Icy Bay to be a very much easier task than starting out from Yakutat some four weeks earlier had been. The large canoe carried twelve men, all the baggage, and the provisions which were left over. The small one could only hold four men. At six o'clock we were fairly under way, and an equal amount of paddling and sailing brought us to Yakutat next morning at ten o'clock.

Four days elapsed, and the Alpha, which we were relying on to take us down the coast, had not yet put in an appearance. As I was anxious to be home by a certain date, I availed myself of an unexpected opportunity to reach Sitka on the Active, a small schooner

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Wading an Arm of the Yahtse River—on the return from the mountain.

which was already crowded with miners. My friends, not being so hard pressed for time, decided to await the arrival of the larger vessel. The Active was favored with a fair breeze till within thirty miles of Sitka, at which point we took to the oars and rowed her into port. The trip was performed in three days and a half, and thanks to the fine weather was far from disagreeable.

The others, as I subsequently learned, were much less fortunate than myself in getting away from Yakutat. After waiting another week for the Alpha, one of them decided to start for Sitka in a canoe with some Indians. The trip was successfully made in seven days, but it was not unattended with danger, since the coast consists largely of rocks and glaciers and hence offers but little protection against southerly gales, even for a canoe. On reaching Sitka it was learned that the Leo, a schooner with auxiliary steam power, was just about to leave for Victoria. She was immediately chartered to go to Yakutat and bring the remainder of the party away. Their joy on sighting her was intense,

Mount St. Elias from Yakutat.

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but not of long duration, for no sooner had she steamed off with all on board, than a southeasterly gale was encountered which lasted five days; during this time the Leo sprung a bad leak which necessitated a return to Yakutat, where she was beached and repaired by her crew. Sitka was eventually reached on the 17th of September.

It is hoped that before long this part of our country will be visited again and another attempt made to climb Mt. St. Elias. The next expedition will have a great advantage over the present one, for, the weather permitting, it can count on being at an elevation of eleven thousand four hundred feet above the sea-level within six days after leaving Icy Bay, whereas this year's party were eighteen days in reaching this height, owing to the absence of all definite information concerning the mountain proper.

Whether the latter will ever be climbed by following up our route it is impossible to say; it is not at all unlikely that the true way to the summit is to be found on the northern side, where fewer rocks and better snow would probably be encountered; how to reach the northern side of the mountain is a problem yet to be solved. But whether successful in reaching the top or not, no party composed of men who enjoy walking and climbing amidst the finest of alpine scenery will ever regret having spent a summer in making the attempt to ascend Mt. St. Elias.

HOPE'S SONG.

By Elsie Kendall.

"And will it be," said Hope to me,
"That over the snow he'll come,
And the beckoning light of your window bright
Will guide him, weary, home?

"Or will it be," said Hope to me,
"On a summer's eventide,
When the tender glow of the sunset's low,
You shall walk side by side?

"Or will it be," said Hope to me,
"When the sky is dull and gray
And thou downcast, he will come at last
And brighten all the day?

"Or will it be," said Hope to me,
"You may put my pictures by,
Save one the best and the faithfullest
To look at when you die:

"Of a gleaming sea," said Hope to me,
"And a fair shore calm and sweet,
Where hearts I wis like thine and his
Have never failed to meet."

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Henrik Ibsen.

(Engraved by Thomas Johnson from a photograph.)

HENRIK IBSEN.

By George Rice Carpenter.

THERE are two important methods in modern criticism. One school demands of a critic merely the accurate expression of the precise sensations which an author produces in him. According to the other the chief duty of the critic is to give us as complete as possible an idea of what the author is in himself, of what the author thought and felt when he wrote, and what place his life and literary activity have in the development of the century to which he belongs. Both methods, one individual, the other impersonal and largely comparative, agree in foregoing the use of trick-tests and catch-phrases for theories, in refusing to rank authors one above another like children in a primary school. I regret that I am unable to write about Ibsen in either of the ways which I have mentioned. I know him at best only at second hand, through German translations, and my "tasting" faculties are so weak that the precise effect which Ibsen makes on me is not of any particular importance. And, with regard to the second method, although Ibsen's name is fast becoming a household word in Germanic Europe, I am too ill acquainted with Scandinavian literature to attempt to reconstruct a Norwegian playwright from his dramas and to place him in his

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proper niche in the literary history of the century. There are books* which attempt both these things, and to them I refer the interested reader. All that I can do is to play the forerunner to a more complete historian in America, and, in default of him, to point out what I can of importance in the works and life of one of the most modern of the moderns.

Henrik Ibsen was born in 1828, in a small town near Christiania. His father, a merchant in easy circumstances, failed in business when Henrik was still young, so that the boy's lessons in real life began early. People looked at him curiously and treated the family with less respect than before. Many of their old friends fell away, and their new friends, as is natural in a commercial society, were men who had for one reason or another failed to keep step with the rank and file. There is nothing like trouble to test one's friends, and Ibsen had the touchstone from the first. At sixteen he was apprenticed to a druggist, and for some years he studied medicine. In 1850 we find him a student in Christiania. He was still poor and he knew what it was to go hungry now and then, but he had good friends—Björnson and Jonas Lie—and all the advantages of plain living and high thinking. The time was an interesting one in Norway; national life was beginning to stir and, as usual, the young men were the ones who felt the new impulse within them, unformulated and confused, but strong and earnest.

From his earliest years Ibsen had a taste for satire, and I fear that he made many a needless enemy by some luckless squib at a crotchety neighbor. His first real literary impulse, however, came from Cicero and Sallust. His sympathies, with the natural perversity of youth, were aroused for the arch-traitor Catiline. To the ardent boy he seemed a deep-seeing though irresolute reformer, who felt the utter rottenness of the old order of things at Rome and decided that all the old must be razed to the ground before the new could begin. Out of this grew Ibsen's first play, "Catilina" (1850). He published it at his own expense—in ugly type and on poor paper—and the only money that ever came from it was when he sold the entire edition for old paper. But perhaps it helped him to meet good people: shortly after, Ole Bull made him playwright, or something of the sort, for the new national theatre at Bergen, and there (1851–58) he wrote at least one play a year, ordinary pieces which other men might have written. Meanwhile he was learning his art and slowly finding his material. History, the significant and the tragic in the past, still interested him tremendously, and even when, in 1858, he was transferred to the Norwegian theatre at Christiania, he still continued to find his subjects and his models in history and legend. In 1856 he wrote "The Feast at Solhaug," a lyrical drama of much beauty. The next two years were years of rapid growth. Still looking toward the past, with his back to the present, he found there a great emotion ("The Warriors at Helgeland," 1858), the strenuous deeds and loves and hates of the Volsunga-Saga. It was as if he had said to his hearers and his readers: Look at Sigurd and Brunhild and then at your puny selves. That was the beginning of the modern in Ibsen. He had caught hold of the tragic, the significant in the past, and that showed him the comedy, the seeming insignificance of the present. "The Comedy of Love" (1862), his next important play, is the first keen look into the present of a man who has hitherto thought only of the past. To understand what he saw we should understand the Norway of that time, but it will not be difficult, I think, for an American to understand in the main the conditions in which Ibsen found himself.

Imagine a young man with yearnings for the beautiful and for a strenuous and noble life, but surrounded by men and women fundamentally conventional, whose religion forbade the beautiful, and whose actions were governed by thumb-rules of success and unworthy, bloodless ambitions. He was sensitive, and his early lessons in life had taught him the

* A recent volume of the Camelot series contains three of Ibsen's most important plays, with an interesting introductory essay by Mr. Havelock Ellis. Georg Brandes has an important article on Ibsen in "Nord und Süd," vol. 27, and Otto Brahm has written very sympathetically of him in the "Deutsche Rundschau" (vol. 49) and elsewhere. German translations of nearly all Ibsen's plays can be found in Reclam's "Universal-Bibliothek."

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rarity of real moral worth in such a community. "The air about him," says Brandes, "was filled with strange words. People talked of eternal love, of deep seriousness, of strength of belief, steadfastness of character, Norwegian virtue. He looked about him, peered here and there, and found nothing in the real world which could justify such fine phrases." The profound moral impulse of the North was in him as he tested this and that about him, and when he discovered much that was hollow, many that were humbugs, his old trick of satire came to his help and he wrote the "Comedy of Love." There was nothing in it that could shock a fine moral nature, but one can imagine the commotion which this merciless handling of the Philistine marriage created in Christiania. "What!" said the world of sewing societies and tea-parties, "this! But this is forbidden. These are the things we do not talk about. He is making fun of us and our ideals. They must be right, these ideals in social life, in literature, in æsthetics, in politics. Anathema be the man who speaks of what we ignore—the essential gap between the real and the ideal." So the sewing societies and the tea-parties fell with one accord to discussing Ibsen. There were vulgar and detailed hints in the newspapers about his private life and his associates. He lacked faith in the ideal, they said. The breach between him and his contemporaries widened; not even "The Pretenders" (1864), a historical and allegorical drama of the deepest moral interest, could avail to close it. On his part there was satire; on theirs, wrath and petty persecution. Luckily an opportunity soon came for him to leave Norway, and in 1864 we find him in Rome, a voluntary exile, like many a man before him. Since then his home has always been in Italy or in the pleasanter parts of Germany.

The way in which Ibsen grew during the first years of his exile is fascinating in its interest. He flung himself with great energy into the new life of the South—sweet, passionate, antique, eternal. The bitterness with which he thought of Norway gradually died away, and in its stead came a wiser, a more cosmopolitan feeling. There was a new life around him to understand and to live in, and after the first passionate attractions and repulsions of feeling were over, to which a Northerner must always be subject in the South, the exile began to see the life about him as it was, and to compare it with that of his Northland—obstinate, insistent, bigoted, uncultured, but bearing within it fine elements: stability and moral purpose. Perhaps, too, it came to him slowly that, cosmopolize himself as he would, rid himself as best he could of the meagreness of Northern life, he was still a child of the North. There at least his heart was oftentimes, as his little lyric "Burned Ships" shows. The thoughts and visions of the night take him Northward; he says

> To the huts of the Snowland
> From the pomp of the South,
> There rideth a rider
> Each night.*

From this tangle of influences which surrounds a sojourner in the South, there emerged several distinct results, and they are interesting because one often finds one or more of them in writers who make the great step from romanticism to realism. In the first place, Ibsen was no longer contented to get emotions from life, he tried to discover rules of life in the abstract, and that led him into allegorical writing.

"Brand" (1866), an allegorical poem in the form of a drama, was unmistakably, one might almost say hopelessly, Northern, and for the first time the North was willing to hear. Well-nigh incomprehensible as the poem is to us, weighed down with symbol, allegory, choruses of spirits, and all the machinery which burdens "Faust," it was gladly received in Norway, and even in Denmark and Sweden. Numerous editions of it were published, and it was plain that that was what the Scandinavian countries wanted. A success, too, was "Peer Gynt" (1867), the most Scandinavian of all Ibsen's works, still symbolic and comparatively unintelligible, but full of satire and not without a powerful lyric swing. In "Brand" he had attempted the study of the man who acts without measure in all things,

* A German version reads:

> Zu den Hütten des Schneelands
> Aus südlicher Pracht,
> Reitet ein Reiter
> Jegliche Nacht.

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whose watchword is "all or nothing." "Peer Gynt" is the tragedy of the imagination. The hero is a youth who lives in and through his fancy until he scarcely separates the imagined from the real, and the lesson, the moral, is supposed to be "the failure of an overmastering imagination and a weak will to attain the love that alone satisfies." The conclusion of "Brand," so far as one who is not an adept can tell, is that the rigid application of extreme theories to life is fatal; the conclusion of "Peer Gynt" is against the unrestrained use of the fancy; and with these meagre truths Ibsen came out of the mists of allegory and the fruitless attempt to gain a step of progress by juggling with symbols, and entered upon a new part of his life.

In Ibsen's earlier plays we saw how he looked toward the past to find there great emotions. Once more, in "Emperor and Galilean" (1873), he turned toward the past, but it was more in the scientific way of the modern historian. He would see what the principles of life have been in the past, as if from them he would find the philosophy of history, and from that the meaning of life. He was not altogether unsuccessful; the work breaks up into catchwords—something as Matthew Arnold's works do—and the catchwords stand for certain beliefs to which Ibsen has worked his way. Of these hereafter; the important point here is to notice that it was through history as well as through allegory that Ibsen progressed.

In 1869 appeared "The Young Men's League." It was a return to the method of the "Comedy of Love," a new testing of shams—this time of political ones—a new procession of humbugs, a new revelation of the political jobbery that hides itself under fine phrases of freedom and progress. But this was in prose, and from that time on Ibsen's dramas are in prose, in the simple and true language of reality. *Die Kunstformen sterben aus.* Poetry and the drama no longer house together. Poetry goes, and with it the old tragic models. There remains something less and something more, a prose more colorless, more accurate, individual more in the perfection of its skill to do what it pretends to do than in any record it gives of the writer's self. It is the prose of the surgeon, the man of science, as direct, as unflinching as a type of the second half of the nineteenth century should be.

There is nothing quite so modern in M. Lemaître as the passage in which he writes of M. Brunetière's adoration for the great century, the seventeenth. Over against Bossuet and the classic models M. Lemaître sets the moderns, not impudently, but frankly, and with reverence to those to whom reverence is due. "Sincerely," he says, "I always have to make an effort to read Bossuet. It is true that, as soon as I have read a few pages, I feel that after all he is, as they say nowadays, *très-fort*, but he gives me almost no pleasure, while often on opening by chance some book of to-day or yesterday it happens that I thrill with delight (*il m'arrive de frémir d'aise*), that I am penetrated to the marrow with pleasure—so much do I love this literature of the second half of the nineteenth century, so intelligent, so unquiet, so mad, so morose, so out of joint, so subtile—so much do I love it in its affectations, its ridiculous peculiarities, its excesses, the germ of all which I feel in me, and which, one after another, I make my own."

Whether M. Lemaître would be Germanic enough to see any good thing in Ibsen is perhaps to be doubted; but Ibsen is modern, and he affects us as a modern. Whether his work will live or not is a matter of indifference to us. We have had enough of prophecies of immortality. What do I care what book pleased my grandfather or will please my grandson, so long as I am penetrated with pleasure by this or that book? Ibsen's society plays may live or die for all me, though Mr. Havelock Ellis takes pains to hint that they will die, and that his allegorical Faust-like poems (may posterity like them better than I do!) will survive for the lasting admiration of future generations. Whether that be true or not, the fact remains that there is scarcely a man alive whose words come so near to many of us as Ibsen's modern words, for they are the clear echo of the dull sounds we hear within ourselves. In his later plays

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the old catches and tricks are gone. There is no more petty love-making or fantastic ranting about things in general. New objects of interest are present —life itself, for example. After years of effort Ibsen has at last found himself and learned to be himself, and in these later plays he has had the courage to tell us what elements he sees in the life around him. Right or wrong in his generalizations, we shall find him at least accurate in observation and in expression.

Since 1871 Ibsen has written a play about every two years. They are all in prose, and they all concern modern life. A short summary of several of them will show the characteristics of them all.

"An Enemy to Society" (*En Folkefiende*) concerns the individual in his relations to society. *Dr. Stockmann* is an idealist, an optimist, who lives and lets live, who believes in goodness, truth, and justice, and will do all in his power to realize them on earth. He has been lucky enough to discover that certain springs in his native town can be utilized for a "Bath," or hydropathic cure, or what not, and in this way has founded the prosperity of the community, and won the good-will of his fellow-citizens. But he is also unlucky enough to discover, after several years, that, owing to bad drainage, the water which was supposed to give the baths their curative qualities is in reality infected with poisonous germs, and hence dangerous alike to citizen and to resident invalid. It is no irremediable difficulty, there is need only of a few changes in the drainage, changes which, it is true, take time and money, but which are as nothing in comparison with the health and real prosperity of the town. And so the honest doctor, after carefully assuring himself that he is right, blurts the whole truth out. He has been living in rather Bohemian fashion, and the editors of the town newspaper, who have been regularly his guests, are eager to take the matter up, chiefly because they foresee a row, and conceive that what seems to him a very simple matter can be made a burning question in local politics. They assure him that he has behind him "the free and independent press" and the "compact majority of small tax-payers," and the honest man's heart swells with pride at the thought. The doctor's brother, however, is burgomaster, and he is as conservative, as tricky, as dishonest, and as hypocritical as *Dr. Stockmann* is the opposite. To him the matter means loss of money and loss of influence, and he contrives to bribe over the free and independent press, and to fill the ears of the compact majority of small tax-payers and householders with all sorts of foolish ideas about *Dr. Stockmann* and his new foible. But the doctor's strong nature is roused at this treatment and he will be heard. The town paper, bribed by the burgomaster, will not print the article in which he gives his analysis of the water. "No," says the editor, his old friend and guest, "I cannot and will not. I dare not print it."

Dr. S. You dare not? What nonsense! You're editor, and I suppose it is the editor that directs his paper!

The Editor. No, it's the readers, Doctor.

Another Editor. Luckily, it is.

The Printer. It is public opinion, the enlightened people, the householders, and all the rest. It is they who direct a paper.

The doctor tries to print the article at his own expense, but the printer refuses, for the sake of public opinion, to have anything to do with it. He then decides to read it to a mass-meeting of the citizens; but just as he is ready to begin, the friends of the burgomaster take possession of the meeting, which has assembled at the doctor's invitation, nominate a chairman, and pass a motion that *Dr. Stockmann* be forbidden to speak on anything which concerns the Baths. Baited like a bull, the poor man bellows forth all the thoughts which a few days of cowardly persecution have aroused in him.

"I am going to make a great revelation to you, fellow-citizens! I am going to disclose that to you which is of infinitely more moment than the unimportant fact that our water-works are poisonous, and that our Hygienic Baths are built on a soil teeming with pestilence."

Many voices (*shouting*). Don't speak about the Baths! We won't listen to that! Shut up about that!

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Dr. Stockmann. I have said that I should speak of the great discovery I have made during the last few days—the discovery that all our spiritual sources of life are poisoned, and that our whole bourgeois society rests upon a soil that is teeming with the pestilence of lies.

And then amid hisses and shouts of derision he continues:

"The majority is never right. Never, I say. That is one of those conventional lies against which a free, thoughtful man must rebel. Who are they that make up the majority of a country? Is it the wise men or the foolish? I think we must agree that the foolish folk are, at present, in a terribly overwhelming majority all around us and about us, the whole world over. But, devil take it, it can surely never be right that the foolish should rule over the wise! (*Noise and shouts.*) Yes, yes, you can shout me down, but you cannot gainsay me. The majority has might, unhappily, but right it has not. I and a few others are right, the minority is always right.

"The minority is right," continues *Dr. Stockmann*, "because it revolts against the lie that truth resides in the majority. That is the doctrine you have inherited from our forefathers, and that the *Messenger* heedlessly proclaims far and wide, the doctrine that the multitude, the vulgar herd, the masses, are the pith of the people—that indeed they are the people—that the common man, that this ignorant, undeveloped member of society has the same right to condemn or to sanction, to govern and to rule as the few people of intellectual power.

"This is one of the truths that the majority is wont to take up—truths so full of years that they are decrepit. The great independent majority of the people, who are sensible enough to reverence only assured and acknowledged truths, make up a lying community, and if worst came to worst, it doesn't matter if a lying community is ruined! It must be levelled to the ground, I say! All men who live upon lies must be exterminated like vermin! You'll poison the whole country in time; you'll bring it to such a pass that the whole country will deserve to perish. And should it come to this, I say, from the bottom of my heart: Perish the country! Perish all its people!"

A Man (*in the crowd*). Why he talks like a regular enemy of the people!

Billing. There, God bless me! spoke the voice of the people!

Many (*shouting*). Yes! yes! yes! He's an enemy of the people! He hates the country! He hates the people!

And so the motion is passed unanimously (except for the vote of one drunken man) that this meeting is of opinion that the medical officer of the Bath, Dr. Thomas Stockmann, is an enemy of the people. "Enemy! Enemy!" shout the people as they hustle him in the streets. His clothes are torn (one should never put on one's best trousers when one goes fighting for liberty and truth, he says ruefully to his wife) his windows are broken, his landlord gives him notice, the boys are sent home from school, he is dismissed from his post as medical officer of the Baths—everything that can happen happens, because each man acts out of respect for public opinion. But *Dr. Stockmann* does not flinch. He will stay and live it out, the truth shall be heard, justice shall conquer. "Yes," he says to his family, "now I am one of the strongest men on earth."

Morten. I say, father!

Dr. Stockmann (*in a subdued voice*). Hush! you must not speak about it yet; but I have made a great discovery.

Mrs. Stockmann. What, again?

Dr. Stockman. Assuredly. (*Gathers them about him and speaks confidently.*) You see, the fact is that the strongest man on earth is he who stands most alone.

Mrs. Stockmann (*shakes her head smiling*). Ah! Thomas——!

Petra (*taking his hands trustfully*). Father!

In another play, the "Pillars of Society," Ibsen shows us a different section of a similar society. A knot of men and women in another badly drained and unventilated Northern village pretend to be the props of social order. One man in particular stands for honesty, decency, and generosity, while at bottom he is dishonest, indecent, and

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selfish. At last, through the influence of certain members of his family who have what we might call real moral impulses, he comes to his senses, and kicks away from under him the whole shabby scaffolding of lies. "I have learned this in these days," he says to his sister-in-law, "it is you women who are the pillars of society." "Then you have learned a poor wisdom, brother-in-law," she replies. "No, no; the spirits of truth and freedom, these are the pillars of society."

Of the other plays, with the exception of "Nora," I can scarcely speak here. In "The Wild Duck," a complex but still interesting play, a youth is infatuated with ideas like those which Ibsen holds. He prates continually of sincerity and the true foundation of happiness in a family. By chance he finds in the household of an old school-mate the elements which he most hates: hypocrisy, deceit, injustice. These he undertakes to break down, and to found anew the family on a sure basis. Of course he fails, and the latter end of his friends is worse than the first: so hard is it to deal with human nature by any stiff ideals, and so harmful is the bigoted reformer likely to be.

In "Spectres" Ibsen treats the tragedy of heredity. *Mrs. Alva* is the wife of a rake and the mother of a child doomed from his birth to a fate worse than insanity. Like the other women in Ibsen's plays, she meets, one by one, questions which go to the very roots of social duties, until the end leaves her standing before one of the greatest of them all. In "Rosmersholm" we have the Robert Elsmere of Norway, an Elsmere to whom Mrs. Ward's priggish hero seems something antiquated and outworn, an odd survival of generations ago. It is a book which may well be epoch-making to a young reader if he takes it much to heart, so deep does it go into the impulses of modern life. But in "Nora" there are things much more to our present purpose.

"*Nora,*" says Mr. Ellis, "is one of a group of women, more or less highly developed, who are distributed throughout Ibsen's later plays. They stand in their stagnant conventional environment as, either instinctively or intelligently, actually or potentially, the representatives of freedom and truth, containing the promise of a new social order. The men in these plays who are able to estimate their social surroundings at a just value have mostly been wounded or paralyzed in the battle of life; they stand by, half-cynical, and are content to be mere spectators. But the women are full of unconquerable energy. There is a new life in their breasts that surges often tumultuously into very practical expression." *Nora Helmer* has been the petted child of a rich official and she becomes the petted wife of a rising lawyer, who treats her as a pretty plaything to be enjoyed and to be amused. Vain and full of foibles as she is, she is constant and generous. When her husband is ill and the doctor tells her that he must be taken to Italy for the winter, she forges her father's name to borrow money. She conceals this from her husband, and, light-hearted and ignorant of business to an almost inconceivable degree, she does not for an instant imagine that she has done anything wrong. Her husband's life is saved by the winter in Italy, but her father dies while they are there, and the note gets into the hands of a sharper, who persecutes her for money. In the course of time the knowledge of all this comes to the ears of her husband, who, man of spotless business honor that he is, never thinks of taking her innocent guilt on his own shoulders, but berates her fiercely for it. The matter settles itself, luckily, and *Helmer* forgives his wife and calls her again his "lark" and his "doll." But the short experience has taught her silly girl's heart wiser things.*

Nora. You have never understood me. Much wrong has been done me, first by father and then by you.

Helmer. What! By us both who loved you more deeply than all other human beings?

Nora (*shaking her head*). You never loved me. You were only pleased at being in love with me.

Helmer. But, Nora, what sort of words are these?

Nora. Is not this the way it stands, Robert? When I lived with father he told me all his opinions and so I had the same opin-

* The following passages I translate from the German, so they are doubly liable to inaccuracies.

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ions. If I ever had any other sort of opinion, I kept it to myself, for notions of my own!—he would never have liked that. He called me his little doll and played with me just as I played with my dolls. And then I came to your house——

Helmer. What sort of expressions are these which you make use of for our marriage!

Nora (*undisturbed*). I say, then I went from father's hands into yours. You arranged everything according to your tastes, and so I had the same tastes as you. When I look back on it now, it seems to me as if I had lived here like some poor fellow—only from hand to mouth. I lived by performing for you like an actress. But you would have it so. You and father have committed a great sin against me. You are guilty that I have not amounted to anything.

Helmer. How silly and ungrateful you are. Have you not been happy here?

Nora. No, never! I thought I was, but I wasn't!

Helmer. Not happy? Not——

Nora. No, only merry. Our home was nothing but a playroom. At home I was treated as a little doll, and here as a big doll, and the children were *my* dolls. I was very happy when you played with me, just as the children were when I played with them. That was our marriage, Robert.

With such thoughts she cannot live longer with her husband. She must go away, she says.

Helmer. Leave your home, your husband, your children! You don't stop to think what people will say.

Nora. For that I can have no regard. I only know that it is necessary for me to go.

Helmer. And you can disregard your most holy duties?

Nora. What do you call my most holy duties?

Helmer. You ask me that? Are they not your duties to your husband and your children?

Nora. I have other duties just as holy.

Helmer. What, pray?

Nora. My duties to myself.

Helmer. Before everything you are wife and mother.

Nora. That I believe no longer. I believe that before everything else I am a human being—just as much as you—or at least, I will try to be one. I know very well that most people agree with you, Robert, and that something of the sort is written in the books. But I can no longer content myself with what most people say and what stands written in the books. I must reflect about things myself, and try to get clear about them.

Helmer. You are not clear about your place in your family? Have you not an unerring guide in such questions? Have you not religion?

Nora. Ah, Robert, I don't know at all what religion is.

Helmer. What do you say?

Nora. I know nothing more than what the Rev. Mr. Jakobi said when I was confirmed. He said religion was so and so. This, too, I want to investigate. I must see whether what the Rev. Mr. Jakobi said is right, or rather, whether it is right for me.

Helmer. You speak like a child. You don't understand the society in which you live.

Nora. So I don't, but I will learn to know it. I must convince myself which is right, society or I.

And so Nora, the brave child-woman, goes away to begin her new life and to see what society and what religion really are.

Ibsen's own idea, as the reader has probably long ago remarked, is the development of the individuality. His homeless, vagrant life in Italy and in Germany, his refusal to identify himself with any newspaper or review, to take side with any party, to be bound to any set or clique—all mean the same thing. His most holy duties are toward himself. It makes one think of Kierkegaard, who was so permeated with the principles of non-alliance and self-growth that he inveighed against Christianity; people cannot be Christian *en masse*, he said. Ibsen said once that he could not afford to have many friends: they were too costly a luxury; they gave him no time, no chance to be himself. In the future which he believes is coming, he sees people who are not citizens but men, for we belong not to a state but to humanity. There every man will be himself and every woman herself. There every child will be taught from the cradle to look into the world simply, without superstition of any kind. There will be no more useful lies in education or in religion, no more blind acceptance of dead truths. All will be living, active, coming from the heart out, not accepted thoughtlessly and left to work from the outside in.

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The burden of the dead past will be lifted from us, with us will be only the present, and before us the future. This will all come to pass when the "third kingdom" cometh. The truths of Christianity, according to Ibsen, are as dead as the beautiful errors of the heathendom which they destroyed—dead because they are all dissolved into their natural elements and absorbed again in the life of man to make something still unnamed, something subtile, as yet ill-defined. This is the new kingdom, the "third kingdom," as Ibsen calls it in "Emperor and Galilean." There democracy will have accomplished its task and made every man a nobleman. There the workingman, the woman—the two great factors in progress, potentially powerful, but now dumb and motionless—will have their place. There education will mean *being*, not *learning;* there a man's holiest duties will be toward himself.

One has only to look attentively at Ibsen's face to be sure of certain of his characteristics; heavy white hair, a firm mouth and chin, a broad, high forehead, and kindly eyes. It is pre-eminently the face of a surgeon, of a Northerner who had to win his wisdom and his skill by slow and patient years of effort, of a man unwavering in his belief in what cometh, of a man almost Dantesque in his stern dignity. He said once: "Life is war with the spirits in heart and brain, and to write (*dichten*)—that is to hold judgment-day over one's self." He has written nothing, he says, but that which he has lived through or has seen in life. The past is dead to him, the present is transient, only the future—*das Werdende, das Kommende,* to which he drank once in a toast as solemn as a sacrifice—is real.

All this one may accept or not as he pleases; it is such a refined pleasure to be sceptical. Like all earnest men Ibsen is easy to caricature, for he goes to the edge of the absurd. There has been a hue and cry about him all over Germanic Europe and particularly in Berlin. That he is a master of his art, that his pieces play superbly, has only made the attacks on him the harsher. People said that he was a pessimist—as if a man who believes essentially in progress could be a pessimist—that in his hands the dramatic art had become oratory, the stage a rostrum; that he was a realist, he no longer believed in the genuine—I should say the notorious—German *Idealismus;* as if the real world of art and letters cared what particular rules of yardstick criticism are in vogue at Berlin. In spite of all this, however, there are multitudes who read Ibsen with great pleasure. So far as my experience goes, he has an extraordinary influence on young men. That influence, however, is not a personal one. A skilful teacher sometimes frames for his class a problem the solution of which leads them to a general law that lies behind it. The student is delighted with the tangibility of his new knowledge, and proceeds so eagerly to apply it, that, remembering the law, the important thing, he forgets the particular steps by which the teacher led him to it; sometimes he forgets entirely the part of the teacher. So it is with Ibsen. A drama of his presents a truth so skilfully that one is eager to apply it to another problem, and, elated with success, one is apt to forget the way in which the truth was first brought to him. Sometimes in the new enthusiasms which come from reading Ibsen's plays, one forgets Ibsen himself.

It is not easy to say whether or not Ibsen will be read in America. It is better that he should not be read than that there should be a "fad" about him. Americans are perhaps not apt to be much interested in a man who has written in praise of Julian the Apostate, and who has been trebly condemned as a realist, a pessimist, a socialist. But there is scarcely a man who can read Ibsen without feeling about him the roar and dark onward motion of life, without seeing dimly, as a traveller in a strange land sees from a mountain-top, new plains and rivers in the distance. There are few sincere souls who would not believe Ibsen sincere, and delight in the solemn emphasis which he gives to that which he believes true. There are few who would not join him in his toast to *das Werdende, das Kommende,* few who in reading him will not feel with M. Lemaître the peculiar qualities of this modern literature of ours, the literature of the second half of the nineteenth century.

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THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

VI.

ACCOUNT OF ALL THAT PASSED ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 27, 1757.

ON the evening of the interview referred to, the Master went abroad; he was abroad a great deal of the next day also, that fatal 27th; but where he went or what he did, we never concerned ourselves to ask until next day. If we had done so, and by any chance found out, it might have changed all. But as all we did was done in ignorance, and should be so judged, I shall so narrate these passages as they appeared to us in the moment of their birth, and reserve all that I since discovered for the time of its discovery. For I have now come to one of the dark spots of my narrative, and must engage the reader's indulgence for my patron.

All the 27th, that rigorous weather endured: a stifling cold; the folk passing about like smoking chimneys; the wide hearth in the hall piled high with fuel; some of the spring birds that had already blundered north into our neighborhood, besieging the windows of the house or trotting on the frozen turf like things distracted. About noon there came a blink of sunshine, showing a very pretty, wintry, frosty landscape of white hills and woods, with Crail's lugger waiting for a wind under the Craig Head, and the smoke mounting straight into the air from every farm and cottage. With the coming of night, the haze closed in overhead; it fell dark and still and starless and exceeding cold; a night the most unseasonable, fit for strange events.

Mrs. Henry withdrew, as was now her custom, very early. We had set ourselves of late to pass the evening with a game of cards; another mark that our visitor was wearying mightily of the life at Durrisdeer; and we had not been long at this, when my old lord slipped from his place beside the fire, and was off without a word to seek the warmth of bed. The three of us thus left together had neither love nor courtesy to share; not one of us would have sat up one instant to oblige another; yet from the influence of custom, and as the cards had just been dealt, we continued the form of playing out the round. I should say we were late sitters; and though my lord had departed earlier than was his custom, twelve was already gone some time upon the clock, and the servants long ago in bed. Another thing I should say, that although I never saw the Master anyway affected with liquor, he had been drinking freely and was perhaps (although he showed it not) a trifle heated.

Anyway, he now practised one of his transitions; and so soon as the door closed behind my lord, and without the smallest change of voice, shifted from ordinary civil talk into a stream of insult.

"My dear Henry, it is yours to play," he had been saying, and now continued: "It is a very strange thing how, even in so small a matter as a game of cards, you display your rusticity. You play, Jacob, like a bonnet laird, or a sailor in a tavern. The same dulness, the same petty greed, *cette lenteur d'hébété qui me fait rager;* it is strange I should have such a brother. Even Squaretoes has a certain vivacity when his stake is imperilled; but the dreariness of a game with you, I positively lack language to depict."

Mr. Henry continued to look at his cards, as though very maturely considering some play; but his mind was elsewhere.

"Dear God, will this never be done?" cries the Master. *Quel lourdaud!* But why do I trouble you with French expressions, which are lost on such an ignoramus? A *lourdaud*, my dear brother, is as we might say a bumpkin, a clown, a clodpole; a fellow without grace,

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lightness, quickness; any gift of pleasing, any natural brilliancy; such a one as you shall see, when you desire, by looking in the mirror. I tell you these things for your good, I assure you; and besides, Squaretoes" (looking at me and stifling a yawn), "it is one of my diversions, in this very dreary spot, to toast you and your master at the fire like chestnuts. I have great pleasure in your case for I observe the nickname (rustic as it is) has always the power to make you writhe. But sometimes I have more trouble with this dear fellow here, who seems to have gone to sleep upon his cards. Do you not see the applicability of the epithet I have just explained, dear Henry? Let me show you. For instance, with all those solid qualities which I delight to recognize in you, I never knew a woman who did not prefer me—nor, I think," he continued, with the most silken deliberation, "I think—who did not continue to prefer me."

Mr. Henry laid down his cards. He rose to his feet very softly, and seemed all the while like a person in deep thought. "You coward!" he said gently, as if to himself. And then, with neither hurry nor any particular violence, he struck the Master in the mouth.

The Master sprang to his feet like one transfigured; I had never seen the man so beautiful. "A blow!" he cried. "I would not take a blow from God Almighty."

"Lower your voice," said Mr. Henry. "Do you wish my father to interfere for you again?"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," I cried, and sought to come between them.

The Master caught me by the shoulder, held me at arm's length, and still addressing his brother: "Do you know what this means?" said he.

"It was the most deliberate act of my life," says Mr. Henry.

"I must have blood, I must have blood for this," says the Master.

"Please God it shall be yours," said Mr. Henry; and he went to the wall and took down a pair of swords that hung there with others, naked. These he presented to the Master by the points. "Mackellar shall see us play fair," said Mr. Henry. "I think it is very needful."

"You need insult me no more," said the Master, taking one of the swords at random. "I have hated you all my life."

"My father is but newly gone to bed," said Mr. Henry. "We must go somewhere forth of the house."

"There is an excellent place in the long shrubbery," said the Master.

"Gentlemen," said I, "shame upon you both! Sons of the same mother, would you turn against the life she gave you?"

"Even so, Mackellar," said Mr. Henry, with the same perfect quietude of manner he had shown throughout.

"It is what I will prevent," said I.

And now there is a blot upon my life; at these words of mine, the Master turned his blade against my bosom; I saw the light run along the steel; and I threw up my arms and fell to my knees before him on the floor. "No, no," I cried, like a baby.

"We shall have no more trouble with him," said the Master. "It is a good thing to have a coward in the house."

"We must have light," said Mr. Henry, as though there had been no interruption.

"This trembler can bring a pair of candles," said the Master.

To my shame be it said, I was still so blinded with the flashing of that bare sword, that I volunteered to bring a lantern.

"We do not need a l-l-lantern," says the Master, mocking me. "There is no breath of air. Come, get to your feet, take a pair of lights, and go before. I am close behind with this—" making the blade glitter as he spoke.

I took up the candlesticks and went before them, steps that I would give my hand to recall; but a coward is a slave at the best; and even as I went, my teeth smote each other in my mouth. It was as he had said, there was no breath stirring; a windless stricture of frost had bound the air; and as we went forth in the shine of the candles, the blackness was like a roof over our heads. Never a word was said, there was never a sound but the creaking of our steps along the frozen path. The cold of the night fell about me like a bucket of water; I shook as I

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went with more than terror; but my companions, bare-headed like myself and fresh from the warm hall, appeared not even conscious of the change.

"Here is the place," said the Master. "Set down the candles."

I did as he bid me, and presently the flames went up as steady as in a chamber in the midst of the frosted trees, and I beheld these two brothers take their places.

"The light is something in my eyes," said the Master.

"I will give you every advantage," replied Mr. Henry, shifting his ground, "for I think you are about to die." He spoke rather sadly than otherwise, yet there was a ring in his voice.

"Henry Durie," said the Master, "two words before I begin. You are a fencer, you can hold a foil; you little know what a change it makes to hold a sword! And by that I know you are to fall. But see how strong is my situation! If you fall, I shift out of this country to where my money is before me. If I fall, where are you? My father, your wife who is in love with me—as you very well know—your child even, who prefers me to yourself—how will these avenge me! Had you thought of that, dear Henry?" He looked at his brother with a smile; then made a fencing-room salute.

Never a word said Mr. Henry, but saluted too, and the swords rang together.

I am no judge of the play, my head besides was gone with cold and fear and horror; but it seems that Mr. Henry took and kept the upper hand from the engagement, crowding in upon his foe with a contained and glowing fury. Nearer and nearer he crept upon the man till, of a sudden, the Master leaped back with a little sobbing oath; and I believe the movement brought the light once more against his eyes. To it they went again, on the fresh ground; but now methought closer, Mr. Henry pressing more outrageously, the Master beyond doubt with shaken confidence. For it is beyond doubt he now recognized himself for lost, and had some taste of the cold agony of fear; or he had never attempted the foul stroke. I cannot say I followed it, my untrained eye was never quick enough to seize details, but it appears he caught his brother's blade with his left hand, a practice not permitted. Certainly Mr. Henry only saved himself by leaping on one side; as certainly the Master, lunging in the air, stumbled on his knee, and before he could move, the sword was through his body.

I cried out with a stifled scream, and ran in; but the body was already fallen to the ground, where it writhed a moment like a trodden worm, and then lay motionless.

"Look at his left hand," said Mr. Henry.

"It is all bloody," said I.

"On the inside?" said he.

"It is cut on the inside," said I.

"I thought so," said he, and turned his back.

I opened the man's clothes; my hand was as steady as ever, and all my fear fallen from me; nothing left but a great commiseration. The heart was quite still, it gave not a flutter.

"God forgive us, Mr. Henry," said I. "He is dead."

"Dead?" he repeated, a little stupidly; and then with a rising tone, "Dead? dead?" says he, and suddenly cast his bloody sword upon the ground.

"What must we do?" said I. "Be yourself, sir. It is too late now; you must be yourself."

He turned and stared at me. "O, Mackellar!" says he, and put his face in his hands.

I plucked him by the coat. "For God's sake, for all our sakes, be more courageous!" said I. "What must we do?"

He showed me his face with the same stupid stare. "Do?" says he. And with that his eye fell on the body, and "O!" he cries out, with his hand to his brow, as if he had new remembered; and turning from me, made off toward the house of Durrisdeer at a strange stumbling run.

I stood a moment mused; then it seemed to me my duty lay most plain on the side of the living; and I ran after him, leaving the candles on the frosty ground and the body lying in their light under the trees. But run as I pleased, he had the start of me, and was got into the house, and up to the hall, where I

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found him standing before the fire with his face once more in his hands, and as he so stood, he visibly shuddered.

"Mr. Henry, Mr. Henry," I said, "this will be the ruin of us all."

"What is this that I have done?" cries he, and then, looking upon me with a countenance that I shall never forget, "Who is to tell the old man?" he said.

The word knocked at my heart; but it was no time for weakness. I went and poured him out a glass of brandy. "Drink that," said I, "drink it down." And I forced him to swallow it like a child. "And now," said I, "to business."

"It has to be told, Mackellar," said he. "It must be told." And he fell suddenly in a seat—my old lord's seat by the chimney side—and was shaken with dry sobs.

I began to feel dismay come upon my soul; it was plain there was no help in Mr. Henry. "Well," said I, "sit there, and leave all to me." And taking a candle in my hand, I set forth out of the room in the dark house. There was no movement; I must suppose that all had gone unobserved; and I was now to consider how to smuggle through the rest with the like happy secrecy. It was no hour for scruples; and I opened my lady's door without so much as a knock, and passed boldly in.

"Mr. Mackellar!" says she, sitting up in bed.

"Madam," said I, "I will go forth again into the passage; and do you get as quickly as you can into your clothes. There is much to be done."

She troubled me with no questions, nor did she keep me waiting. Ere I had time to prepare a word of that which I must say to her, she was on the threshold signing me to enter.

"There is some calamity happened," said she.

"Madam," said I, "if you cannot be very brave, I must go elsewhere; for if no one helps me to-night, there is an end of the house of Durrisdeer."

"I am very courageous," said she.

"I think so," said I, holding up the candle to scrutinize her face; "I pray God so!" I set down the light upon the chimney. "And another thing, Mrs. Henry," I added, pointing at her with my finger: "when so much is lost already, we can do no more but save what remains. The best now is very little; you and I must try for it."

"I will, Mackellar, good Mackellar," said she. "But no more suspense!" and she laid her hand on my shoulder and looked at me with a sort of smile, very painful for me to see, but very brave too.

"It has come to a duel," said I.

"A duel?" she repeated. "A duel! Henry and——"

"And the Master," said I. "Things have been borne so long, things of which you know nothing, which you would not believe if I should tell. But to-night it went too far, and when he insulted you——"

"Stop," said she. "He? Who?"

"Oh, madam!" cried I, my bitterness breaking forth, "do you ask me such a question? Indeed, then, I may go elsewhere for help; there is none here!"

"I do not know in what I have offended you," said she. "Forgive me; put me out of this suspense."

But I dared not tell her yet; I felt not sure of her; and at the doubt and under the sense of impotence it brought with it, I turned on the poor woman with something near to anger.

"Madam," said I, "we are speaking of two men: one of them insulted you, and you ask me which. I will help you to the answer. With one of these men you have spent all your hours: has the other reproached you? To one, you have been always kind; to the other, as God sees me and judges between us two, I think not always: has his love ever failed you? To-night one of these two men told the other, in my hearing—the hearing of a hired stranger, that you were in love with him. Before I say one word, you shall answer your own question: Which was it? Nay, madam, you shall answer me another: If it has come to this dreadful end, whose fault is it?"

She stared at me like one dazzled. "Good God!" she said once, in a kind of bursting exclamation; and then a second time, in a whisper to herself, "Great God!—In the name of mercy, Mackellar, what is wrong?" she cried. "I am made up; I can hear all."

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"You are not fit to hear," said I. "Whatever it was, you shall say first it was your fault."

"O!" she cried, with a gesture of wringing her hands, "this man will drive me mad! Can you not put *me* out of your thoughts?"

"I think not once of you," I cried. "I think of none but my dear unhappy master."

"Ah!" she cried, with her hand to her heart, "is Henry dead?"

"Lower your voice," said I. "The other."

I saw her sway like something stricken by the wind; and I know not whether in cowardice or misery, turned aside and looked upon the floor. "These are dreadful tidings," said I at length, when her silence began to put me in some fear; "and you and I behove to be the more bold if the house is to be saved." Still she answered nothing. "There is Miss Katharine besides," I added: "unless we bring this matter through, her inheritance is like to be of shame."

I do not know if it was the thought of her child or the naked word shame, that gave her deliverance; at least I had no sooner spoken than a sound passed her lips, the like of it I never heard, it was as though she had lain buried under a hill and sought to move that burthen. And the next moment she had found a sort of voice.

"It was a fight?" she whispered. "It was not——?" and she paused upon the word.

"It was a fair fight on my dear master's part," said I. "As for the other, he was slain in the very act of a foul stroke."

"Not of the dead!" she cried.

"Madam," said I, "hatred of that man glows in my bosom like a burning fire; ay, even now he is dead. God knows, I would have stopped the fighting, had I dared. It is my shame I did not. But when I saw him fall, if I could have spared one thought pitying of my master, it had been to exult in that deliverance."

I do not know if she marked; but her next words were: "And my lord?"

"That shall be my part," said I.

"You will not speak to him as you have to me?" she asked.

"Madam," said I, "have you not someone else to think of? Leave my lord to me."

"Someone else?" she repeated.

"Your husband," said I. She looked at me with a countenance illegible. "Are you going to turn your back on him?" I asked.

Still she looked at me; then her hand went to her heart again. "No," said she.

"God bless you for that word!" I said. "Go to him now where he sits in the hall; speak to him—it matters not what you say; give him your hand; say, 'I know all';—if God gives you grace enough, say 'Forgive me.'"

"Nay," said she, "may God forgive us all, and you not least, Mr. Mackellar, for a harsh judger and a cruel tongue."

"Pray rather I may be helped in what remains to do," said I. "For it seems to me that I am innocent of the least offence in this matter, and yet have the most dreadful part of it."

"You say very true, Mr. Mackellar," said she. "God strengthen you, and make you merciful. I will go to my husband; I shall not be more backward in my duty than yourself, and I will try to be more kind."

"Let me light you there," said I, taking up the candle.

"I will find my way in the dark," she said, with a shudder, and I think the shudder was at me.

So we separated, she down-stairs to where a little light glimmered in the hall-door, I along the passage to my lord's room. It seems hard to say why, but I could not burst in on the old man as I could on the young woman; with whatever reluctance, I must knock. But his old slumbers were light, or perhaps he slept not; and at the first summons, I was bidden enter.

He too sat up in bed; very aged and bloodless he looked; and whereas he had a certain largeness of appearance when dressed for daylight, he now seemed frail and little, and his face (the wig being laid aside) not bigger than a child's. This daunted me; nor less, the haggard surmise of misfortune in his eye. Yet his voice was even peaceful as he inquired my errand. I set my candle down upon a chair, leaned on the bed-foot, and looked at him.

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"Lord Durrisdeer," said I, "it is very well known to you that I am a partisan in your family."

"I hope we are none of us partisans," said he. "That you love my son sincerely, I have always been glad to recognize."

"O, my lord, we are past the hour of these civilities," I replied. "If we are to save anything out of the fire, we must look the fact in its bare countenance. A partisan I am; partisans we have all been; it is as a partisan that I am here in the middle of the night to plead before you. Hear me; before I go, I will tell you why."

"I would always hear you, Mr. Mackellar," said he, "and that at any hour, whether of the day or night, for I would be always sure you had a reason. You spoke once before to very proper purpose; I have not forgotten that."

"I am here to plead the cause of my master," I said. "I need not tell you how he acts. You know how he is placed. You know with what generosity he has always met your other—met your wishes," I corrected myself, stumbling at that name of son. "You know—you must know—what he has suffered—what he has suffered about his wife."

"Mr. Mackellar!" cried my lord, rising in bed like a bearded lion.

"You said you would hear me," I continued. "What you do not know, what you should know, one of the things I am here to speak of—is the persecution he must bear in private. Your back is not turned, before one whom I dare not name to you falls upon him with the most unfeeling taunts; twits him—pardon me, my lord! twits him with your partiality, calls him Jacob, calls him clown, pursues him with ungenerous raillery, not to be borne by man. And let but one of you appear, instantly he changes; and my master must smile and courtesy to the man who has been feeding him with insults; I know—for I have shared in some of it, and I tell you the life is insupportable. All these months, it has endured; it began with the man's landing; it was by the name of Jacob that my master was greeted the first night."

My lord made a movement as if to throw aside the clothes and rise. "If there be any truth in this——" said he.

"Do I look like a man lying?" I interrupted, checking him with my hand.

"You should have told me at first," he said.

"Ah, my lord, indeed I should, and you may well hate the face of this unfaithful servant!" I cried.

"I will take order," said he, "at once." And again made the movement to rise.

Again I checked him. "I have not done," said I. "Would God I had! All this my dear, unfortunate patron has endured without help or countenance. Your own best word, my lord, was only gratitude. O, but he was your son too! He had no other father. He was hated in the country, God knows how unjustly. He had a loveless marriage. He stood on all hands without affection or support, dear, generous, ill-fated, noble heart!"

"Your tears do you much honor and me much shame," says my lord with a palsied trembling. "But you do me some injustice. Henry has been ever dear to me, very dear. James (I do not deny it, Mr. Mackellar), James is perhaps dearer; you have not seen my James in quite a favorable light; he has suffered under his misfortunes; and we can only remember how great and how unmerited these were. And even now his is the more affectionate nature. But I will not speak of him. All that you say of Henry is most true; I do not wonder, I know him to be very magnanimous; you will say I trade upon the knowledge? It is possible; there are dangerous virtues, virtues that tempt the encroacher. Mr. Mackellar, I will make it up to him; I will take order with all this. I have been weak; and what is worse, I have been dull."

"I must not hear you blame yourself, my lord, with that which I have yet to tell upon my conscience," I replied. "You have not been weak: you have been abused by a devilish dissembler. You saw yourself how he had deceived you in the matter of his danger; he has deceived you throughout in every step of his career. I wish to pluck him from your heart; I wish to force your eyes upon your other son; ah, you have a son there!"

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"No, no," said he, "two sons—I have two sons."

I made some gesture of despair that struck him; he looked at me with a changed face. "There is much worse behind?" he asked, his voice dying as it rose upon the question.

"Much worse," I answered. "This night he said these words to Mr. Henry: 'I have never known a woman who did not prefer me to you, and I think who did not continue to prefer me.'"

"I will hear nothing against my daughter," he cried; and from his readiness to stop me in this direction, I conclude his eyes were not so dull as I had fancied, and he had looked on not without anxiety upon the siege of Mrs. Henry.

"I think not of blaming her," cried I. "It is not that. These words were said in my hearing to Mr. Henry; and if you find them not yet plain enough, these others but a little after: 'Your wife who is in love with me.'"

"They have quarrelled?" he said.

I nodded.

"I must fly to them," he said, beginning once again to leave his bed.

"No, no!" I cried, holding forth my hands.

"You do not know," said he. "These are dangerous words."

"Will nothing make you understand, my lord?" said I.

His eyes and his face and his clasped hands besought me for the truth.

I flung myself on my knees by the bedside. "O my lord," cried I, "think on him you have left, think of this poor sinner whom you begot, whom your wife bore to you, whom we have none of us strengthened as we could; think of him, not of yourself; he is the other sufferer—think of him! That is the door for sorrow, Christ's door, God's door: O, it stands open. Think of him, even as he thought of you. *Who is to tell the old man?*—these were his words. It was for that I came; that is why I am here pleading at your feet."

"Let me get up," he cried, thrusting me aside, and was on his feet before myself. "Here is too much speech? Where was it?"

His voice shook like a sail in the wind, yet he spoke with a good loudness; his face was like the snow, but his eyes were steady and dry. I beheld him with a wonder I could not hide. I had looked for him to die under the blow, and he bore it with more constancy than he had received the news of his son's safety.

"I ask you where it was," he repeated. "You must have more command."

"In the shrubbery," said I.

"And Mr. Henry?" he asked. And when I had told him he knotted his old face in thought.

"And Mr. James?" says he.

"I have left him lying," said I, "beside the candles."

"Candles?" he cried, with a more spirited briskness than I had ever remarked upon his lips. "This is highly imprudent." And with that he ran to the window, opened it, and looked abroad. "See!" said he, "there is a glimmer visible from even here. It might be spied from the road."

"Where none goes by at such an hour," I objected.

"It makes no matter," he said. "One might. Hark!" cries he, "what is that?"

It was the sound of men very guardedly rowing in the bay; and I told him so.

"The freetraders," said my lord. "Run at once, Mackellar, put these candles out. I will dress in the meanwhile; and when you return we can debate on what is wisest."

I groped my way down-stairs, and out at the door. From quite a far way off a sheen was visible, making points of brightness in the shrubbery; in so black a night, it might have been remarked for miles; and I blamed myself bitterly for my incaution: How much more sharply when I reached the place! One of the candlesticks was overthrown, and that taper quenched. The other burned steadily by itself, and made a broad space of light upon the frosted ground. All within that circle seemed, by the force of contrast and the overhanging blackness, brighter than by day. And there was the blood stain in the midst; and a little further off Mr. Henry's sword, the pommel of which was of silver; but of the body, not a trace. My heart thumped upon my ribs, the hair stirred upon my scalp, as I stood there staring: so

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strange was the sight, so dire the fears it wakened. I looked right and left; the ground was so hard it told no story. I stood and listened till my ears ached, but the night was hollow about me like an empty church; not even a ripple stirred upon the shore; it seemed you might have heard a pin drop in the county.

I put the candle out, and the blackness fell about me groping dark; it was like a crowd surrounding me; and I went back to the house of Durrisdeer, with my chin upon my shoulder, startling as I went with craven suppositions. In the door a figure moved to meet me, and I had near screamed with terror ere I recognized Mrs. Henry.

"Have you told him?" says she.

"It was he who sent me," said I. "It is gone. But why are you here?"

"It is gone!" she repeated. "What is gone?"

"The body," said I. "Why are you not with your husband?"

"Gone?" said she. "Impossible! You cannot have looked. Come, let us go together."

"There is no light now," said I. "I dare not."

"I can see in the dark. I have been standing here so long—so long," said she. "Come; give me your arm; you need not be afraid with me."

We returned to the shrubbery arm in arm, and to the fatal place.

"Take care of the blood," said I.

"Blood?" she cried, and started violently back.

"I suppose it will be," said I. "I am like a blind man."

"No," said she, "nothing! Have you not dreamed?"

"Ah, would to God we had!" cried I.

She laid her hand upon my arm. "Continue to be brave," she said, "for you and I must help each other."

Presently she spied the sword, picked it up, and seeing the blood, let it fall again with her hands thrown wide. "Ah!" she cried. And then with an instant courage, handled it the second time and thrust it to the hilt into the frozen ground. "I will take it back and clean it properly," says she, and again looked about her on all sides. "Are you certain he was dead?" she added.

"There was no flutter of his heart," said I; and then remembering: "Why are you not with your husband?"

"It is no use," said she, "no use, Mr. Mackellar; he will not speak to me."

"Not speak to you?" I repeated. "O, you have not tried!"

"I know you think you have a right to doubt me," she replied, with a gentle dignity; "but I will prove to you before I have done that I am more worthy of your pity."

At this, for the first time, I was seized with sorrow for her. "God knows, madam," I cried, "God knows I am not so hard as I appear; on this dreadful night, who can veneer his words? But I am a friend to all who are not Henry Durie's enemies!"

"It is hard, then, you should hesitate about his wife," said she. "But here is my hand, Mr. Mackellar, if you will take it; for I think you have a loyal nature."

I gave her mine with a sudden warmth of friendship; for I saw all at once, like the rending of a veil, how nobly she had borne this unnatural calamity, and how generously my reproaches.

"We must go back and tell this to my lord," said I.

"Him I cannot face," she cried.

"You will find him the least moved of all of us," said I.

"And yet I cannot face him," said she.

"Well," said I, "you can return to Mr. Henry; I will see my lord."

As we walked back, I bearing the candlesticks, she the sword—a strange burthen for that woman—she had another thought. "Should we tell Henry?" she asked.

"Let my lord decide," said I.

My lord was nearly dressed when I came to his chamber. He heard me with a frown. "The freetraders," said he. "But whether dead or alive?"

"I thought him—" said I, and paused, ashamed of the word.

"I know; but you may very well have been in error. Why should they remove him, if not living?" he asked. "O, here is a great door of hope. It must be given out that he departed—as he came—without any note of preparation. We must save all scandal."

I saw he had fallen like the rest of us,

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to think mainly of the house. Now that all the living members of the family were plunged in irremediable sorrow, it was strange how we turned to that conjoint abstraction of the family itself, and sought to bolster up the airy nothing of its reputation: not the Duries only, but the hired steward himself.

"Are we to tell Mr. Henry?" I asked him.

"I will see," said he. "I am going first to visit him, then I go forth with you to view the shrubbery and consider."

We went down-stairs into the hall. Mr. Henry sat by the table with his head upon his hand, like a man of stone. His wife stood a little back from him, her hand at her mouth; and she made us a quick signal of defeat; it was plain she could not move him. My old lord walked very steadily to where his son was sitting; he had a steady countenance too, but methought a little cold; when he was come quite up, he held out both his hands and said: "My son!"

With a broken, strangled cry, Mr. Henry leaped up and fell on his father's neck, crying and weeping, the most pitiful sight that ever a man witnessed. "O father," he cried, "you know I loved him; you know I loved him in the beginning; I could have died for him—you know that! I would have given my life for him and you. O say you know that! O say you can forgive me! O father, father, what have I done, what have I done? and we used to be bairns together. O, he was a bonny lad!" and wept and sobbed, and fondled the old man and clutched him about the neck, with the passion of a child in terror.

And then he caught sight of his wife, you would have thought for the first time, where she stood weeping to hear him; and in a moment had fallen at her knees. "And O my lass," he cried, "you must forgive me too! Not your husband—I have only been the ruin of your life. But you knew me when I was a lad; there was no harm in Henry Durie then; he meant aye to be a friend to you. It's him—it's the old bairn that played with you—O can ye never, never forgive him?"

Throughout all this, my lord was like a cold, kind spectator with his wits about him. At the first cry, which was indeed enough to call the house about us, he had said to me over his shoulder, "Close the door." And now he nodded to himself like one satisfied.

"He will do now," says he. "We may leave him to his wife. Bring a light, Mr. Mackellar."

Upon my going forth again with my lord, I was aware of a strange phenomenon; for though it was quite dark, and the night not yet old, methought I smelt the morning. At the same time, there went a tossing through the branches of the evergreens, so that they sounded like a quiet sea; and the air puffed at times against our faces and the flame of the candle shook. We made the more speed, I believe, being surrounded by this bustle; visited the scene of the duel, where my lord looked upon the blood with stoicism; and passing farther on toward the landing-place, came at last upon some evidences of the truth. For first of all, where there was a pool across the path, the ice had been trodden in, plainly by more than one man's weight; next, and but a little further, a young tree was broken; and down by the landing-place, where the trader's boats were usually beached, another stain of blood marked where the body must have been infallibly set down to rest the bearers.

This stain we set ourselves to wash away with the sea-water, carrying it in my lord's hat; and as we were thus engaged, there came up a sudden, moaning gust and left us instantly benighted.

"It will come to snow," says my lord; "and the best thing that we could hope. Let us go back now; we can do nothing in the dark."

As we went houseward, the wind being again subsided, we were aware of a strong pattering noise about us in the night; and when we issued from the shelter of the trees, we found it raining smartly.

Throughout the whole of this, my lord's clearness of mind no less than his activity of body, had not ceased to minister to my amazement. He set the crown upon it, in the council we held on our return. The freetraders had certainly secured the Master, though whether dead or alive we were still left to our conjectures; the rain would, long

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before day, wipe out all marks of the transaction; by this we must profit: the Master had unexpectedly come after the fall of night, it must now be given out he had as suddenly departed before the break of day; and to make all this plausible, it now only remained for me to mount into the man's chamber, and pack and conceal his baggage. True, we still lay at the discretion of the traders; but that was the incurable weakness of our guilt.

I heard him as I said with wonder, and hastened to obey. Mr. and Mrs. Henry were gone from the hall; my lord, for warmth's sake, hurried to his bed; there was still no sign of stir among the servants; and as I went up the tower stair, and entered the dead man's room, a horror of solitude weighed upon my mind. To my extreme surprise, it was all in the disorder of departure. Of his three portmanteaux, two were ready locked, the third lay open and near full. At once there flashed upon me some suspicion of the truth. The man had been going after all; he had but waited upon Crail, as Crail waited upon the wind; early in the night, the seamen had perceived the weather changing; the boat had come to give notice of the change, and call the passenger aboard, and the boat's crew had stumbled on him lying in his blood. Nay, and there was more behind. This prearranged departure shed some light upon his inconceivable insult of the night before; it was a parting shot; hatred being no longer checked by policy. And for another thing, the nature of that insult, and the conduct of Mrs. Henry, pointed to one conclusion: which I have never verified, and can now never verify until the great assize: the conclusion that he had at last forgotten himself, had gone too far in his advances, and had been rebuffed. It can never be verified, as I say; but as I thought of it that morning among his baggage, the thought was sweet to me like honey.

Into the open portmanteau, I dipped a little ere I closed it. The most beautiful lace and linen, many suits of those fine plain clothes in which he loved to appear; a book or two, and those of the best, Cæsar's "Commentaries," a volume of Mr. Hobbes, the "Henriade" of M. de Voltaire, a book upon the Indies, one on the mathematics, far beyond where I have studied: these were what I observed with very mingled feelings. But in the open portmanteau, no papers of any description. This set me musing. It was possible the man was dead; but since the traders had carried him away, not likely. It was possible he might still die of his wound; but it was also possible he might not. And in this latter case, I was determined to have the means of some defence.

One after another I carried his portmanteaux to a loft in the top of the house which we kept locked; went to my own room for my keys, and returning to the loft, had the gratification to find two that fitted pretty well. In one of the portmanteaux there was a shagreen letter-case, which I cut open with my knife; and thenceforth (so far as any credit went) the man was at my mercy. Here was a vast deal of gallant correspondence, chiefly of his Paris days; and what was more to the purpose, here were the copies of his own reports to the English secretary, and the originals of the secretary's answers: a most damning series: such as to publish, would be to wreck the Master's honor and to set a price upon his life. I chuckled to myself as I ran through the documents; I rubbed my hands, I sang aloud in my glee. Day found me at the pleasing task; nor did I then remit my diligence, except in so far as I went to the window—looked out for a moment, to see the frost quite gone, the world turned black again, and the rain and the wind driving in the bay—and to assure myself that the lugger was gone from its anchorage, and the Master (whether dead or alive) now tumbling on the Irish Sea.

It is proper I should add in this place the very little I have subsequently angled out upon the doings of that night. It took me a long while to gather it; for we dared not openly ask, and the free-traders regarded me with enmity, if not with scorn. It was near six months before we even knew for certain that the man survived; and it was years before I learned from one of Crail's men, turned publican on his ill-gotten gain, some

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particulars which smack to me of truth. It seems the traders found the Master struggled on one elbow, and now staring round him, and now gazing at the candle or at his hand which was all bloodied, like a man stupid. Upon their coming, he would seem to have found his mind, bade them carry him aboard and hold their tongues; and on the captain asking how he had come in such a pickle, replied with a burst of passionate swearing, and incontinently fainted. They held some debate, but they were momently looking for a wind, they were highly paid to smuggle him to France, and did not care to delay. Besides which, he was well enough liked by these abominable wretches; they supposed him under capital sentence, knew not in what mischief he might have got his wound, and judged it a piece of good-nature to remove him out of the way of danger. So he was taken aboard, recovered on the passage over, and was set ashore a convalescent at the Havre de Grace. What is truly notable: he said not a word to anyone of the duel, and not a trader knows to this day in what quarrel, or by the hand of what adversary, he fell. With any other man I should have set this down to natural decency; with him, to pride. He could not bear to avow, perhaps even to himself, that he had been vanquished by one whom he had so much insulted and whom he so cruelly despised.

(To be continued.)

A FOOT-NOTE TO A FAMOUS LYRIC.

By Louise Imogen Guiney.

TRUE love's own talisman, which here
Shakespeare and Sidney failed to teach,
A steel-and-velvet Cavalier
Gave to our Saxon speech:

Chief miracle of theme and touch
That upstart enviers adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not Honor more!

No critic born since Charles was King
But sighed in smiling, as he read:
"Here's theft of the supremest thing
A poet might have said!"

Young knight, and wit, and beau, who won
Mid war's adventure, ladies' praise,
Was't well of you, ere you had done,
To blight our modern bays?

O yet to you, whose random hand
Struck from the dark whole gems like these,
Archaic beauty, never planned
Nor reared by wan degrees;

Whose freak leaves artists poor, and art
An earldom richer all her years;
To you, dead on your shield apart,
Be Ave! passed in tears.

How shall this jealous era spurn
Her master, and in lauds be loath?
Your worth, your work, bid us discern
Light exquisite in both.

'Twas virtue's breath inflamed your lyre,
Heroic from the heart it ran;
Nor for the shedding of such fire
Lives since a manlier man.

And till your strophe sweet and bold
So lovely aye, so lonely long,
Love's self outdo, dear Lovelace! hold
The pinnacles of song.

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THE PREVENTION OF RAILROAD STRIKES.

By Charles Francis Adams.

NOTE.

THE following paper was prepared for a special purpose in June, 1886, and then submitted to several of the leading officials directly engaged in the local management of the lines operated by the Union Pacific Railway Company, of which the writer had been president for two years. It drew forth from them various criticisms, which led to the belief that the publication of the paper at that time might easily result in more harm than good. It was accordingly laid aside, and no use made of it.

Nearly three years have since elapsed, and the events of the year 1888—with its strike of engineers on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy—seem to indicate that the relations of railroad employees to the railroad companies have undergone no material change since the year 1886, when the strike on the Missouri Pacific took place. The same unsatisfactory condition of affairs apparently continues. There is a deep-seated trouble somewhere.

No sufficient reason, therefore, exists for longer suppressing this paper. Provided the suggestions contained in it have any value at all, they may at least be accepted as contributions to a discussion which of itself has an importance that cannot be either denied or ignored.

The paper is printed as it was prepared. The figures and statistics contained in it have no application, therefore, to the present time; nor has it been thought worth while to change them, inasmuch as they have little or no bearing upon the argument. That is just as applicable to the state of affairs now as it was to that which existed then. The only difference is that the course of events during the three intervening years has demonstrated that the paper, if it does no good, will certainly do no harm.

C. F. A.

BOSTON, February 4, 1889.

IN 1836—fifty years ago—there were but a little more than 1,000 miles of railroad on the American continents, representing an outlay of some $35,000,000, and controlled by a score or so of corporations. There are now about 135,000 miles in the United States alone, capitalized at over eight thousand millions of dollars.

The railroad interest is thus the largest single interest in the country. Probably 600,000 men are in its employ as wage-earners. It is safe to say that over two millions of human beings are directly dependent upon it for their daily support. The Union Pacific, as a single and by no means the largest member of this system, controls 5,150 miles of road, represented by stock and bonds to the amount of $275,000,000. More than 15,000 names are borne upon its pay-rolls. Its yearly income has exceeded $29,000,000, and in 1885 was $26,000,000. Large as these aggregates sound, there are other corporations which far exceed the Union Pacific both in income and in capitalization, and not a few exceed it in mileage. The Pennsylvania, for instance, either owns or directly controls 7,300 miles of road. It is represented by a capitalization of $670,000,000; its annual income is $93,000,000; it carries 75,000 names on its pay-rolls.

This has been the outgrowth of a single half-century. The vast and intricate organization implied in the management of such an interest had, as it were, to be improvised. The original companies were small and simple affairs. Some retired man of business held as a rule the position of president;

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while another man, generally a civil engineer, and as such supposed to be more or less acquainted with the practical working of railroads, acted as superintendent. The superintendent in point of fact attended to everything. He was the head of the commercial department; the head of the operating department; the head of the construction department, and the head of the mechanical department. But there is a limit to what any single man can do; and so, as the organization developed, it became necessary to relieve the railroad superintendent of many of his duties. Accordingly, the working management naturally subdivided itself into separate departments, at the head of which men were placed who had been trained all their lives to do the particular work required in each department. In the same way, the employees of the company—the wage-earners, as they are called—originally few in number, held toward the company relations similar to those which the employees in factories, shops, or on farms, held to those who employed them. In other words, there was in the railroad system no organized service. As the employees increased until they were numbered by hundreds, better organization became a necessity. The community was absolutely dependent upon its railroad service for continued existence, for the running of trains is to the modern body politic very much what the circulation of blood is to the human being. An organized system, therefore, had to grow up. This fact was not recognized at first; and, indeed, is only imperfectly recognized yet. Still the fact was there; and inasmuch as it was there and was not recognized, trouble ensued. No rationally organized railroad service—that is, no service in which the employer and employed occupy definite relations toward each other, recognized by each and by the body politic—no such service exists. Approaches to it only have been made. A discussion, therefore, of the form that such a service would naturally take, if it were organized, cannot be otherwise than timely.

It has already been noticed that in the process of organization the railroad, following the invariable law, naturally subdivides itself into different departments. In the case of every corporation of magnitude, there are of these departments, whether one man is at the head of one or several of them, at least five. These are

1st. The financial department, which provides the ways and means.

2d. The construction department, which builds the railroad after the means to build it are provided.

3d. The operating department, which operates the road after it is built.

4th. The commercial department, which finds business for the operated road to do, and regulates the rates which are to be charged for doing it.

5th. The legal department, which attends to all the numerous questions which arise in the practical working of every one of the other departments.

These five divisions of necessary work exist in the organization of every company, no matter how small it may be, or how few officers it may employ. In the larger companies the need is found for yet other special departments. In the case of the Union Pacific, for instance, there are two such: First, the comptroller's department, which establishes and is responsible for the whole method of accounting; second, a department which is responsible for all the numerous interests which a large railroad company almost of necessity develops outside of its strict, legitimate work as a common carrier.

When it comes to dealing with the employees of the company, it will be found that the vast majority of those whose names are on the pay-rolls belong to the operating department. This department is responsible not only for the running of trains and, usually, for the maintenance of the permanent way, but also for the repairs of rolling-stock. All the train-hands, all the section-men and bridge-gangs, and all the mechanics in the repair shops thus belong to the operating department. The accounting department employs only clerks. The same is true of the commercial department, though the commercial department has also agents at different business centres who look after the company's interests and secure traffic for it. The construction department is in

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the hands of civil engineers, and the force employed by it depends entirely upon the amount of building which may at any time be going on. As a rule the bulk of the employees in the construction department are paid by contractors, and not directly by the railroad company. The legal department consists only of lawyers and the few clerks necessary to aid them in transacting their business.

In the operating department of the Union Pacific at the present time (1886) about 14,000 names are carried upon the pay-roll. The number varies according to the season of the year and the pressure of traffic. In January, and during the winter months, the average will fall to 12,000, while in June and during the summer it rises to 14,000.

Of these, 2,800, or 20 per cent., are engaged in train movement; 4,200, or 30 per cent., are in the machine-shops and in charge of motive power and rolling-stock; 7,000, or 50 per cent., are employed in various miscellaneous ways, as flag-men, section-hands, station agents, switch-men, etc., etc.

So far as the wage-earner is concerned, it is, therefore, this portion of the force of a railroad company which may be called distinctively "the service." If good relations exist between the men employed in its operating department and the company no serious trouble can ever arise in the operation of the road. The clerks in the financial department, or the engineers in the construction department, might leave the company's employ in a body, and their places could soon be filled. In point of fact, they never do leave it; but should they do so, the public would experience no inconvenience. The inconvenience —and it would be very considerable— would be confined to the offices of the company, and their work would fall into arrears. It is not so with the operating department. So far as the community at large is concerned, whatever difficulties arise in the working of railroads develop themselves here. All serious railroad strikes take place among those engaged in the shops. on the track, or in handling trains. That these difficulties should be reduced to a minimum is therefore a necessity. They can be reduced to a minimum only when the railroad service is thoroughly organized.

How then can this service be better organized than it is? It is usually maintained that only the ordinary relation of employer and employed should exist between the railroad company and the men engaged in operating its road. If the farmer is dissatisfied with his hands, he can dismiss them. In like manner, if the laborer is dissatisfied with the farmer, he can leave his employ. It is argued that exactly the same relation should exist between the great railroad corporation and the tens of thousands of men in its operating department. The proposition is not tenable. The circumstances are different. In the first place, it is of no practical consequence to the community whether difficulties which prevent the work of the farm from going on arise or do not arise between an individual farmer and his laborers. The work of innumerable other farms goes on all the same, and it is a matter of indifference what occurs in the management of the particular farm. So it is even with large factories, machine-shops—in fact, with all industrial concerns which do not perform immediate public functions. A railroad company does perform immediate public functions. The community depends upon it for the daily and necessary movements of civilized existence. This fact has to be recognized. For a railroad to pause in its operation implies paralysis to the community which it serves.

Such being the fact, it is futile to argue that the ordinary relations of employer and employed should obtain in the railroad service. Something else is required; and because something else is required but has not yet been devised we have had the numerous difficulties which have taken place during the present year—difficulties which have occasioned the community much inconvenience and loss.

The model railroad service, therefore, is now to be considered. Of what would it consist? At present, there is practically no difference between individuals in the employ of a great railroad corporation. All the wage-earners in its

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pay stand in like position toward it. There should be a difference among them; and a marked difference, due to circumstances which should receive recognition. Take again the case of the Union Pacific. The Union Pacific, it has already been mentioned, numbers 14,000 employees in its operating department as a maximum, and 12,000 as a minimum. They vary with the season of the year, increasing in summer and diminishing in winter. Consequently, there is a large body of men who are permanently in its employ; and there is a smaller body, although a very considerable portion of the whole, who are in its employ only temporarily. Here is a fact, and facts should be recognized. If this particular fact is recognized, the service of the company should be organized accordingly, and each of the several divisions of the operating department would have on its rolls two classes of men: first, those who have been admitted into the permanent service of the company; and second, those who for any cause are only temporarily in that service. And no man should be admitted into the permanent service until after he has served an apprenticeship in the temporary service. In other words admission into the permanent service would be in the nature of a promotion from an apprenticeship in the temporary service.

Those in the temporary service need not, therefore, be at present considered. They hold to the companies only the ordinary relation of employee to employer. They may be looked upon as candidates for admission into the permanent service—they are on probation. So long as they are on probation they may be engaged and discharged at pleasure. The permanent service alone is now referred to.

The permanent service of a great railroad company should in many essential respects be very much like a national service, that of the army or navy, for instance, except in one particular, and a very important particular: to wit, those in it must of necessity always be at liberty to resign from it—in other words, to leave it. The railroad company can hold no one in its employ one moment against his will. Meanwhile, to belong to the permanent service of a railroad company of the first class, so far as the employee is concerned, should mean a great deal. It should carry with it certain rights and privileges which would cause that service to be eagerly sought. In the first place, he who had passed through his period of probation and whose name was enrolled in the permanent service would naturally feel that his interests were to a large extent identified with those of the company; and that he on the other hand had rights and privileges which the company was bound to respect. It has been a matter of boast in France that every private soldier in the French army carried the possibility of the field-marshal's baton in his knapsack. It should be the same with every employee in the permanent service of a great American railroad company. The possibility of his rising to any position in that service for which he showed himself qualified should be open before him and constantly present in his mind. Many of the most remarkable and successful men who have handled railroads in the United States began their active lives as brakemen, as telegraph operators, even as laborers on the track. Such examples are of inestimable value. They reveal possibilities open to all.

Beyond this, the man who is permanently enrolled should feel that, though he may not rise to a high position, yet as a matter of right he is entitled to hold the position to which he has risen just so long as he demeans himself properly and does his duty well. He should be free from fear of arbitrary dismissal. In order that he may have this security, a tribunal should be devised before which he would have the right to be heard in case charges of misdemeanor are advanced against him.

No such tribunal has yet been provided in the organization of any railroad company; neither, as a rule, has the suggestion of such a tribunal been looked upon with favor either by the official or the employee. The latter is apt to argue that he already has such a tribunal in the executive committee of his own labor organizations; and a tribunal, too, upon which he can depend to decide always in his favor. The official, on the

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other hand, contends that if he is to be responsible for results he must have the power of arbitrarily dismissing the employee. Without it he will not be able to maintain discipline. The two arguments, besides answering each other, divide the railroad service into hostile camps. The executive committees of the labor organizations practically cannot save the members of those organizations from being got rid of, though they do in many cases protect them against summary discharge; and on the other hand the official, in the face of the executive committee, enjoys only in theory the power of summary discharge. The situation is accordingly false and bad. It provokes hostility. The one party boasts of a protection which he does not enjoy; the other insists upon a power which he dares not exercise. The remedy is manifest. A system should be devised based on recognized facts; a system which would secure reasonable protection to the employee, and at the same time enable the official to enforce all necessary discipline. This a permanent service with a properly organized tribunal to appeal to would bring about. Meanwhile the winnowing process would be provided for in the temporary service. Over that the official would have complete control, and the idle, the worthless, and the insubordinate would be kept off. The wheat would there be separated from the chaff. Until such a system is devised the existing chaos, made up of powerless protection and impotent power, must apparently continue. None the less it is a delusion on the one side and a mockery on the other.

How the members of such a court as has been suggested would be appointed and by whom is matter for consideration. It would, of course, be essential that the appointees should command the confidence of all in the company's service, whether officials or employees. The possible means of reaching this result will presently be discussed.

Not only should permanent employees be entitled to retain their position during good behavior, but they should also look forward to the continual bettering of their condition. That is, apart from promotion, seniority in the service should carry with it certain rights and privileges. Take the case of conductors, brakemen, engineers, machinists, and the like, there seems to be no reason why length of faithful service should not carry with it a stipulated increase of pay. If conductors, for example, have a regular pay of $100 a month, there seems no good reason why the pay should not increase by steps of $5 with each five years' service, so that when the conductor has been 25 years in the service his pay should be increased by one-quarter, or $25 a month. The increase might be more or less. The figures suggested merely illustrate. So also with the engineer, the brakeman, the section-man, the machinist. A certain prospect of increased pay if a man demeans himself faithfully is a great incentive to faithful demeanor. This is another fact which it would be well not to lose sight of.

There ought likewise to be connected with every large railroad organization certain funds, contributed partly by the company and partly by the voluntary action of employees, which would provide for hospital service, retiring pensions, sick pensions, and insurance against accident and death. Every man whose name has once been enrolled in the permanent employ of the company should be entitled to the benefit of these funds; and he should be deprived of it only by his own voluntary act, or as the consequence of some misdemeanor proved before a tribunal. At present the railroad companies of this country are under no inducement to establish these mutual insurance societies, or to contribute to them. Their service, in principle at least, is a shifting service; and so long as it is shifting the elaborate organizations which are essential to the safe management of the funds referred to cannot be called into existence. A tie up, as it might be called, between the companies and their employees is a condition precedent. Were this once effected the rest would follow by steps both natural and easy. For a company like the Union Pacific to contribute $100,000 a year to a hospital fund and retiring pension and insurance associations would be a small matter, if the thing could be so arranged that the permanent employees themselves would contribute a like sum; and permanent

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employees only would contribute at all. Once let the growth of associations like these begin, and it proceeds with almost startling rapidity. At the end of ten years the accumulated capital on the basis of contribution suggested would probably amount to millions. Every man who was so fortunate as to become a permanent employee of the company would then be assured of provision in case of sickness or disability, and his family would be assured of it in case of his death.

The moment a permanent service was thus established it would also involve further provision of an educational nature. That is, the companies must continually provide a stock of men for the future. Where a boy—the son of an employee—grows up always looking forward to entering the company's service, he becomes to that company very much what a cadet at West Point or Annapolis is to the army or the navy of the United States; the idea of loyalty to the company and of pride in its service grows up with him. Railroad educational institutions of this sort have already been created by at least one corporation in the country, and they should be created by all railroad corporations of the first class. The children of employees would naturally go into these schools, and the best of them would at the proper age be sent out upon the road to take their places in the shops, on the track, or at the brake. From those thus educated the higher positions in the company would thereafter be filled. The cost of maintaining these schools, at least in part, would become a regular item in the operating expenses of the road. Properly handled, a vast economy would be effected through them. The morale of the service would gradually be raised, and the morale of a railroad is, if properly viewed, no less important than the morale of an army or navy. It is invaluable.

But it is futile to suppose that such a service as that outlined could be organized, in America at least, unless those concerned in it were allowed a voice in its management. Practically the most important feature of the whole is therefore yet to be considered. How is the employee to be assured a voice in the management of these joint interests, without bringing about demoralization? No one has yet had the courage to face this question; and yet it is a question which must be faced if a solution of existing difficulties is to be found. If the employees contribute to the insurance and other funds, it is right that they should have a voice in the management of those funds. If an employee holds his situation during good behavior, he has a right to be heard in the organization of the board which, in case of his suspension for alleged cause, is to pass upon his behavior. No system will succeed which does not recognize these rights. In other words, it will be impossible to establish perfectly good faith and the highest morale in the service of the companies until the problem of giving this voice to employees, and giving it effectively, is solved. It can be solved in but one way: that is, by representation. To solve it may mean industrial peace.

It is, of course, impossible to dispose of these difficult matters in town-meeting. Nevertheless, the town-meeting must be at the base of any successful plan for disposing of them. The end in view is to bring the employer—who in this case is the company, represented by its president and board of directors—and the employees into direct and immediate contact through a representative system. When thus brought into direct and immediate contact, the parties must arrive at results through the usual method: that is, by discussion and rational agreement. It has already been noticed that the operating department of a great railroad company naturally subdivides itself into those concerned in the train movement, those concerned in the care of the permanent way, and those concerned in the work of the mechanical department. It would seem proper, therefore, that a council of employees should be formed, of such a number as might be agreed on, containing representatives from each of these departments. In order to make an effective representation, the council would have to be a large body. For present purposes, and for the sake of illustration merely, it might be supposed that, in the case of the Union Pacific, each department in a division of the road would elect its own members of the employ-

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ees' council. There are five of these divisions and three departments in every division. The operating-men, the yard and section-men, and the machinists of the division would, therefore, under this arrangement choose a given number of representatives. If one such representative was chosen to each hundred employees in the permanent service those thus selected would constitute a division council. To perfect the organization, without disturbing the necessary work of the company, each of these division councils would then select certain (say, for example, three) of their number, representing the mechanical, the operating, and the permanent way departments, and these delegates from each of the departments would, at certain periods of the year, to be provided for by the articles of organization, all meet together at the head-quarters of the company in Omaha. The central council under the system here suggested would consist of fifteen men ; that is, one representing each of the three departments of the five several divisions. These fifteen men would represent the employees. It would be for them to select a board of delegates, or small executive committee, to confer directly with the president and board of directors. Here would be found the organization through which the voice of the employees would make itself heard and felt in matters which directly affect the rights of employees, including the appointment of a tribunal to pass upon cases of misdemeanor, and the management of all institutions, whether financial or educational, to which the employees had contributed and in which they had a consequent interest.

There is no reason whatever for supposing that, within the limits which have been indicated, such an organization would lead to difficulty. On the contrary, where it did not remove a difficulty it might readily be made to open a way out of it. The employees, feeling that they too had rights which the company frankly recognized and was bound to respect, would in all cases of agitation proceed through the regular machinery, which brought them into easy and direct contact with the highest authority in the company's service. They would not, therefore, be driven into outside organizations. Meanwhile, on the other hand, the highest officers of the company, including the president and the board of directors, would be brought into immediate relations with the representatives of the employees on terms of equality. Each would have an equal voice in the management of common interests ; and it would only remain to make provision for arriving at a solution of questions in case of deadlock. This would naturally be done by the appointment of a permanent arbitrator, who would be selected in advance.

The organization suggested includes, it will be remembered, only those employees whose names are on the permanent rolls of the operating department. For reasons which have been sufficiently referred to, those whose names are on the rolls of the other four departments have not been considered. But there would be no difficulty in making provision for them also, should it be found expedient or desirable so to do. Through the system of representation the organization could in fact be made to include every employee in the permanent service of the company, not excepting the president, the general manager, or the general counsel. Each employee included would have one vote, and each division and department its representatives. The organization in other words is elastic. No matter how large it might be it would never become unwieldy so long as it resulted in the small committee which met in direct conference face to face with the board of directors.

Could such a system as that which has been suggested be devised and put in practical operation there is reason to hope that the difficulties which have hitherto occurred between the great railroad companies and those in their pay would not occur in future. The movement is the natural and necessary outcome of the vast development referred to in the opening paragraphs of this paper. It is based on a simple recognition of acknowledged facts, and follows the lines of action with which the people of this country are most familiar. The path indicated is that in which for centuries they have been accustomed to tread. It has led them out of many difficulties. Why not out of this difficulty?

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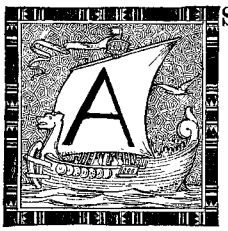
THE BUILDING OF AN "OCEAN GREYHOUND."

By William H. Rideing.

I.



AS often as the "record is broken," and the Atlantic voyage is reduced by some unprecedentedly fast passage, we may be sure that there is a flutter in the offices of the rival lines which have thus been left behind. Between the Cunard, the Guion, the Inman, and the White Star lines there has been a constant race for supremacy, now one, and then the other taking the first place. No ship has been allowed to keep the lead for more than a year or two. When sixteen knots have been developed by one line seventeen knots have been aimed at by another, and the ship of that speed is no longer a wonder. So when we read in the newspapers of the "fastest passage" we may take it for granted that it is no sooner heard of in Liverpool than the managers of the lines momentarily surpassed are preparing to beat it. If the triumph belongs to the Cunard line, at the very next meeting of the directors of the White Star and Inman lines it will be discussed, and though an order for another ship may not be given there and then it is sure to follow.

An order for a new ship of the class required to compete in the modern passenger service of the Atlantic is not by any means a matter to be determined on without grave consideration. Speed is costly, and as you increase it it is generally necessary to also increase the tonnage. Thus if the problem before you is to beat the record of a seven-thousand-ton ship, which has developed eighteen knots with engines of twelve thousand five hundred horse-power, you must (principally for economic reasons) have a larger hull as well as more powerful engines for your competing vessel. This forces upon your consideration tides, channels, harbor-bars, and dock accommodations, all of which impose limitations upon you. And then the cost of the ship herself is not a matter which even the wealthiest of corporations can provide for at a moment's notice: it is not one hundred thousand dollars, nor five hundred thousand dollars that the work calls for, but about five times the latter sum, for it is safe to say that a vessel superior to the City of New York or the Etruria could not be built for less than two million and a half of dollars.

The "financing" of such an undertaking requires time: there are long consultations between the directors, bankers, and ship-builders. If we could follow the steps of the gentleman to whom these negotiations are intrusted we might see him flying off from Liverpool for Euston; closeted in a private office down in Lombard Street or Cornhill with some capitalists who are expected to contribute to the necessary funds; again, after dinner, engaged in argument with these same capitalists in a West End mansion to which they have adjourned, and then racing off in the precarious hansom cab to catch the night train from King's Cross for Glasgow.

Sometimes the ship-builders are willing to become part owners of the projected vessel; sometimes they take as part payment for the work some older vessels of the line, which they refit, re-engine, modernize, and sell again. The ability of the builders to make an arrangement of this kind, of course, influences the placing of the contract, in a measure, but they must also be able to give certain guarantees. They must enter into an engagement that the projected ship shall be able to carry so many passengers and so many tons of cargo, and to attain a specified speed on a given consumption of coal per day. Let us say, for instance, that the stipulations are these: Accommodations for 600 saloon passengers, 150 intermediate passengers, and 1,500 steerage passengers; registered tonnage 6,000; speed, 19 knots on a consumption of 300 tons per day. If the ship fails to fulfil these con-

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ditions the builders agree to forfeit a part of the amount they would otherwise receive for her, or they may be compelled to take her back altogether. This was the case with the City of Rome, which was built for the Inman line by the Barrow Ship-building Company. A beautiful ship in every way; of exquisite model; fitted with a degree of luxury unsurpassed at the time she was launched, she proved to have neither the speed nor the carrying capacity which had been guaranteed, and the Inman line refused to accept her. In a very few instances only are such guarantees omitted from the contract.

Now, ship-building is not an exact science, and the closest calculations are often upset in the result by unforeseen and inexplicable causes. It can never be said with absolute certainty just what speed a ship will attain, nor exactly what quantity of cargo she will carry. The most ingenious and patient of experiments have not yet succeeded in eliminating the mysterious variability of result which the ship-builder finds, however closely he repeats his well-defined formulas. Two ships, like the Umbria and the Etruria, may be built side by side, of identical materials, lines, and dimensions; engines, boilers, and propellers may be the same, yet one will turn out to be a knot or two faster than the other, and neither the designer nor the builder is able to say why.

It is apparent, then, that in guaranteeing an exceptionally high rate of speed the builder assumes no little risk. The designing of a fast ship is indeed more of an art than a science, and each designer proceeds on a theory more or less his own. If the reader has an opportunity to compare models of the Servia, the Alaska, and the City of Rome, three ships built at the same time, each intended to rival the others, he will see by the varying proportions of length or breadth, and by other contrasts, how the opinions of the architects have differed as to the best lines for obtaining speed. True, it is not possible to ignore formulas altogether, but the designer's intuitions or inspirations are not less serviceable to him than his technical knowledge.

Technically, he has to consider the displacement and carrying capability of the proposed ship; her buoyancy and stability; her resistance-power and speed. A ship in moving through the water encounters resistance in three forms. First, frictional resistance, due to the water rubbing against her hull; secondly, eddy-making resistance, due to local disturbances or eddies among the particles of water, which are almost wholly at her stern, and, thirdly, the surface disturbance of the water by her passage, resulting in the creation and maintenance of waves: known as "wave-making" resistance. All these things he has to consider, together with the structural strength of the vessel, the "pitch" of the screw, and ten thousand details, so that the problem which he has to solve is sufficiently complicated.

We will suppose, however, that he sees his way to build such a ship as the specifications submitted to him call for, and that the contract is awarded to him, or to the firm he represents. The ship is now tentatively on paper, though her essential features are well-defined, and the next step takes us to Glasgow and the Clyde.

II.

If in crossing the Atlantic for the first time you choose Glasgow for your port of disembarkation, the sail up the Firth of the Clyde and the river is likely to be full of agreeable and memorable surprises. The beauties of that route are not advertised, and one hears so little of them in advance that they gain impressiveness from the absence of expectation. The Firth itself is like a great Fjord, a land-locked bay hollowed between hills and crags, among which vapory clouds are always shifting, and its deep salt waters are ploughed by fleets of vessels of every class, and especially by yachts, sea-going steamers, and the most rakish looking excursion boats in the world; it is not unlike the Hudson above Peekskill, though much wider; the rounded hills have the same soft and civilized outlines, and the same appearance of reclamation for man's use and delectation; modern villas crown their heights and watering-places cluster at their feet.

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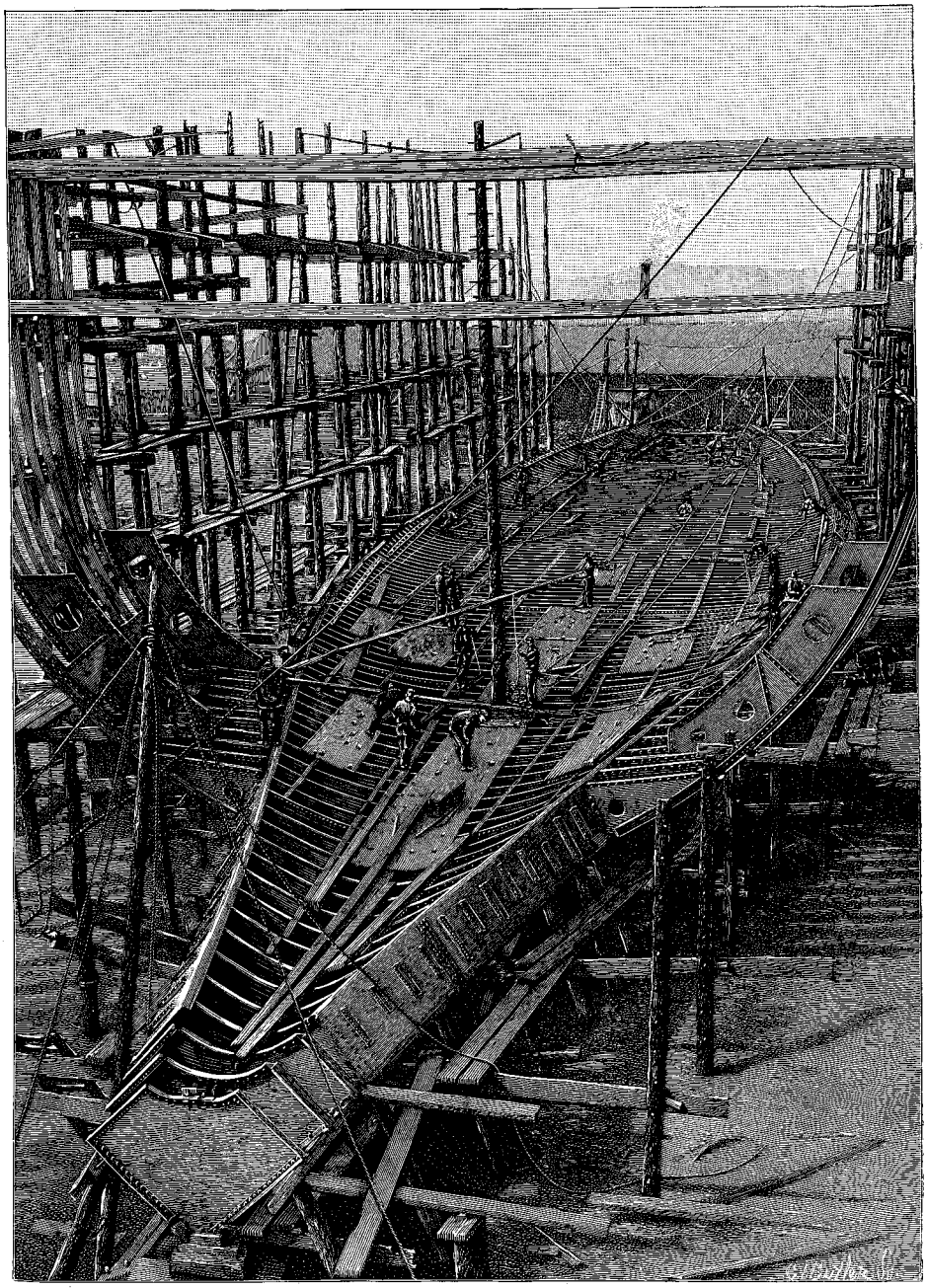

General View of the Frames of the City of New York—June 25, 1887.

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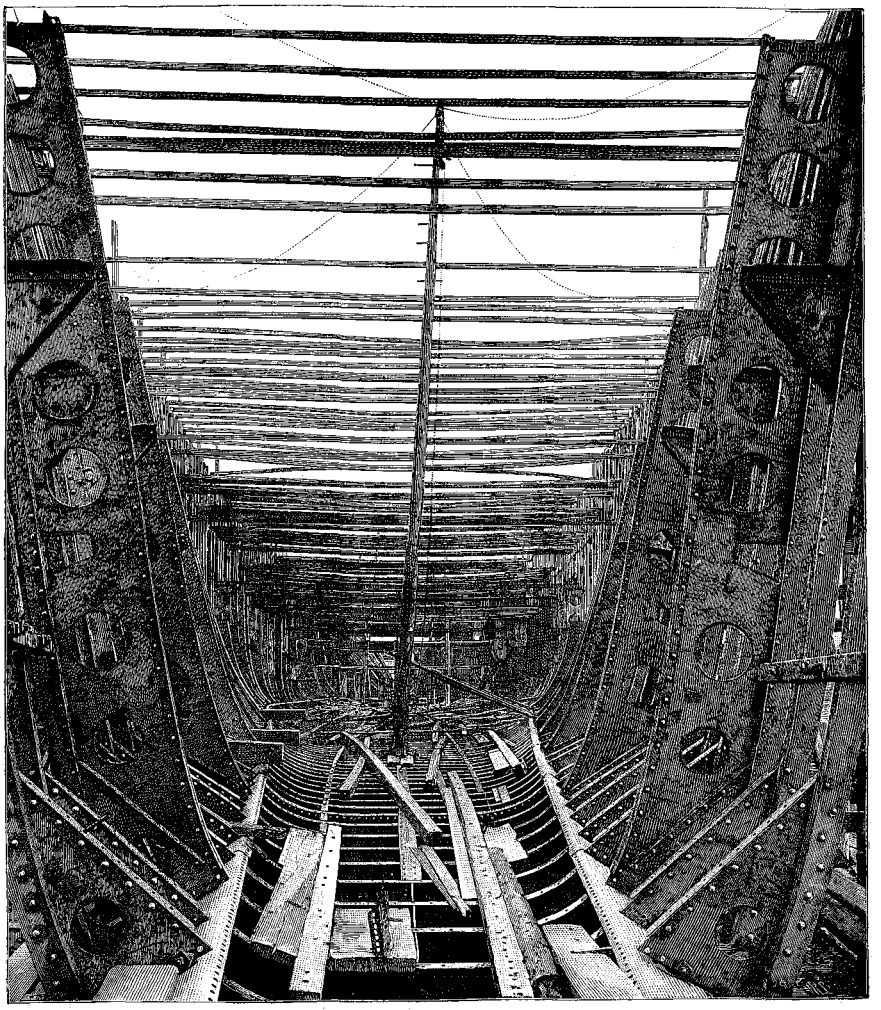
Just below Greenock the passage narrows, and above that we enter the river, which, though not beautiful, is more of a surprise than even the Firth. It meanders through fields, and from the towering deck upon which we stand we look down upon ploughmen at work, cattle grazing, and snug farm-houses. So narrow is the stream, and so low are the banks, that the big steamer seems curiously out of place. How, one asks, has Glasgow ever prospered with so small a river as its only outlet to the sea? We have thought of the Clyde as a wide and capacious stream like the Mersey opposite Birkenhead, or the Hudson opposite New York, but, instead, it is scarcely as wide as the East River at Brooklyn, and there are reaches where two large vessels have no room to spare in passing each other.

Such as it is, all sorts of dredging operations are necessary to keep it open, and it has been said to be as much an artificial channel as the Suez Canal.



Frames of the City of New York, looking aft—July 19, 1887.

The first steamboat to navigate it was the Comet, in 1812, and though she drew but four feet of water she could leave Glasgow only on the flood tide. Even then she sometimes ran aground, and her passengers had to wade or swim ashore, or wait twelve hours for

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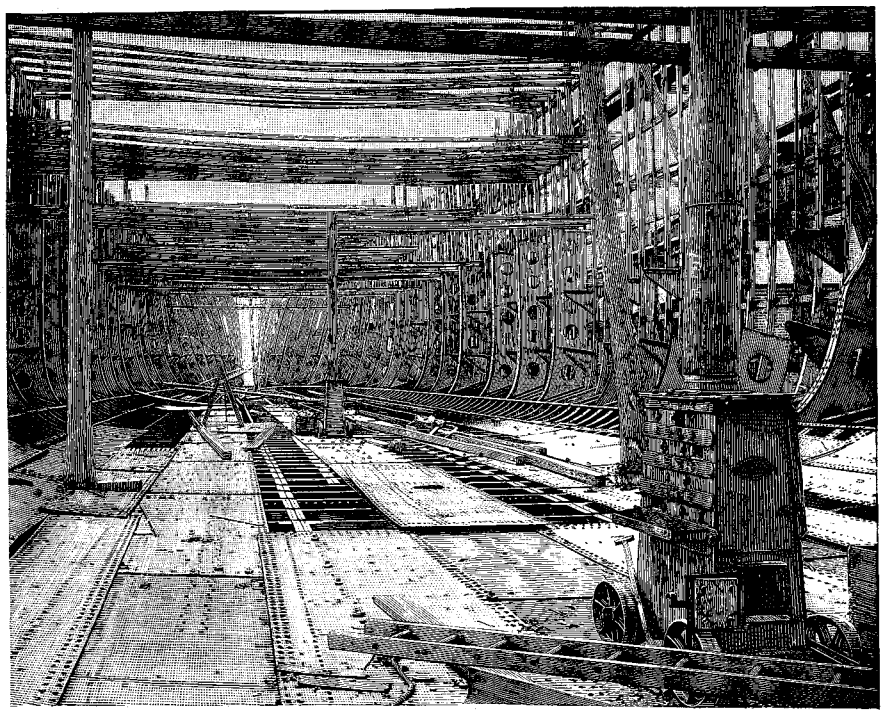
the next tide. Its depth is ample now, however, and it is the breadth that astonishes us: it seems as though a venturesome jumper might easily spring from the deck to either bank. The farms are alternated by ship-yards in which the hulls of ships in various stages of construction loom up, with ant-like specks of humanity swarming upon them. Some of them are nearly twice as long as the river is wide, and it puzzles the stranger to say how they can be launched, until someone, wiser than he is, tells him that they slide into the stream obliquely and thus overcome the difficulty. Nearly all the steamers that have earned fame in the Atlantic trade have been built and engined at one or the other of these ship-yards, from the first Cunarder to the City of Paris; the Cunard, Inman, Guion, and North German Lloyd lines have come to this little river for their ships. And as we approach Glasgow, burrowing into the dark that envelops the town, it becomes narrower still, and within the limits of the port is nothing more than a long canal with ships huddled together along the banks.

The Clyde is, in fact, like one of those heroic personages who triumph over natural disadvantages which to the common mind are insuperable, and its inferiority in depth and breadth has been counterbalanced by excellencies in other directions. In the first place Glasgow is the natural outlet of a great mineral field, so that after iron and steel became the principal materials of the ship-builder, he could find them on the banks of the little river unburdened by the increased price asked for them when it has been necessary to carry them long distances. In the second place the Clyde was the scene of the earliest attempts at steam navigation in Great Britain, by Miller, Symington, and Bell, and descending from them the genius of ship-building has become hereditary with the inhabitants of the town. "Practice makes perfect," and the ship-builders of Glasgow have more practice than any people of their craft in the kingdom. In 1886 forty-five vessels were built at London,



Frames of the City of New York, looking forward—July 19, 1887.

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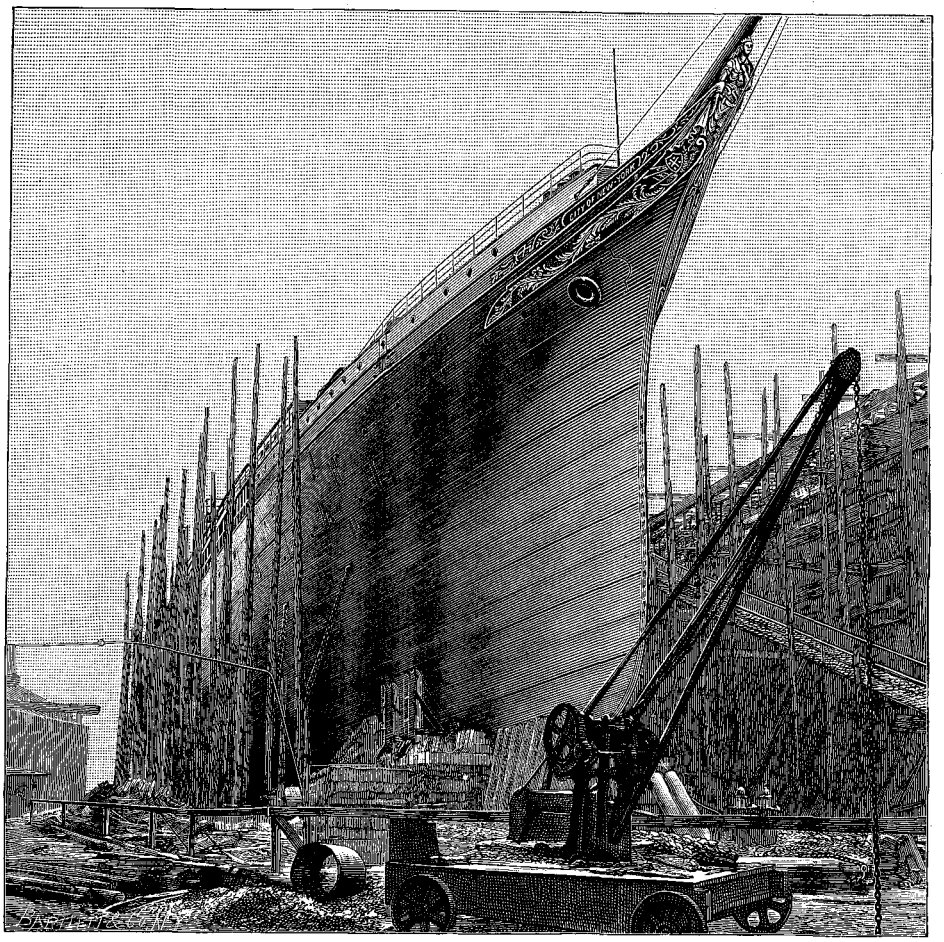

The City of New York ready for Launching.

measuring 3,696 tons; sixteen vessels at Liverpool, measuring 18,268 tons, and on the Tyne, fifty vessels, measuring 49,641 tons. On the Clyde during the same period one hundred and fifty-one vessels were built, measuring 135,659 tons—nearly double the work done by all the other ship-yards combined. Thus, when after various conclaves and the discussion of ways and means the directors decide to put a new vessel on their line, the order is pretty sure to come to Glasgow.

III.

We have assumed the work of the naval architect to be complete; all the specifications have been made out, and every part of the prospective ship has been drawn on paper. There are three plans: a "sheer plan," showing all lines of length and height from stem to stern; a "half-breadth plan," showing the lines of length and breadth, or, in other words, those lines which would be visible in looking down upon her decks from an elevation, and a "body plan," which shows all lines of breadth and height, and represents the ship looked at "end on." These are called the "construction drawings," and with them in his hand the ship-builder can see in his mind's eyes the vessel as she will appear when built. He does not work directly from these, however. They are carried up into the "mould loft," the floor of which represents an

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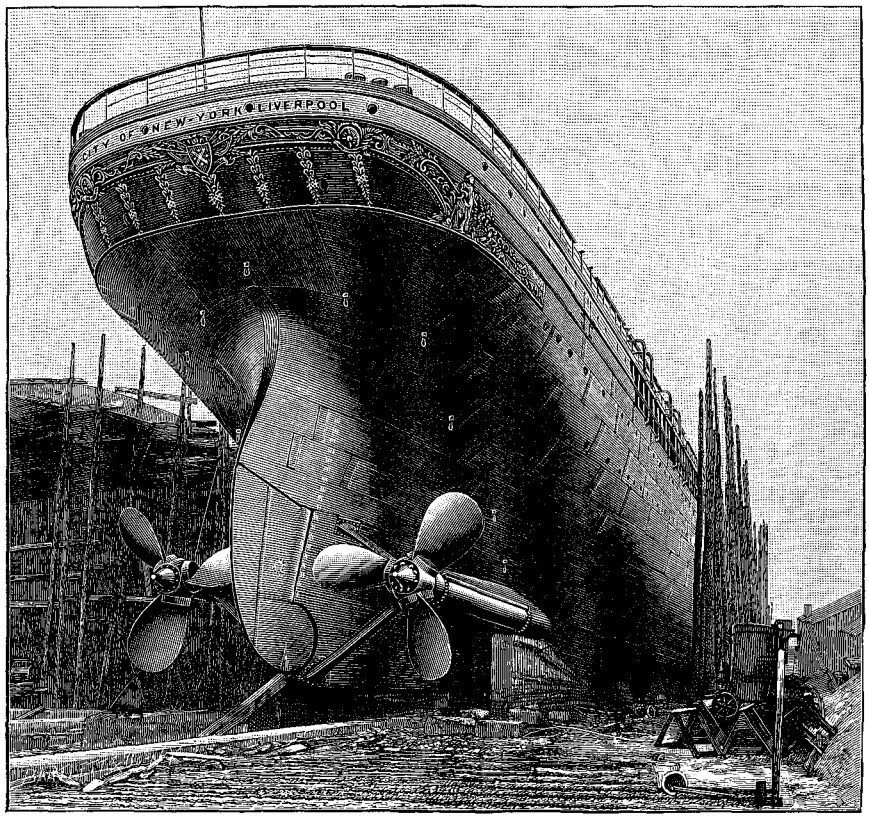
enormous blackboard, and upon this they are reproduced to correspond with the exact dimensions of the ship. A foot is scaled down on the paper to a quarter of an inch, but in the mould loft a foot is a foot, and plate, girder, and rib are drawn to their full size. This enlargement leads to the detection of errors which are not apparent in the reduced drawings, and which must be eliminated. Straight lines are made with chalk by cords and rules, and curves by bending laths into the desired position and then tracing the sweep upon the floor. Every measurement has to be verified and checked, and "fairing the ship," as this work is called, may take six or seven weeks. All errors having been corrected, still another drawing is made on a "scrive board," and in this the lines, full-sized, are sunk in the wood so that they cannot be rubbed out. The "scrive board" is the plan from which the ship-builder works, and when it is complete the actual construction of the ship is begun.

The keel is laid down on blocks, four or five feet apart, which form a slope toward the water so that the hull may glide down easily when the time for launching comes. It is not a keel at all, in the sense in which the word was formerly used: a modern ship has a smooth bottom, without any projecting ridge or break to the curve of her sides; it is simply the central series of plates, from which an inner keel is built up like an enormous backbone, and to this the ribs are attached. The metal is delivered at the yard in the shape of angle iron or angle steel, the latter being the material which would be used in a ship of the class we have in mind. Heated to a white heat the angle-bars are drawn out of the furnace into a perfectly level iron floor, upon which they are bent to



A Stern View, showing Twin Screws.

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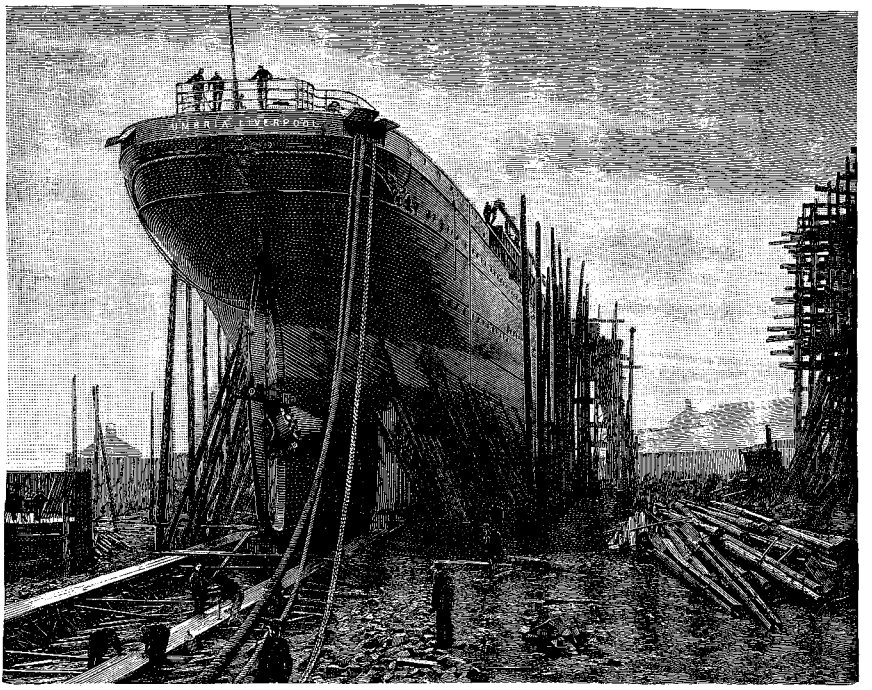
the needed curve, and that which has been a line of ink in the original drawing, a chalk mark on the floor of the mould loft, and a groove in the surface for rivets, it is then marked with a chisel to show where rib-bands, stringers, and deck-beams are to fit into it.

Two or three months or less after the



The Umbria just before Launching.

of the "scrive board," is now embodied in the heavy rib of the ship. The bending is done thus: the metal floor is perforated with thousands of holes, into which iron pegs are inserted until they form the curvature required, and the long, pliable bar of steel is pressed against them until it corresponds exactly with the line exhibited in the "scrive board," which is always in sight of the workmen for guidance and comparison. In handling the metal the men use pitchforks, and with the prongs inserted in the holes they get purchase enough to make the bar yield; if it bends upward a hammer is used upon it. Each rib has, of course, to be duplicated with the utmost precision in order that it shall be the same on both sides of the ship, and each, after it has cooled, is laid upon the "scrive board" and compared with the lines thereon, every variation being corrected before it is passed. Having already been punched

completion of the "fairing," the ship is probably "in frame," and looks like the skeleton of some Brobdignagian monster that has stranded on the bank of the river. The ribs have been hoisted into position at right angles with the keel, and strung together by "rib-bands," and already there are signs of the coming subdivision by decks and bulkheads of the hollow space within. You can still see through her, however; she is like, to make yet another comparison, a great oblong wicker-basket, the supple willows being represented by the net-work of steel.

The next step is the clothing of the ribs with plates. As they reach the yard the plates are square and flat, but they are passed through rollers of various kinds, from which they issue in any shape desired—hollowed like a spoon, curved lengthwise or breadthwise or diagonally, as the contour of the ship may call for. A steam or hydraulic

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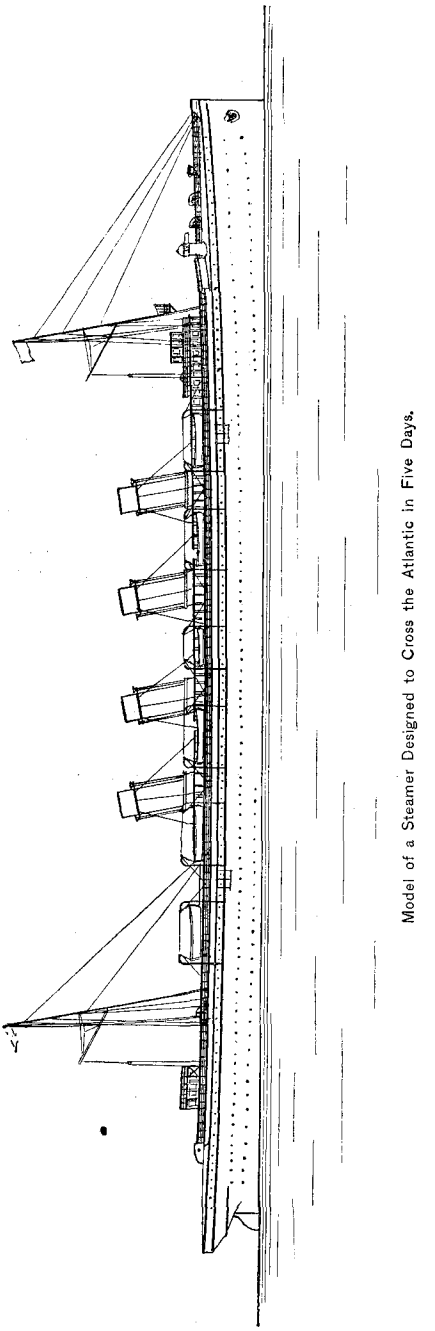
plane smoothes them down as though they were the softest of whitewood; another machine trims the edges as easily as a woman cuts silk with a pair of scissors. Then, suspended by iron chains, they are thrust between the jaws of a punching machine, which has a resemblance to a sinister human face with a flat nose, a long upper lip, and a small chin. The jaws close upon them and bite out, ten at a time, the holes for the rivets by which they are to be fastened to the frame.

As they are hoisted up to the workmen, each fits the exact place designed for it and takes its part in the softly swelling lines of the ship. They are put on in rows, or, as rows are technically called in this connection, "strakes," which are lettered alphabetically, A being the row riveted to the keel. The upper edge of A overlaps the lower edge of B, and the lower edge of C overlaps the upper edge of B, and thus while one row of plates like B has both edges hidden, the row above it has both edges exposed, which minimizes resistance to the progress of the ship. We all know what caulking a wooden vessel is—the wedging of all seams between the planks with oakum and tar. An iron or steel ship is also caulked, but in her case the word has a different meaning. The sharp edges of the plates are merely turned in with a chisel, and they meet so closely that no insertion is necessary to exclude the water.

First held in place by bolts and nuts, the plates are finally secured by the rivets, the holes for which have previously been countersunk by machinery, so that there are no protuberances. The rivets go right through, and have double heads; millions of them are used, and every one of them is examined and checked before the work is passed as satisfactory.

At last the hull is closed in, and hundreds of artisans toil upon it, inside and out. At the end of a year, perhaps, the ship is ready for launching, by which time, if she is of the same dimensions as the City of New York or the City of Paris, seven thousand tons of material have been placed in position, one casting alone—the sternpost—weighing twenty-six tons. She is a steel ship,



Model of a Steamer Designed to Cross the Atlantic in Five Days.

but in addition to the metal, one hundred and twenty thousand cubic feet of timber, brought from all parts of the world, have been used in her. From the cradle in which she lies to the promenade deck she rises to a height

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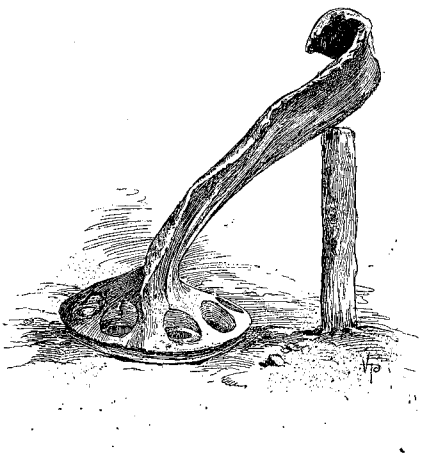
of fifty feet or more, and she looks as immovable as a fortress.

Nothing is more wonderful than the launching of such a vessel. Imminent peril seems to attend the operation: she must topple over, thinks the uninitiated observer, or if she succeeds in reaching the water, she must plunge against the opposite bank of the narrow river. But at the appointed time she glides into the water as smoothly as an eel, and once afloat she is held in check by cables attached to the shore. Her engines have got to be put on board, and fully six months more elapse before she is ready for sea. If she is complete within two years of the day the contract for her was awarded, her builders have done well.

Let us now look at the "plant" which is necessary for building such a ship, and to see this in perfection we will visit Fairfield, which divides honors with the great ship-yard of Messrs. James & George Thomson at Clydebank.



The Manganese Bronze Propeller-Blade of the Wrecked Steamer Mosel, after it had beaten upon a reef.

IV.

A WONDERFUL place is Fairfield. When a ship is taken in hand for construction the design for each and every part is proceeded with simultaneously. It is not the keel first, then the frames, then the reverse frames, then the flooring, and so on, as it is in smaller ship-yards. Keel, frames, flooring are put in hand together, and the hull plates are ready before the keel is in position. Simultaneously, too, the sawmill is preparing the planks which are to cover the steel decks; the joiners are at work on the saloon and cabins; the upholsterers are cutting and stitching the brocades, plushes, and silks which are so freely used in modern ocean steamers; the chain-maker is forging the cables, and each department is busying itself with its own share, conscious that what it produces will presently be sought to take its place in the rapidly progressing whole.

How rapid the progress is may be judged from the fact that on August 14, 1885, the steel intended for a North German Lloyd steamer began to enter the yard, and exactly one month later the ship was in frame with keelsons and beams in position, and the plating for the hull rolled to waterline shape lying alongside.

The works cover nearly seventy-four acres, and lie on the south side of the Clyde, about three miles from Glasgow, with which city they are connected by a continuous chain of docks, warehouses, and other ship-yards. Not very long ago this great inclosure was arable land attached to a comfortable mansion which still retains a few vestiges of its former dignity. But now the verdure has been trampled down and the face of the earth is hidden by paving-stones and iron rails. The river is inky, and the smoke lying in a brown fog overhead is ever being replenished from the high chimneys of the neighborhood.

The scene within the high brick walls which keep out idlers is exhilarating but scarcely picturesque. All the materials which enter into the construction of a modern ship are visible in profusion. A bird's-eye view reveals great stacks of timber, iron, and steel; a net-work of rails which connect the works with all the principal lines converging at Glasgow; long brick sheds, and edging the water-front the launching-slips, where as many as fifteen vessels have been in course of construction at the same time. There the great hulls of many of the most famous Atlantic liners have been put together; this was the birthplace of all

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the new ships of the North German Lloyd line; of the Arizona, the Alaska, the Oregon, the Umbria, and the Etruria.

Running at right angles from the river, a dock has been excavated, large enough to accommodate a vessel of twelve thousand tons, and, after launching, the steamers are hauled in here to receive their engines and boilers. Immediately in the rear of the launching-slips there is an enormous shed, with a roof of glass and iron, where all the iron-work for the hulls of fifteen ships has been handled at one time. Within it gangs of workmen, each skilled in a specialty, carry on that part of the work which belongs to them. Some are carriers of angle steel or iron, others receivers of angle iron, which they place in the furnaces until the metal is at such a heat that it can be shaped to suit the water-lines of the vessel for which it is intended. Others still are busy with reverse frames and with the bending of plates; others with funnels, ventilators, and skylights.

There is a special department for the casting of manganese bronze, which is used for the blades of propellers. Standing against a wall not far off is a blade saved from the propeller of the wrecked steamer Mosel. She ran ashore on a rocky coast, and her propeller played upon the reef like a flail upon a threshing-floor without break or fracture; so great is the strength of the bronze that the only effect upon it was a feathering of the edges as revealed by the blade in question.

Then we see the engineering, forge, and pattern shops. Forgings of steel are made which weigh as much as thirty tons, as in the case of the crank-shafts of the new North German Lloyd steamers. A shafting of that weight is lifted as easily, and with as little commotion, as a bar of angle iron, and placed on a table to be finished. All the tools are of enormous size, and nearly all of them are adaptations of the well-known turning-lathe. Either the tool turns or the work turns. A steamer's cylinders are bored out with a bar, the bar moving. In turning a thrust-shaft the shaft moves, not the tool. In facing a condenser the tool moves, not the condenser. Cutting, planing, and turning are all accomplished by modifications of the lathe. There are in all nearly forty lathes, vertical, horizontal, and oblique, each gnawing at some vital part of a ship, and there—there is the "devil." This is the name given by the workmen to an immense metallic disk, over sixteen feet in diameter, which bores through solid steel at the rate of two and a quarter inches in four minutes. The workmen fill what standing room there is between propeller blades, cylinderliners, piston-valves, and sole-plates; they swarm like ants, each gang carrying on its specified work with diligence and singleness of purpose.

Let the reader figure to himself the gleaming tools, the whirring machinery for the distribution of power, the begrimed toilers, the ponderous masses of iron and steel—now swinging in mid-air, then clutched to the breast of an excoriating monster like the "devil;" let his eye rest on those forty lathes all busy at once, eating with unwearying jaws into the metal fed them, and on the plane which shaves an armor-plate as if it were a deal board; then let him fill his ears with the groaning, creaking, hissing, grinding, shrieking of all this activity, and add to it the battle-like din of the boiler-makers. Thus he may know what Fairfield is like.

Ranging up and down these workshops, and pausing before this or that lathe, we see in undistinguishable fragments the engines that are designed to propel the seven or eight thousand ton ship; then the pieces are gathered together and united in a pit; power is applied from an auxiliary engine, and the work of final adjustment is proceeded with. That completed, the engines are again taken apart and transferred to the vessel for which they have been built.

Has the reader ever stood in the engine-room of an ocean steamer when she was plunging through an Atlantic gale at the rate of seventeen or more knots an hour? Even if he has done so, and been awed by the experience, it is not likely that he has been able to fully realize the immensity of the power exerted. He needs some standard of comparison, and for that purpose we may offer him the ancient galley, and repeat a passage from the address made by Sir Frederick Bramwell at the meeting of the British Association last Sep-

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tember: "Compare a galley, a vessel propelled by oars, with the modern Atlantic liner. . . . Take her length as some 600 feet, and assume that place be found for as many as 400 oars on each side, each oar worked by three men, or 2,400 men; and allow that six men under these conditions could develop work equal to one horse-power; we should have 400 horse-power. Double the number of men, and we should have 800 horse-power, with 4,800 men at work, and at least the same number in reserve, if the journey is to be carried on continuously. Contrast the puny result thus obtained with the 19,500 horse-power given forth by a large prime-mover of the present day, such a power requiring on the above mode of calculation 117,000 men at work and 117,000 men in reserve; and these to be carried in a vessel less than 600 feet in length. Even if it was possible to carry this number of men in such a vessel, by no conceivable means could their power be utilized so as to impart to it a speed of twenty knots an hour."

Huge as the several parts are, their adjustment is a matter of extreme delicacy, and yet so carefully is it accomplished that a steamer may leave the builder's hand at Fairfield and proceed on a voyage of twenty days or more without once having to slacken speed on account of her engines.

It is a fair sight to see the men come to work when the bell rings in the morning. When the yard is fully occupied there are between six and seven thousand of them, and the wages paid have amounted in one year to one million eight hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

The head and front of all this industry —Sir William Pearce—was himself in early life a workman in the yard. I met him as recently as last autumn, soon after his elevation by the Queen to the baronetage. He was then, apparently, in the best of health, and was full of plans for building still faster steamers for the Atlantic. That he would have soon put afloat a vessel of greater speed than his own Etruria there is no doubt in the minds of those who knew his genius as a naval architect, and the indomitable and imperious will with which he carried out all his plans. But he died suddenly in December, and though his work was incomplete, he had already done wonders in minimizing the discomfort and duration of the now familiar passage of the Atlantic.

APRIL NIGHT.

By A. Lampman.

How deep the April night is in its noon,
The hopeful, solemn, many-murmured night!
The earth lies hushed with expectation; bright
Above the world's dark border burns the moon,
Yellow and large; from forest floorways strewn
With flowers and fields that tingle with new birth
The moist smell of the unimprisoned earth
Comes up, a sigh, a haunting promise. Soon,
Ah soon, the teeming triumph! At my feet
The river with its stately sweep and wheel
Moves on, slow-motioned, luminous, gray like steel.
From fields far off whose watery hollows gleam
Aye with blown throats that make the long hours sweet
The sleepless toads are murmuring in their dream.

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A SAILOR CALLED THE PARSON.

By John R. Spears.

I.

ON a certain day in April, 1854, the Yankee ship Herbert Crocker, with a full cargo of Yankee products, was lying at anchor off Bedloe's Island, in the port of New York, waiting for her crew to be brought off by a Battery boat which her master, Captain Levison Strong, had engaged for the purpose. Shore people would not have called it a pleasant day. There was a raw wind from the southeast that was driving a cold rain up across the bay in what one might almost call vertical rollers, from their similarity to the roughened swells that rolled over the bay impelled by the same force. The clouds had a fashion of brightening up until one would feel almost certain that, in spite of the steady rainfall, the storm was about to break away, when, as a matter of fact, it was going to do no such thing. The masts and yards and rigging wore a sheen of rain water, and long rows of drops chased each other continually down the stays and ropes that were stretched at an angle with the decks, many of them dropping off before their course was half covered, and falling on the deck, which, as the mate, Mr. James Keith, said, was all "awash."

It was a particularly aggravating day to Mr. Keith, for the ship had only that day been towed to her anchorage from a berth at a South Street pier, and the running gear about the deck was all in a mess: there was a heap of firewood near the galley; there were broad, black patches of South Street mud all about the hatches where the 'longshoremen had trod, while even the painted stanchions of the bulwarks were not free from the contaminating touch of cargo-handlers. The language of Mr. Keith, as he swung up and down the quarter-deck waiting for the crew, was only more expressive than shocking.

By and by, perhaps at three o'clock in the afternoon, and while the clouds were a little blacker and more lowering than they had been for more than an hour, the wind canted to the west, and for a time the rain came down in torrents. Then it thinned to a drizzle, and finally to a sprinkle so thin that Mr. Keith was unable for a moment to say whether the drops that pattered down about him were from the clouds or the rigging. At the same time the clouds were lifted, curtain fashion, in the northwest, and the storm was gone, with only a smart wind left as a reminder.

But while the misty rain still made the city look dim and loom up to an unnatural height, Mr. Keith saw a shape riding heavily on the water off toward the Battery, that eventually materialized into a big blue hull, with a red streak around it, a heavy load of sailors with bags of clothing, and two men forward

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laboring at the oars. So Mr. Keith, after a look at the boat through the glass, began to lay out the work for the sailors, as well as a plan for laying out the sailors in case they did not jump at the word; under the circumstances, Mr. Keith was half inclined to wish one or two of them wouldn't jump. While he was thinking of this he observed a second boat following the first, and with but two men and one bag in the stern.

It was half an hour before the leading boat was alongside. It contained twenty-three men who had signed articles as able seamen. Led by Ben Hoyt, a Baltimore man, a big brawny fellow who was at once noted as a first-class man by Mr. Keith, they pitched their dunnage over the rail and then clambered up the ladder and tumbled over the rail themselves. Then the boat dropped astern and the one with but two men aft took its place. One of these men was the crimp who had furnished the crew, and wanted a receipt for them signed. The other was the twenty-fourth man of the crew.

The mate blinked his eyes as he looked at this man. He was tall and angular, and had a smooth-shaven white face that was quite as angular as his body. A little red line across the bridge of a large nose showed that he wore glasses. His hair was dark and long, and his dress included a black soft hat, a long black coat beneath a long linen duster, and black trousers. The duster, being wet, clung about his form and made its peculiarities the more conspicuous. But the ease with which the queer specimen tossed a heavy bag of clothing over the rail caught Mr. Keith's watchful eye, and so, instead of turning to set the men at work as they stood in a group watching the new-comer, he stopped to see him come over the rail. This he did by reaching up a long arm and placing a long-fingered hand on the rail, and then with one foot on the ladder he gave a spring and over he came, his long legs and coat-tails flopping about in the air like the arms of a suddenly wrecked windmill.

As he settled on his feet Ben Hoyt stepped out from the group of sailors and with marked deference bowed his head and said:

"The Parson, mates." The men snickered, of course. A nickname given under such circumstances lasts for the voyage.

"Brethring," drawled the new-comer, reaching for a plug of tobacco that appeared in Ben's vest pocket beneath an old oilskin coat, "it is. Let us prey." And he took a wrenching bite of the plug and passed it to another man. At this all hands roared.

Just what Ben would have done next cannot be told, for at that moment Mr. Keith jumped at them and inquired with many imprecations what they were all standing around there for, and if they thought they had come aboard for a lark, and why they did not get hold of brooms and buckets and go to scrubbing the muck off the ship. With his first three or four words he managed to give one man a kick, a second a thump, and a third a push. After that there wasn't anyone within reach. Besides, Mr. Keith had actually to stop to catch his breath, he was so astonished. The Parson had seen the mate coming for them, and with a deft kick had landed his bag of clothing through the forecastle scuttle, and then said:

"That's it. What are ye all standin' here gawpin' at? Git," and he began shoving and pushing the men with a vigor equal to the mate's, except that he hurt no one, although one chap tumbled head first against Ben Hoyt's stomach in a way that made the big fellow snort. Then, before the mate had time to jump on him he picked up a bucket with a lanyard to the bail, and leaping to the rail, where his long linen duster flapped in the breeze, he had the bucket full of water in a jiffy.

The mate stared at the figure a moment, and then went on giving orders about the work. Whether he liked the man's activity and so forgave his audacity, or whether he thought the man audacious or not cannot be told. At any rate the Parson remarked afterward that he "weathered a thumpin' slick by hoppin' on to the rail."

It was just about sundown when the decks were got to rights and the men were permitted to eat supper. Such of them as had dry clothing put it on, and then they formed in line fore and aft at

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the galley door, each with a tin pan and cup in hand for a mess of beef stew and the tea. The Parson came along after all the rest were in line, and the men crowded up breast to back to keep him from slipping in anywhere. They intended to make him fall in behind all. At the head of the line stood Ben Hoyt, who by reason of his size and strength had been allowed to go there unquestioned.

The Parson ambled along toward the galley, apparently oblivious of the efforts to keep him out of the line, and saying that he regretted delaying the guests at dinner, but he felt bound when sitting down with such distinguished travellers to first see that his cravat was properly tied.

The men grinned and crowded the closer together. When opposite the galley-door the Parson put his pan on his bare head, as if it were a cap, and then grasping the skirts of his long linen coat, which he still wore over a dry suit that he had put on, he spread it out as a ballet girl spreads her skirts and sang:

Lah de di de de-de, doodle lah de-de, ah,
Lah de di de de-de, doodle lah de,
Lah de di de de-de, doodle lah de-de, ah,
Lah de di de de-de, doodle lah de-e-e-e-e-e.

As he sang he danced. In spite of his angular form he was a graceful dancer. With each line he danced with increased vigor until he reached the last syllable, when, rising on his left toe he swung his right in air, turning a complete circle with his foot as high as his shoulder. Then he brought it down to the deck, smiled, bowed, kissed his hand to the admiring spectators, and with a quick movement shoved his pan under the cook's dipper just as that worthy was emptying it, catching the mess that was intended for Ben Hoyt. Then he dipped a cup of tea from the kettle on the deck, and walked forward.

Ben was in a terrible rage, but he could not for the moment leave his place lest he came in last on the stew. But when he had received his portion he put it down on the deck under the rail, and started after the Parson to "larn the monkey some manners" by thrashing him.

But the Parson was in no way agitated by the onslaught, although his smile was suggestive of that described as flitting over the faces of confident prize-fighters when in the ring. Placing his supper on the break of the forecastle deck he faced about. Dodging Ben's fierce blow by ducking beneath it he caught the brawny fellow by the waist, and, by a movement of the foot easy to a trained wrestler, threw him heavily to the deck. Then he lifted him to a sitting posture and pointing to the mess of stew that Ben had left on the deck said: "The dog's arter yer stew, Brother Hoyt. Resist the devil and he will flee from thee."

Ben gave it up. There was no use trying to "larn the monkey manners." The approach of the ship's dog to the stew was a good excuse, and Ben accepted it, and rushed at the dog with complete success. It was thereafter agreed without further controversy that the Parson was the leader of the forecastle under all circumstances.

II.

The next morning at four o'clock the men were called to get up anchor for sea. It was a clear, cold morning, and as the men tumbled up out of the forecastle they obeyed the order to man the windlass and heave short with alacrity. The last of the flood-tide was running, and there was a crisp breeze from the northwest that was to be taken advantage of.

As the mate came forward a likely boy of sixteen years or thereabouts ran ahead of him, showing by his actions that he was to be the ship's cabin-boy, and yet that he was a friend of someone aft and was to live there. The boy was eager for the work. The Parson read him at a glance. As he got hold of one of the windlass-brakes the Parson said:

"Sonny, can ye sing?"

"Ye-es, sir," said he, glancing timidly at the mate, who said nothing. The Parson lifted the lad to the top of the windlass-bits.

"Now give us somethin' mournful," he said. The boy had never made a deep-water voyage, but he understood the requirements of the occasion, and

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he began the old song, popular in Water Street places of amusement in those days, as follows:

Fare ye well! fare ye well! Oh, Jinny, Ise gwine away,
Fare ye well! fare ye well! Oh, Jinny, Ise gwine ter day,
For de winds dey blow, and de salt waves rise,
An' our course done lies toward sunny skies,
But I'll see yer agin, so dry yer eyes.
Fare ye well! Oh-h-h, Jinny. Oh, fare ye well!

CHORUS (*to jig music*).

Now stir yer butes and break yer back,
Den loose de sail and board de tack,
Ob good ole rum dere is no lack;
Yah! when we get some—smack! smack! smack!

The boy sang each stanza as a solo, the sailors throwing their weight on the windlass-brakes in unison with the rhythm of the song until the chorus was reached. Then they joined in with a roar and made the old windlass clang till they reached the last line, when with one accord they stopped the windlass and repeated the words and smacked their lips three times unctuously, and, following the example of the Parson, leered first at Mr. Keith and then at Mr. Anderson, the second mate, in a way that showed plainly that a bracer for the nerves would be very acceptable.

After catching their breath by the slight rest the stop afforded them, the men threw themselves on the brakes again to the sound of a new stanza until the anchor-chain was up and down. Then there was a hustling about to loose the jibs and the topsails. There was a creaking of blocks as sheets were hauled out and yards were hoisted, and when she had got the jib and the main- and foretopsails set she began to drag her anchor along, and the men had to man the windlass once more and heave the anchor clear up. Then they set the foresail and mizzentopsail and three or four staysails and the maintopgallant-sail, and hauled out the spanker, and by the time that was done they were in a most unpleasant state of mind for want of something to eat. There was nothing for it, however, but to buckle in and get the sail set before breakfast, for that is the way of life on shipboard.

Meantime, however, as they sailed away toward the Narrows, a big side-wheeled tug had towed another ship down around the Battery and over near Bedloe's Island, to the berth just vacated by the Crocker. Captain Strong was watching for her apparently, for as soon as she appeared he turned to the pilot beside him, who had come off with him the night before, and said:

"There's the Eleanor. Hard after us, eh?" The pilot looked hard at her and said he reckoned Captain Dodworth wouldn't "let no grass grow on her bottom arter the next tide serves," to all of which the Parson listened with ears wide open and a look on his face of bland obliviousness to all things but the course of the ship, for the Parson had had the luck to be sent to the wheel while the rest made sail.

From the conversation that he overheard he gathered that the Eleanor had been chartered for a voyage to Rio Janeiro and back, by an opposition house, and that the Herbert Crocker was bound to the same port, with one day's start of her. There was sure to be a race. Captain Dodworth was noted for luck, and the Crocker would be driven for all she was worth for the credit of getting in first, if for no other reason. That much was to be counted on. But there were two other reasons. One was that if the Crocker got in first, Captain Strong was to superintend the building of a new ship over at Greenpoint, for the California trade, as a reward for the victory. The third reason the Parson was unable to make out. He heard the pilot say, with a sly look out of the corners of his eyes, something about the daughter of Captain Phineas Dudley, of the clipper Speedy. It made Captain Strong blush like a school-girl; but what it was all about the Parson could only guess.

That evening in the second dog-watch, while the ship was ploughing along on her course with every stitch of canvas set and pulling, the Parson got the cabin-boy into a group of the men under the lee of the galley.

"Be you tellin' of us y' never war on deep water afore? Sonny, you've got the makin' of a sailor-man into ye ef you listens to them as 'll take pride in larnin' a likely lad. Goin' to live aft, hey? That's luck. Must 'a come from

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the same town as the old man. Second cousin, eh? Freeport? Oh, Long Island. Well, 'taint to luck to be a relation, 'cause he'll be to impose a lot o' work as don't belong in your berth on to ye. Relations allus does that. How-s'ever, it might be wuss. Smart sailor-man, Captain Strong. Only a leetle more nor a boy, too. Wonder some trim little Long Island gal didn't get a tow-line fast to him long ago. Oh, they has, eh, and her pap keeps castin' of it off afore he can get a proper hitch onto it? Brethring, did you ever? The ways of a man with a maiden daughter has been past findin' out for smarter men nor any on us."

The easy assurance of the Parson was beautiful. In five minutes he had the boy telling all the village gossip about Captain Strong's affairs. Captain Strong was only twenty-two years old and had been going to sea only seven years. He had made lots of money and had bought a fine farm right adjoining the village for his father and mother, who had not been well-to-do people. Then he had fallen in love with Miss Viola Dudley, the charming young daughter of the master of the Speedy. But Captain Dudley had always looked in contempt on the Strong family; besides, he wanted his daughter to marry the spruce young junior partner in the house that owned the Speedy. But Miss Viola was already in love with the stalwart young commander of the Crocker, and Captain Dudley, to prevent her running away with young Captain Strong, had carried her away with him on a voyage to Amoy, to bring back the first of the new crop of tea.

Meantime young Captain Strong had gone on building a new house in Freeport that was about the handsomest one ever seen thereabouts, and had ordered no end of fine furniture for it, and the village gossips concluded that Miss Viola knew all about it and that there would be a runaway match when the Speedy got back to New York, always providing Captain Strong were able to carry her off.

To prevent this, Captain Dudley was chartered for a voyage to 'Frisco, to load as soon as his tea was discharged, and the gossips had it that unless Captain Strong could capture her during the time the tea was unloading and the merchandise for San Francisco was going in, his new house would have to stand idle for at least another year, for Captain Dudley would take his daughter with him again, and this time the junior partner was to go along, ostensibly to look after business in the new country, but really in the hope that during the long voyage around the Horn he could win her away from her sailor love. Now the Speedy was due back from Amoy in September, for she was the swiftest ship of her time, and there was no such sailor-man as Captain Dudley for carrying sail. Could Captain Strong get back from Rio Janeiro in September, or at the latest by the first of October? For if the Speedy had her usual luck she would be ready for sea on her San Francisco voyage by that time. So ran the story of the boy.

So, too, ran Captain Strong's thoughts. That was the question that bothered him day and night. It was the third and chief reason why he was anxious to make a quick voyage, and it was the reference to that by the pilot that had made him flush so when the Parson was at the wheel.

Drive the Crocker? While the Parson was worming the gossip from the young cabin-boy Captain Strong was pacing up and down the quarter-deck, glancing now at the sails and then at the compass, and then off over the sea, where the wind was heaping up the water into choppy waves so fast that they tumbled over each other and fell sprawling white, only to be heaped up again as before. There was a hum in the rigging as the wind hurried through, and a roar of foam under the bows and a lengthening wake astern that would have aroused the enthusiasm of a yachtsman, though Captain Strong saw nothing of it. How long would it take to get to Rio? How long would they be detained there? When would they get back? He would name the new ship Viola—she should name it. Cuss the Eleanor! She'd never catch the Crocker in this wind. She'd never catch her anyhow, in spite of Captain Dodworth's luck. As for the junior partner—but no matter. If he ever caught him so much as speaking to her

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he'd break him in two over his knee. It would be a shame to hit a puny thing like that—so his thoughts ran on and tumbled over each other.

Then the captain would glance at the compass again and walk forward and have another look at the head sails. It made the men nervous to see him, nervous lest they should be called on to jump up and trim the sails anew at a time when on ordinary ships they would be allowed to rest in peace.

But the Parson was an exception. He was never nervous. Nothing could disturb his equanimity or abate his audacity, or impudence either, for that matter, and the result was that he more than once got himself into what would have been very hot water for any one else, but from which he escaped with the good luck that usually follows sailors of his sort.

III.

On the morning of June 14th, after a voyage of forty-six days from New York, the Herbert Crocker rounded Cape Frio and headed up for the broad harbor of Rio Janeiro. Voyages thence have been made in less time, but not many, and Captain Strong was in good humor with the ship and himself.

Pretty soon the head yards were backed and the pilot-boat drifted within hail.

"Have you seen the Eleanor?" yelled Captain Strong.

"No," answered the pilot.

"Hi! hi! hi!—hooray!" shouted captain and crew.

While the Crocker had beaten the Eleanor in, it was by a very narrow margin, for Captain Dodworth brought her in next day, and when the voyages were figured out it appeared that the Crocker had gained but three hours on her opponent. But when it came to discharging and taking on cargo Captain Dodworth, having been to Rio a number of times, was far and away ahead of the youthful Captain Strong, and by July 21st the Eleanor was cleared for sea, while the Crocker was only two-thirds loaded.

Shortly before sailing Captain Dodworth came on board the Crocker with two or three Rio merchants for a visit, and before leaving not only offered to carry the Crocker's mail to the United States, which was aggravating enough of itself, but to make matters worse he added that in case the Speedy were leaving New York before the Crocker arrived he would do his best to kidnap any passengers she might have on board.

In the minds of the sailor-men that joke on Captain Strong was the utmost refinement of cruelty.

IV.

But Captain Strong stood it bravely and told Captain Dodworth not to drop anchor before he got on to soundings, and then turned to make things hustle in the stowing of the cargo. He had learned by this time where to put his money so as to get the most work out of the natives, and so by August 1st he was heading away for home, with a fair prospect of catching the Speedy, if not the Eleanor; besides, stranger things had happened than that the Eleanor should be overhauled. Suppose the Crocker should get all the lucky slants of wind and the Eleanor none?

Now it happened that among the ship's stores were a number of barrels of bad beef. The reader who is familiar with nautical matters will say that such things have been known to happen at sea before. But in this case it was not due either to the captain or the owners. Both had intended to supply the ship with good food. They were anxious to make a quick voyage and they intended to feed the men well and work them well also. That has been the habit of Yankee shipmasters. But here was a lot of bad beef. One barrel was thrown overboard and another opened in its place. It was as bad as the first. There was no help for it; the men must eat it. The ship was passing within sight of Fernando de Noronha Island one day when dinner, with beef from the second barrel, was served. As the men got their messkids filled with the wretched stuff the Parson began to tell about a pigeon-pie he had once made when in the harbor of this island on a whaler. Fernando de Noronha is a famous place for pigeons.

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He had kindled a fire under a big try-kettle, and had poured in a quantity of water and then had put in three pigeons for each member of the ship's crew—120 pigeons in all. As the water began to boil and the fragrant odors arose, the crew had gathered around him to watch him as he skimmed off the stuff that came to the top. This done he shredded in a piece of pork to give bottom to the stew, and a saddle of kid mutton to add novelty to the flavor. Then a piece of fresh beef was put in to take the edge off the game flavor, and finally, when all had been boiled tender, he had put in two buckets of milk, stirred up with a dozen eggs and thickened with flour for gravy.

As he told this he kept stirring up the offensive stuff in his pan, and the crew, made ravenous by his description of the savory pigeon-pie, were only the more disgusted with what they must eat, or go hungry.

Then the Parson put his pan down on the deck and began dancing around it after the manner of the Northwest Coast Indians around the body of a dead chieftain, chanting the while in a high discordant voice that could be heard, with his stamping, all over the ship. The noise brought the mate forward to see what the racket was about.

"Why, yer see," explained the Parson, pointing to his pan, "I was jist performin' the usual rites which perceed a heathin burial." The men laughed, and the mate picked a belaying-pin from the rail. The way mutinies are usually started is by making the men dissatisfied with their food.

"Damn you," he said, "you are trying to breed trouble, and I'll beat you within an inch of your life but what I'll break you of your monkey shines."

The Parson, wholly unabashed, glanced off over the lee rail, where he had for some little time seen a squall coming to take them aback, all unknown to the mate.

"It's all right, Brother Keith," he said, "so long as you leave me that ere inch for to hang on to. But ef you do me up—my wife has more nor a thousand in hand, and she's Mexican."

The men would have laughed again, and the Parson would have got his beating, only the mate followed the glances of the men and saw the squall coming. Ha! no time for licking anyone now.

"All hands tack ship! On deck here, and damned quick about it. Let go the royal halliards. Clear away them flyin'-jib and staysail halliards—let 'em go! Let 'em go, will y'! Let them head-sheets go too. Now grab on to th' clew-garnets and buntlines. Right that wheel. The braces—lee braces——"

Whish! the blast was on top of her. Down she sagged—over—over—everything creaking and groaning under the strain—the loosened sails thundering about aloft, the spoon-drift flying in broad patches across the sea, the water seething and bubbling over the lee (it had just been the weather) rail, the ends of the lower yards just ready to dip into the tops of the waves—that was a mighty close call.

Then as the canvas was snugged and the yards trimmed she began to right. She was Bath built, and never so much as a ropeyarn was carried away. Slowly she rose, and then the bubbles that had lazily risen to her lee rail began first to drift and then to race aft. She was gathering headway. Such work as those men had done! First here and then there, with a whoop and a jump. At the head of all was the Parson. He knew what was wanted and did it at just the right time, and managed to keep on the opposite side of the deck from Mr. Keith at the same time. In fifteen minutes the Crocker was snugged down and reeling off eleven knots an hour on her course.

In the minds of the superstitious sailors the Parson's luck in escaping where any one else would have been pounded made a marked impression. Big Ben Hoyt expressed what the rest more than half believed, when he said that the devil and the Parson were in league, and that even a squall had been raised to save him from a merited flogging. The fact that the Parson never attempted such monkey shines without first seeing his way out of the scrape did not occur to the men.

V.

After varying fortune in wind and weather the Crocker, on September 14th, found herself 26 degrees north of the

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equator and in longitude 61° west. She had for several days held a westerly wind that enabled her to run up her latitude but not lay so much to the west as the judgment of a good sailor would have dictated. It was a remarkable thing for the wind to hold there so long, and it chafed the captain not a little, for he expected what actually followed, a long calm when that wind failed, and a calm was of all things most to be dreaded when there was no time to spare if he was to reach port before the Speedy sailed for 'Frisco, let alone overhaul the Eleanor.

But a calm he got of the calmest sort. With every rag set the ship fell off into the trough of the long greasy swells and lay wallowing like a log. The yards creaked and groaned in the slings; the sheaves shrieked in the blocks; the sails with swish and crackle swayed out from the masts only to come back with a thunderous roar at the next roll of the ship. The sun poured down by day, heating the decks till the pitch ran in streams across the planks. One day, two days, three days, a week passed and, save for the westerly drift of the current, the ship only covered about fifty miles. The captain was in agony. Would it never end? With nerves strung by anxiety, panting with the heat, racked by the noises, he strode about the decks, climbed aloft to look for signs of a breeze, ordered the men to the braces did he see a catspaw, ran below to look at the barometer. He knew no rest by day or night. Neither did the men.

At last, on the morning of the eighth day, away off to the southeast there was a change in the sky, while the barometer fell and a long swell set in. Those signs meant wind by and by, and a plenty of it. By seven o'clock a gentle breath threw the royals aback, for she was headed to eastward. The wind was coming at last, and the yards were swung to meet it with a will. Then the studding-sails were set, and in half an hour the wake of the ship was dragging along a cable's length astern.

After a couple of hours of this the wind died out and came in from the westward, and this held for half an hour, when it canted back to the east again with an increasing force.

It was just before the wind changed to westward that Captain Strong picked up a sail with his glass away on the horizon to the northwest. He scanned it narrowly every minute or two, until the wind got back to the eastward, every look as the Crocker overhauled the stranger serving to increase his excitement, until at last, as the mate was giving orders to swing the yards to the easterly wind, the captain said:

"Take a look at the sail, Mr. Keith."

"Ay, ay, sir." He screwed the glass to his eye for an instant, and then almost dropped it.

"By the Lord Harry! it's the Eleanor!" he yelled, and fairly danced up and down. "We've got her! Luck be damned! Carry the mail, will he? By thunder we'll catch the Speedy yet, too! Ha!"

Standing on the foretopgallant-yard with one arm around the mast and his right hand up to shade his eyes stood the Parson, looking away over the ship's weather bow. He had gone aloft to set the studding-sails, and Jack, the cabin-boy, stood on the iron jack below. As the mate danced about, the Parson shouted:

"On deck there."

"Ay," said the mate.

"There's a ship's yawl drifting to a lanyard on the weather bow with some one in it."

Nothing stirs the blood of a sailorman like a cry of this sort. He does not know at what moment it will be his turn to take to the small boats and row away from a sinking ship, and then float about for days while ships pass in sight of him, and leave him to die at last in utter misery.

But Captain Strong had never been wrecked, and here was the Eleanor to the westward with no wind, and he with the advantage of a growing easterly gale to drive him past her, not to mention the bare possibility that he might reach port before the Speedy left it. It was asking a good deal of him to go about and lose all that time to look at an empty yawl as a matter of humane precaution, for he had made up his mind at once that the Parson was up to one of his tricks when he said that someone was in the boat.

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However, he climbed half-way up the mizzen-rigging and levelled his glass at the yawl, which was easily seen as it rose on the top of the lazy swells a mile or less away.

"I see an arm wave, sir," yelled the Parson as the captain was climbing the rigging. "Someone's a signallin', sir."

The captain took a long look at the boat. Even the men on deck could see it rocking about with their naked eyes, but neither the captain nor the men saw any signs of life in the boat.

"Jack," said the captain hailing the boy, "do you see the boat?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Have you been looking at it all the time?"

"Ay, sir."

"Did you see anyone wave an arm or hand when the Parson said so?"

"No, sir."

"Lay down from aloft, the both of you."

The Parson slid down on one backstay and the boy on another, and both came aft to the mainmast. The captain and the two mates walked forward and the men gathered in a group beyond the Parson. The captain had conscientiously examined the boat, and beyond a piece of canvas spread over the thwarts he had seen nothing in her. He was fully convinced that the Parson was only playing another game on the ship, particularly as the boy, while looking at the boat, had seen nothing of the waving hand. Discipline demanded that the Parson be punished.

And yet for once the Parson was in the right, and the Crocker was sailing past a boat with two living souls in it.

"Mr. Anderson," said the captain to the second mate, "bring out the wristlets. That man is to be kept on bread and water for the rest of the voyage. Mr. Keith, just overhaul the crow's-foot there. If the Parson does not turn round and acknowledge to the men that he lied about seeing someone in the boat before you get it done, we'll trice him up and skin him alive. Our leniency in consideration of his seamanship has done him no good."

"Captain Strong," said the Parson, wholly undisturbed by the prospect before him, "I seed a hand wave in that ere boat. Some one's a dyin' there and is that weak he can't signal no more. It's clean murder in you to sail away and leave him, and it won't clear no consciences to flog me and put me in the brig. There's no denyin' but what ye can do it—*here*. You're the lawful master and has the power. Ef we was ashore—" the Parson shrugged his shoulders and sneered. Then he laughed wickedly. "S'posin' that ere chap in the boat should get picked up and his story 'ud come to the ears of that ere passenger on the Speedy," he said.

That made the captain wild. He couldn't wait for the man to be triced up. Besides, he itched to get his own hands on him for his daring insolence; and yet the reference to a captain's power had roused a chivalrous instinct.

"Bah!" he said. "What would you do on shore? I'll give you a shore chance. You shall have a fair fight, and if I don't lay you out in two minutes you shall take the ship to the derelict. Mr. Keith, see that this is a fair fight."

The Parson licked his chops as the captain spoke, and worked his fingers like claws. Then he slipped out of the old linen duster, which was the only garment he had on besides his trousers, and crouched a trifle with his head forward and arms partly raised, and the old smile drawing the corners of his mouth back. The captain threw off his coat.

Whack! The two men came together with a noise that could be heard all over the deck, but the captain went down under a swinging blow on the neck as if he had been killed. He was knocked unconscious. Then, before the mate could rightly comprehend what had happened, the Parson was on him, and tumbled him across the captain.

Then the Parson drew his knife. The crew looked on, expecting to see him murder the two officers, but mindful of the evil genius that they supposed was with the Parson, made no effort to interfere. The second mate came out of the cabin at this moment, and seeing the naked knife fled in abject terror back into the cabin. But instead of killing the officers, the Parson merely slashed off some lengths from a ball of hambroline and tied them hand and foot, with

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their hands behind their backs. Turning to the crew he drawled:

"Carry 'em aft and stow 'em agin the taffrail, brethring. I be ter take the ship alongside that ere derelict and rescue the unfortunit sailor-man as is inte it, accordin' to the captain's word about lickin' of me in two minutes.

"Man yer clew-garnets an' buntlin's, brethring. Hands by the weather main and lee cro'jack braces. Hard down your helm thar. We be to tack ship sailor fashion."

And they did. The men obeyed as if the Parson were the legal master. The Crocker was a handy ship and the Parson a handy sailor. In twenty minutes she had gone about on the other tack and had the small boat a trifle on the port bow. Then she was luffed and the head yards were backed, and in three minutes the boat was riding square alongside to leeward, and a man with the end of a rope had jumped into her and made it fast. Neither the captain, who had recovered consciousness, nor the mate had said a word during the manœuvres. They saw nothing of the boat, of course; but the men staring over the lee rail could see that a tarpaulin had been stretched over the thwarts so as to form at once a sort of a shelter from the sun and a hollow to catch rainwater should any fall. On mattresses beneath this lay an elderly man, apparently dead, and a young girl whose mind was wandering, for she paid no attention to the ship or its crew, but simply fondled the face of the old man and talked incoherently.

Under the orders of the Parson a cot was brought from the cabin and lowered to the boat, where two sailors lifted the girl on to it. Then the men on deck carefully hoisted it up, while Captain Strong, with a shamed face, looked on until the cot was level with the rail and a woman's dress and form appeared.

Straining at his bonds the captain then leaned eagerly forward for a better view until the cot was lowered down over the rail, feet first, showing to him the girl's features. Then, bound as he was, the captain leaped to his feet.

"My God! it's—it's—" he said, and pitched over on the deck in a dead faint.

VI.

THE following paragraphs are clippings from periodicals of the time:

From the *Commercial Intelligence.*

MARINE NEWS.

Arrived.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.

Ship Herbert Crocker, Strong, Rio Janeiro, 59 days, coffee to Herker & Co., vessel to Crocker, Smith & Crocker. Sept. 22, lat. 26° 39′ N., lon. 61° 50′ W., picked up open boat with Capt. Dudley and daughter Viola, sole survivors of clipper Speedy from Amoy, which was burned on Sept. 9, about 100 miles east of where the boat was picked up. Crew took to boats, which separated in a squall first night, and all the rest are supposed to have been lost. The men in Capt. Dudley's boat died of thirst and drinking salt water. Ship Eleanor—Dodworth—passing Sandy Hook.

From the Freeport *Weekly Independent Herald:*

STRONG—DUDLEY.—At the residence of the bride's father, Capt. Phineas Dudley, on Wednesday of this week, by the Rev. S. T. Henley, Capt. Levison L. Strong to Miss Viola Dudley.

The wedding we are thus called upon briefly to announce was very quiet, no one being invited except the immediate relatives of the high contracting parties, and a sailor called the Parson, from the Herbert Crocker, who rendered valuable assistance when Capt. Crocker rescued the bride and her father from an awful death, as told in our last issue.

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A SECOND SHELF OF OLD BOOKS.

By Mrs. Fields.

EDINBURGH.

OT long ago there was a certain shelf of old books described in this magazine which was thought to possess a special interest from its associations with Leigh Hunt, Shelley, and Keats. There is another shelf, hard by the first, related in the same way to Edinburgh and some of the men who have made her famous. A glance at any time toward that corner of the library will bring back the face and voice of Dr. John Brown, the author of "Spare Hours," of "Rab and his Friends," and of "Pet Marjorie." The book that stands nearest to our hand happens to be a copy of Byron's "Don Juan," and I can see the book again as I saw it first standing in Dr. Brown's library, at 23 Rutland Street, the spot which of late years, after the home of Sir Walter Scott at 39 Castle Street, has become the place in all Edinburgh where the feet of pilgrims to literary shrines love best to linger. It was a true doctor's house, and reminded me of a New England Boston home of thirty years ago. The humanities were all alive in it, and the de-humanizing quality of much of our high art in drawing-rooms had not found its way there. Plenty of books covered the walls on their plain unenclosed shelves, and other literary curiosities besides the "Don Juan" had found an appreciative resting-place upon them. This volume is indeed a curiosity. On the side is printed in gold letters:

Lord Byron's Copy.

Don Juan

Cantos III. IV. V.

and two branches of laurel cross their stems beneath the inscription.

Inside Dr. Brown has written his own name and the following words:

"August 1864 given me by Caroline Scott. June 18th 1869

To James T. Fields
from his friend
J. B."

Turning the leaf I find still another inscription as follows:

"The writing on the opposite page is by the hand of Lord Byron.
John Murray Jan 25 39"

and on the opposite leaf Byron has written:

"The Publisher is requested to reprint (provided the occasion should occur) from *this* copy—as the one most carefully gone over by the Authour. The Authour repeats (as before) that the former impressions (from whatever cause) are full of errours. And he further adds that he doth kindly trust—with all due deference to those superior persons—the publisher and printer—that they will in future—*less* misspell—missplace—mistake—and mis-everything the humbled M.S.S. of their humble servant.
Oct^{r} 26th, 1821"

After this ungraceful peroration Byron proceeds to make such corrections as seem good to him throughout the pages with his own hand.

As I have said, there were many other interesting books in Dr. Brown's own collection, for he was the true son of his father, into whose reverent hands such things were always gravitating—but he was also one of the most generous of men, as those of us have good reason to know who look over this shelf of books. He was aware what he was doing when he gave away one of his treasures, his regard for them being an inheritance not only from his father but also from his great grandfather, the famous John

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The Publisher is requested to
reprint (provided the occasion shall
occur) from this copy — or that
one most carefully gone over by
the Author. — The Author.

DON JUAN.

Mem. (or Query) that the
former inscription (two sheets
since) are full of errors. —
And he further begs that he doth
humbly trust — with all due deference
to those superior persons — the Pub-
lisher and printer — that they will
in future — less misspell — misplace —
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humble M. S. S. of their humble Servant

Jan. Octr. 26th. 1821.

A Note to his Publisher, John Murray, written by Lord Byron in his copy of "Don Juan."

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Brown of Haddington. Chief among his treasures he held to be a certain Greek Testament, concerning which he has said: "I possess, as an heirloom, the New Testament, which my father fondly regarded as the one his grandfather, when a herd-laddie, got from the Professor who heard him ask for it, and promised him it if he could read a verse."

This chief possession, inherited thus directly, was accompanied by others from the paternal shelves. He tells us that his father began to collect books when he was about twelve years old, and that among his treasures were "Ulric von Hutton's autograph on Erasmus's beautiful folio Greek Testament, and John Howe's (spelt How) on the first edition of Milton's Speech on Unlicensed, Printing;" also a very interesting copy of Baxter's Life and Times which had belonged to Anna Countess of Argyll, with a note in it of historic value, besides her autograph. The old story thus renews itself, and we must go behind a perfected personality like Dr. John Brown's in order to understand it. Even as I sit, with the photograph before me of his full-length figure holding his dog, and the memory of his presence clearly before that "inner eye," the pen still delays and hesitates in the attempt to describe him as he was. The fine skull, the tender in-seeing eyes, the firm mouth yet ready to break into fun with one of the earliest or latest Scottish anecdotes, all this we see and hear, and yet fail to portray him to those who knew him not. One of the books which he gave us in the early days of our friendship was the biography of his father by Dr. Cairns, a book which true lovers of biography even at this date may pore over with absorbing interest; and among his own published papers, as we all remember, is a letter of gratitude to Dr. Cairns containing his own reminiscences of his father, which came to him too late to be included in the volume. In these we find the seed-grain of much that is in his own nature, the foundation of his own faiths and tastes. Even in the portrait of his father we see, though they were such different men, a great likeness. The famous preacher and scholar had not the brawny Scottish physique which might well serve a man ready to engage in this most difficult of all professions, but he possessed on the contrary a constitutional refinement of body as well as of mind, and was capable of intense self-excitement and of consequent silence and self-withdrawal, if not of actual depression. "There was a fountain of tenderness in his nature," writes Dr. Cairns, "as well as a sweep of impetuous indignation." Might this not be said of the author of "Rab" as well? "The union of these ardent elements . . . not untouched with melancholy," the biographer continues, "with the patience of the scholar and the sobriety of the critic formed the singularity and almost the anomaly of his personal character." This too was the nature of his son, but there was also a love for others, a homely drawing to his kind which distinguished him from his father, and which endeared him in turn, not alone to those who knew him, but to all who read his books. He speaks of remembering well how his father would sit up by night, after his mother's death, and pore over his books while he lay tucked away in the warm bed. "My father's bed was in his study, a small room, with a very small grate. . . . I can remember often awaking far on in the night or morning, and seeing that keen, beautiful, intense face bending over these Rosenmüllers and Ernestis, and Storrs and Kuehnoels—the fire out, and the gray dawn peering through the window; and when he heard me move, he would speak to me in the foolish words of endearment my mother was wont to use, and come to bed and take me, warm as I was, into his cold bosom."

"Warm as he was:" perhaps these words describe his nature better than more studied phrase. He seemed born to cherish this warmth both for man and beast, and when he grew to manhood he loved to gather the lonely and the suffering to his breast, as his father once gathered him. And when Dr. Brown quotes Sir Walter Scott calling for "Pet Marjorie," and saying, "Where are ye, my bonnie wee coodlin' doo," we feel that he himself would have called Marjorie with those words, and would have gathered her so into his own bosom. Calm and quiet as Dr. Brown was

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in appearance, a critic, too, by education, a man subject to dark periods of depressions during the last twenty years of his life, no one could approach him, either man or dog, without that sense of a warm human breast open and ready to shelter and make warm.

One day in the early summer of 1860, we took the early train from Edinburgh to Melrose. A heavy shower was falling that rendered the prospect for a day out of doors rather disappointing; but we were so full of interest in everything around us that we took little heed of the weather. At one of the way stations a kindly, breezy man leaped hurriedly into our carriage, nodding to us in a cheerful fashion, and then almost without pause he began a friendly talk, catching speedily at the idea of what would chiefly interest us as Americans. "Can you tell us anything of a man in Edinburgh who has written a book called 'Horæ Subsecivæ?'" we asked. "Oh, yes," he replied, "he is my brother, and I will give you a note to him with pleasure." But almost as suddenly as he came he leaped out of the carriage again and was away, for he too was a busy physician like the Edinburgh doctor. At evening, however, when our sight-seeing was finished and we were about to return to Edinburgh, we saw him waiting at the station with a "good speed" for us and with the letter in his hand.

And thus we found ourselves shortly after at Dr. Brown's tea-table, with the family, not forgetting his friendly doggie "Dick."

I can well recall how rich we felt as we came away after that first visit; rich first of all in his friendship, and again rich in the memory of good things which had fallen from his lips, rich above all with that sense of a generous nature which gives and gives and still hath all. I remember that Mr. David Douglas was present and helped to make the occasion agreeable, for Dr. Brown was a man of "infinite humor" and full of anecdote, and he and Mr. Douglas added Scottish wit to Scottish tale till the time could hold no more.

Even then a great shadow had fallen upon Dr. Brown, and the new thoughts which were awakened by this visit and the little excitement seem to have been helpful to him. He wrote two letters on the following day to his new friends, in the first of which he confesses to have lain awake a good part of the night thinking over many things, but adds, in his own kindly fashion, "we had not been so happy for many a day."

In this same letter he adds something which may be considered a dramatic episode indeed for autograph lovers: "I am quite sorry that I cannot give you the manuscript of 'Rab.' Only three days ago I found it in my desk and threw it into the waste basket, and by this time it is in ashes and up the chimney."

It was not until January of the following year that he wrote to us about his wife's health in unmistakable terms. He said: "My dearest is still with us, but going down more and more into darkness; sweet and good and full of love, but almost beyond the reach of our love. In the story of Rab the words, 'why was that gentle, modest, sweet woman, clean and lovable, condemned by God to bear such a burden,' are her own. They occurred in a letter to me about Ailie; how terribly true they now are of her own beloved self. . . . I go about in a dream, but the stroke will come some day and awake me."

Two or three months later he again referred to "the great sorrow under which we lie, in the loss of the reason of my dear wife. She was away from us when we saw you. . . . One of the last things my dear wife enjoyed, and parts of which she repeats, was Whittier's 'Witch's Daughter.'

"Often I heard her saying, gently to herself,

> 'And the winds whispered
> It is well.'"

Among the books given to us by Dr. Brown are two volumes containing the Essays and Lectures of his cousin, Samuel Brown. It was through Ralph Waldo Emerson that his name was first made known to readers in Boston. Mr. Emerson possibly became acquainted with Samuel Brown as early as the time of his first visit to Carlyle, for the father of Samuel was a distinguished man in his day, a "Secession" minister and a native of Haddington.

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Marjorie Fleming. (After the water-color portrait by her cousin Isabella Keith. By consent of David Douglas, Esq., Edinburgh.)

I well remember the sense of awe which came over me when Emerson described this brilliant creature, of whom his cousin says: "His letters and his journal, and above all, his living voice and presence, could alone tell what was best in him; there was a swiftness and a brightness about his mind and its expression such as we never before witnessed; its penetrative, transmitting power seemed like that of lightning in its speed and keenness. With this brightness, and immediateness and quickness of mind, there was great subtlety —a power of expressing almost impossible thoughts, of working upon invisible points, which was quite marvellous. . . . And to this a venatic instinct for first principles, a sort of pointing at them as a dog does at game; 'that instinctive grasp,' as has been finely said, 'which the healthy imagination takes of *possible* truth;' and along with this a hard, remorseless logic, and a genuine love and practice of *method*, in its Coleridgean sense, as distinguished from *system*."

All this Emerson had recognized in the man, and he joined in the ranks of those who stood about Samuel Brown, waiting the success which seemed sure to follow his scientific theory and labors. He was candidate for the chair of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh when he was twenty-six years old, but before the time for his election arrived a large company of learned men were invited to witness his experiments to prove "the proposition of the isomarism of carbon and silicon." I can never forget Emerson's manner, the pain and wonder with which he described the

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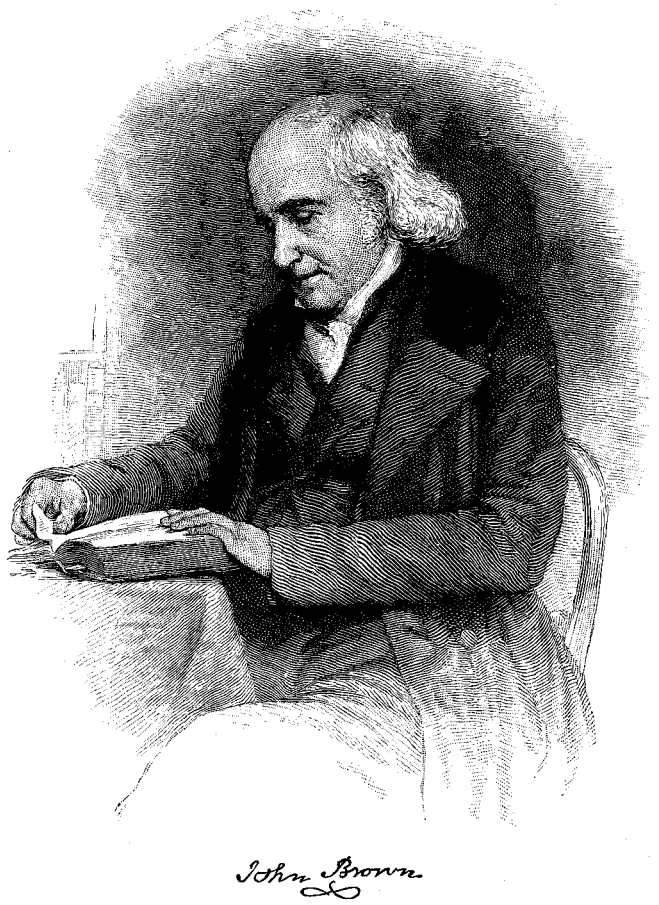
utter failure of these experiments. It was a failure which meant ruin to this fair fabric of a life. All his learning and noble conduct were blasted with a breath. It was doubtless unjust, it was terrible, but it was the decision of the world, and it was final. Samuel Brown died at the early age of thirty-nine, withdrawn from public life, and suffering great physical agony. Dr. Brown says: "Time and the hour, which brings the sun up into the heavens, will doubtless bring him likewise into his just place. But we cannot help recording our unvarying confidence in the speculative truth of his doctrine, and his own solemn assertion of this with his dying hand in his private journal; and though we speak as unlearned, we must affirm our original conviction of the essential truth of his doctrine of the unity of matter, and consequently of the possible, and, it may be, provable, transmutability of the so-called elementary bodies."



John Brown

Rev. John Brown, father of Dr. Brown.

Not a word is said in print anywhere, I believe, of this great sorrow, for such it was to a large Edinburgh circle, but we can read between the lines and understand the scene as Emerson described it. The contrast is sharp indeed between the picture of the defeated scientist and the man of whom Dr. Brown says: "It would not be possible to indicate to any one who never saw him, or heard his voice, and came under the power of his personality, in what lay the peculiarity of Samuel Brown's genius;—all who knew him, knew it,—none who did not, can. He was not so much cleverer or deeper than most men,—he was quite different; it was as if a new flower had grown up, which no one ever before saw, and which no one looks for again."

All this Emerson had seen, and none had felt more deeply; but later came that contrasting hour of the self-imposed test and the sudden failure which, for reasons inexplicable to us now, bore a sense almost of disgrace, so high had been the hope, so futile the attempt to prove it. But Samuel Brown still had great happiness left him in his private life. He had married his cousin, "and this," writes Dr. Brown, "was his greatest earthly blessing." To her we owe these books. They are doubtless helping to pave the way for other discoverers, but much of the great learning they contain must be al-

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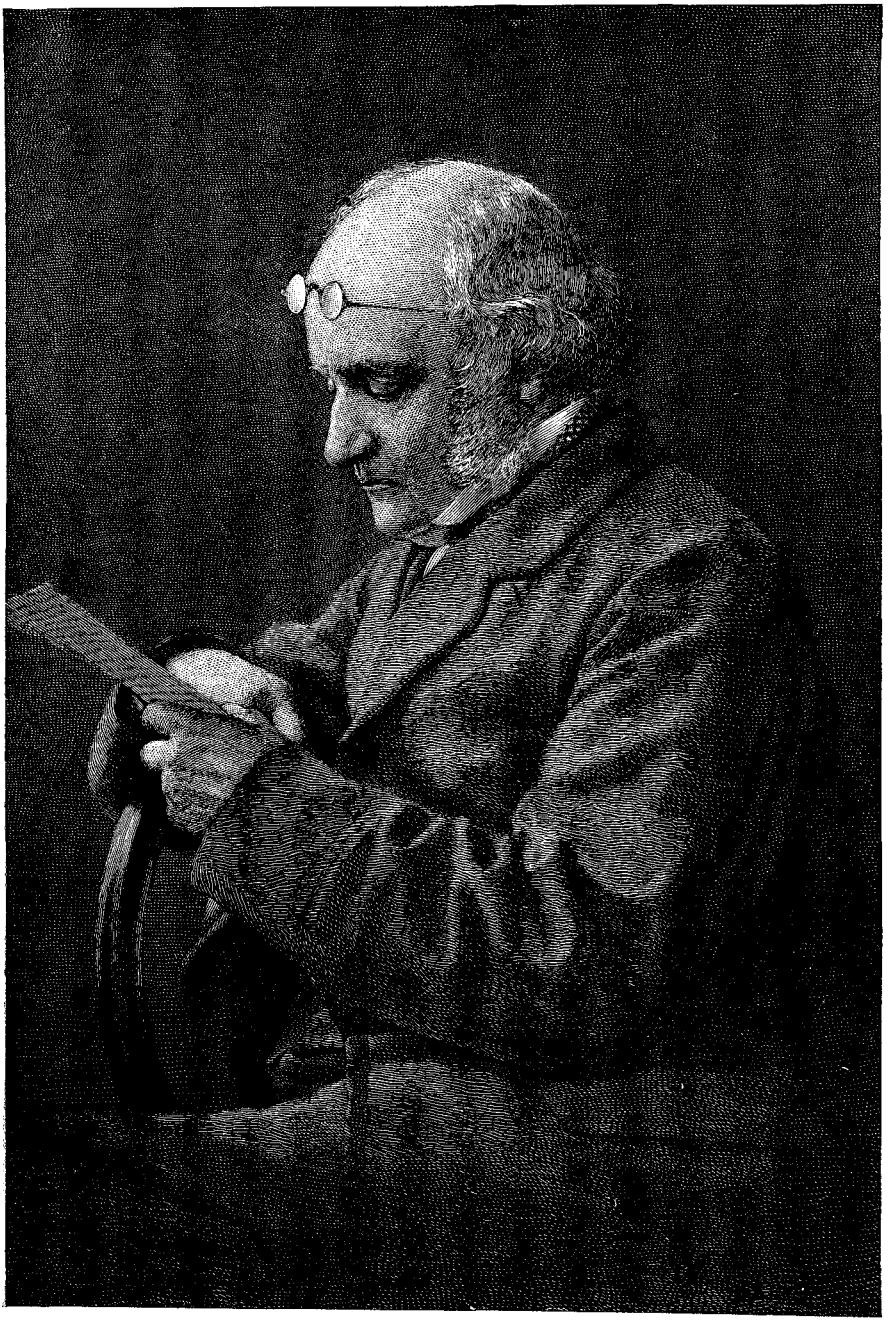

Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh; after a photograph from life.

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ready as matter sloughed off from the new creature.

Dr. Brown continually recurs to this brilliant frustrated career. He says in

John Wilson ("Christopher North").

one of his letters: "I send you a notice I wrote for *The Scotsman* at the time of George Wilson's death. The part about Samuel Brown will interest you." And again: "You will see in the article on my cousin in the *North British* an extract from a Diary he kept. I believe that Diary, if Mrs. Brown would permit its publication, would give the world a better idea of what Samuel Brown's genius was than anything of his that has hitherto been published. . . . Here he was too much the prophet at home and therefore not honored as I think he deserved. . . ."

There is still another book on the shelf connected with the old Scottish days and Dr. Brown. It is a discourse by Nathaniel Culverwel, edited by the Rev. John Brown; a book of which Sir William Hamilton said that "Culverwel did not deserve the oblivion into which he has fallen." Perhaps not, but has the world discovered any method for recovering whatever may fall into the waters of oblivion? Dr. Brown wrote of it: "If you can find a young Jonathan Edwards, he would relish the non-conformist, neo-Platonist." But we have not found him yet and the compact volume stands gathering dust to dust.

More and more as the mists and dark gathered about Dr. Brown's later years he wrote fewer letters, and though always with the same affectionateness yet with a cloud over his spirits from which he sometimes found it impossible to rally.

"I am doing nothing now," he wrote, "but drudge and doctor—my little vein seems worked out, and I am too much involved in daily work and too dull and careless now that my companion is gone, to make myself do anything with my brain." But this mood was disease in

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part; now and then the clouds would lift, and he would write in a more cheerful vein. Of Dr. Holmes he says in one of his letters: "If Voltaire had been good and a New Englander he would have thus written. There is the same mastery of style, which means not only a *point*—but means the point of a pyramid, the broader the deeper in. . . . I wonder how that brain burns so unconsumingly; is there a bit of asbestos in the hippocampus minor?"

In a yet gayer mood he wrote again of his dogs: "Don has been succeeded by a huge young English mastiff with a tawny hide, close and short like a lion's. A muzzle as if dipped in ink, and a pedigree as thoroughbred as Lord Derby's. I call him KENT, partly from his county—partly because I always think Lear's faithful servant was a sort of human mastiff. He is of Lord Kingsdowne's breed, and as good a dog as his Lordship is a lawyer."

It is hard to cut the letters of a friend, and harder yet where the subjects of which he writes are so full of interest to many people, but his own books recall us to the shelves where the various editions of "Horæ Subsecivæ" are to be found.

These "Spare Hours" of a physician's life are, after all, the work by which he will be remembered in this world. The power and tenderness of the written page touch men from afar as his healing hand could touch them in the chamber of suffering. These are all the world can have who did not know him, and how much they are! these "bits" and "scraps," as he so often called them. His larger record lies hidden among the secrets to be revealed in the Great Future.

John Wilson's Home at Elleray.

A smaller book next attracts our attention, in dark covers neatly lettered, "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life."

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It is a volume of brief sketches by John Wilson, and one which will outlive many of the more voluminous books of his later years. The name of Francis W. P. Greenwood is inscribed in a careful handwriting within, with the date 1823. Bostonians will not love this copy the less that one of her most spiritual and best beloved ministers of the old King's Chapel owned it, loved it, and turned its pages.

"Christopher North" was one of the most striking figures which even the streets of Edinburgh, wonted to the figures of unusual men, had ever seen. De Quincey used to say of him "that it was good to dwell in his shadow." Mr. Fields said that the Opium-eater, being one of the smallest of men in stature and Wilson taller and broader than his race, he supposed the little man felt a physical security beside him. "I remember," he continued, "that De Quincey described to me a visit he once made with the Professor to Paris. His account was full of droll situations; and one of the incidents left on my mind was the recital of an encounter between young Wilson and a Frenchman. 'We were sitting in the theatre together,' said De Quincey, 'when to my surprise a quarrel arose between my companion and a stranger on the other side next him. The Frenchman became so obnoxious that Wilson begged him to be quiet until the play was over, when they could step outside the theatre into an alley hard by, and settle the dispute.' 'And did they go out and arrange the misunderstanding?' I asked. 'O yes,' said De Quincey. 'And what was the result?' De Quincey looked up in his mild and pensive way and replied with great solemnity and composure of muscle, 'The Professor closed both the little Frenchman's eyes, and thus eliminating his vision, the combat ended.'"

De Quincey. (From a bas-relief in the possession of Mrs. Fields.)

John Wilson was one of the few great men whom Mr. Fields saw in his first boyish run through Europe. The young American had already acquainted himself with the incomparable tales contained in this small volume, and probably suspected their author to be the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*. He appears to have known him also even then to be the writer of the "Noctes." The Professor received him with great kindness at his house in Edinburgh, and in the course of the interview undertook to show his young guest how the Irish shillalah should be used. Finding his movements circumscribed and the wild fling rather dangerous in his study, he opened the front door, and bidding his guest follow him to the sidewalk, then and there proceeded to lay about him with the stick, entirely oblivious of passers-by and their comments. "Christopher North" was always free and unconscious in his bearing and appearance. He usually wore a flannel shirt entirely open at the throat, and when he was among his Westmoreland hills the country people often met him of a morning with even his shirt thrown back from his brawny shoulders.

Sir Henry Taylor, who met him once or twice in Edinburgh, says: "He looked like one of Robin Hood's company; or he might have been Robin himself—jovial but fierce—as if he would be the

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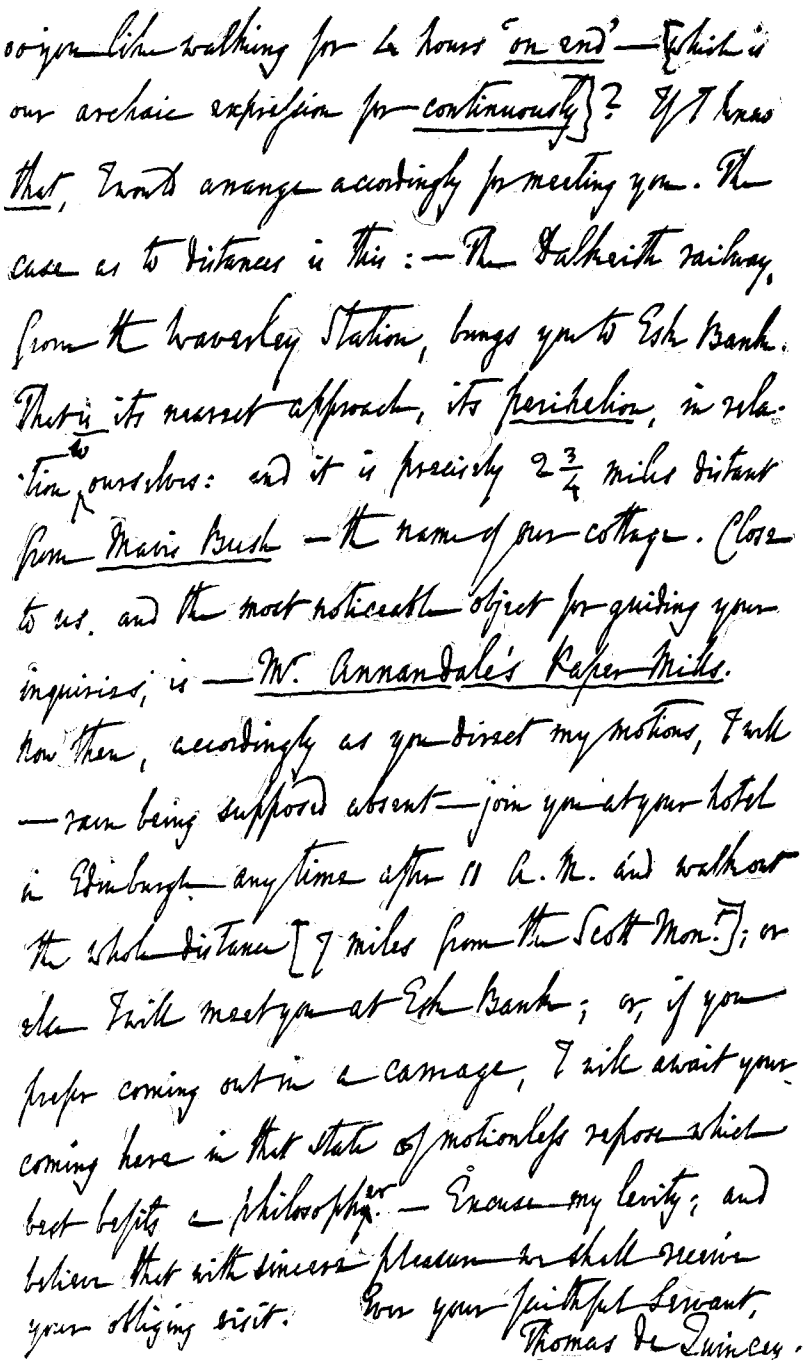

Fac-simile of a Page from a Note by De Quincey to Mr. Fields.

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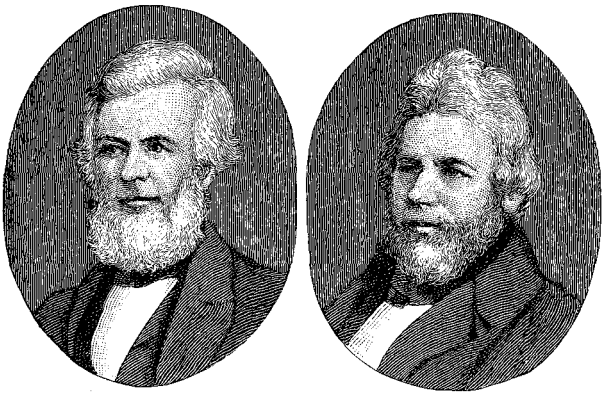
first at a feast but by no means the last at a fray; full of fire and animal energy, and of wit and sarcasm, and hardly seeming to heed anybody about him—a man who has always been the king of his company. Moral philosophy was never taught by a wilder or more fiery Professor, and he was certainly by far the most considerable man I met with at Edinburgh."



William and Robert Chambers.

There is a beautiful old copy of the "Decamerone" upon the shelf, given by Wilson to Leigh Hunt, with a friendly word or two written inside, and a letter from him also which I find laid within a copy of the "Vestiges of Creation."*

Robert Chambers, through whom this letter of Christopher North came into our hands, says that it was given him, for Mr. Fields, by Professor Wilson's daughter, Mrs. Sheriff Gordon. "It is a very good letter," Mr. Chambers writes, "of that extraordinary genius," being one which he addressed to the wife of Mr. Solicitor General Rutherford on his daughter's marrying Mr. Gordon, who was the nephew of that lady's husband. "By the way," Mr. Chambers continues, "Mrs. Gordon is writing a memoir of her father, to be published by Edmonston & Douglas, of Edinburgh, and I hope you will deem it a work suitable for reprinting at Boston. I have a great faith in the memoir-writing powers of women—witness Lady Holland's life of her father, Sydney Smith, and the sketch of Lord North by his daughter in Brougham's 'Statesmen of the Reign of George III.'"

In this letter, which is now safely transferred to the Edinburgh edition of Wilson's Life, Christopher North writes: "Mary's marriage will be a sacred solace to her afflicted father, and to know that she possesses the affection of her husband's dearest friends infuses a feeling of peace and joy into my desolate and too much disturbed heart. Her mother loved John Gordon—so do I—and if the Blest see those they have left, her spirit will be well-pleased to look down on their united life."

Mr. Fields often recalled the scene (though I think it must have been described to him afterward by one of the students who was present, perhaps Dr. John Brown) when Wilson came to resume his duties at the University the next session after the death of his wife. He began to speak to his class as usual, but feeling the sympathy of the young men he stopped and his head sank upon the desk. Presently he rose again and said: "Gentlemen, pardon me, but since

* This book, the "Vestiges," was almost as great a source of wonder in its time as The Letters of Junius, or "Waverley" itself. It appeared at a moment when the study of geology had made a narrow faith in the letters of the first chapter of Genesis impossible, and while the world was still rent with dissensions upon the subject. The concluding note of the book says: "Thus ends a book, composed in solitude, and almost without the cognizance of a single human being, for the sole purpose (or as nearly so as may be) of improving the knowledge of mankind, and through that medium their happiness. For reasons which need not be specified, the author's name is retained in its original obscurity, and in all probability will never be generally known. . . . The book, as far as I am aware, is the first attempt to connect the natural sciences into a history of creation. The idea is a bold one, and there are many circumstances of time and place to render its boldness more than usually conspicuous. . . . We give, as is meet, a respectful reception to what is revealed through the medium of nature, at the same time that we fully reserve our reverence for all we have been accustomed to hold sacred, not one tittle of which it may ultimately be found necessary to alter."

The learning and common-sense of the book, its rare temperateness and wisdom, commanded immediate attention. It was the wonder of the world at that period, nor was the authorship ever acknowledged, I believe. Therefore it is sincerely interesting to find in Leigh Hunt's copy traces of the authorship and to know that Mr. Fields settled it definitely upon Mr. Chambers at last.

The brothers William and Robert Chambers are indissolubly connected with reminiscences of Edinburgh. I remember seeing them both in their native city while the elder brother was Lord Provost. Robert was our kind cicerone through his beloved haunts. No one should fancy it possible to see Edinburgh properly without a reference to his admirable "Walks about Edinburgh," but to have the knowledge fresh and yet uncoined from the author's brain was an excellent preventive to imperfect sight-seeing.

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we last met I have been in the valley of the shadow of death." The crowd of students, the breathless waiting, the tender confidence to them was something never to be forgotten after hearing it described as from an eye-witness.

Mr. Fields was present at some one of his lectures, however, and he always said in after life that Professor Wilson's method and manner with his students was his ideal of what the relation of a teacher to his scholars should be. The eager way in which he talked to them, his whole heart being in his work, made it impossible for their thoughts to wander. They were fascinated by his living interest in their behalf. "Ah, that is what lecturing to students can be made," he was accustomed to say.

I have found a few manuscript notes by Mr. Fields descriptive of Wilson, and among them the following paragraph in which we see how keen and quick were his literary acumen and his energy:

"It was young John Wilson who first gave to Walter Scott the title of 'The Great Magician,' by which name he was afterwards known to all the world! It was young John Wilson who pointed out, in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, the beauties of 'Childe Harold,' long before the voice of universal acclamation was heard in the land; and he was one of the first to recognize the genius of Charles Dickens. At the age of seventeen he sent off a letter of several sheets to William Wordsworth, then unrecognized and hooted at by the reviewers, thanking the obscure poet up among the hills of Westmoreland for the ardent enjoyment he, a lad at school, had derived from a perusal of 'The Lyrical Ballads.'"

Professor Wilson's home at Elleray was wonderfully beautiful.

> "All Paradise
> Could by the simple opening of a door
> Let itself in upon him."

De Quincey thought it incomparably the finest terrace view in England or Wales. We are inclined to think that De Quincey ought to have known, not only because he was a great wanderer, but because it is recorded of him that he once went to pass a day or two with Wilson at Elleray and remained nine months. "Now and then as I went down-stairs at seven in the morning," Christopher North said, "I would meet De Quincey coming up to bed with a candle in his hand. He was a gentle, courteous creature."

This singular visit of De Quincey at Elleray, where Wilson said he seldom saw him except thus in the morning, is much in keeping with Mr. Fields's own experience with respect to him. In his first inquiries after De Quincey, of an old man in Edinburgh, the reply was:

"Ye've come to Edinbro too late, sir! They're nearly all gone, noo! Many's

Portrait of Ramsay—from an edition of his poems published in 1751.

the time I've seen Sir Walter Scott pass my door on his way to the court, and I got to ken the sound of his stick on the sidewalk as well as I kenned the voice of my ain wife! And there was Sir William Hamilton, the grand looking fellar, and Mr. Lockhart, Sir Walter's

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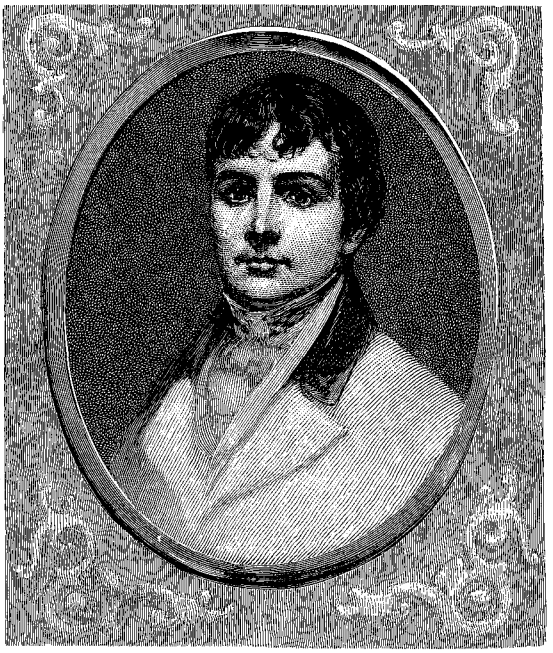
son-in-law, and little Mr. De Quincey, the great opium-eater, as some said of him; and Lord Jeffrey, the powerful lawyer,



Robert Burns. (From a daguerreotype in the possession of Mrs. Fields—from a miniature.)

and Professor Wilson, a match for any of 'em!"

This inclusion of De Quincey among those who were past and gone was one of the eccentric incidents which surrounded that man of genius. When Mr. Fields inquired for him more particularly he was assured of his death, although "after a search," he writes, "I found him alive and well in a cottage ten miles out of Edinburgh. I inquired for him again in London in 1852, and authors and critics, with very few exceptions, were uncertain where he lived, and one, a man of mark, declared to me that he then heard his name for the first time."

It is already too well known for me to dwell upon it here, that the writings of Thomas De Quincey had never been collected until they were gathered together by Mr. Fields and printed in an edition of twenty-two volumes, published consecutively in Boston. This might well account for his being unknown in England by a busy writer, for "who read an American book" in those days, and these twenty-two volumes might be considered American, inasmuch as De Quincey had never signed his papers in the English Reviews, which were therefore only discoverable by their style.

De Quincey owned a large number of books, a part of which his daughters once told us were at a cottage in Westmoreland, called "Town-End," and others at Lasswade, near Edinburgh, but a man of his strange habits, who kept his letters and manuscripts in a disused bath-tub, was not likely to watch closely over his books. After his death they were sacrificed, "sold for nothing," in a heap in Edinburgh, before his friends could be informed upon the subject.

There is an interesting portrait of De Quincey, modelled in relief, hanging over the shelf of Edinburgh books, which gives something more of the imaginative quality in his face than the picture by Sir John Watson Gordon, although the latter is more generally known. There is a very thin volume also in the library containing a portion of his essay on Wordsworth in manuscript. The handwriting is delicate and

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refined as well as small and facile. This, with some of his letters, is all the shelves can show of De Quincey's literary property; but as he was living when Mr. Fields went to Edinburgh in 1852, I find a few unpublished reminiscences of a personal interview at that period. "We had corresponded at intervals for many years," Mr. Fields wrote, "because the collection of his writings in America had been entrusted to my care. He had never been able to afford me any assistance in indicating his essays in the magazines, as he had forgotten their existence as well as their dates, and I was obliged to rely entirely on a recognition of his style and the topics likely to be treated by him. I found him living in his little roadside cottage a few miles from Edinburgh, at a place called Lasswade, on the river Esk. He had sent me directions how to find him in a letter which I still preserve as one of the curiosities of literature. When he came out to receive me at his garden-gate I thought I had never seen anything so small and pale in the shape of a great man, nor a more impressive head on human shoulders. The unmistakable alabaster shine, which I had noticed in other opium-eaters, was on his face, and the restlessness of his body also proclaimed his well-known habit. Next after his personal appearance I was struck with his exquisite courtesy. There was a finish and elegance in his diction also which recalled something of Leigh Hunt's manner, and belonged perhaps to a particular era. I need hardly say that the habits of my host at Lasswade were very eccentric. He soon began to describe, in the most solemn and deliberate manner, the nondescript animal which he said was forever gnawing in the interior of his body, forever moving and forever busy at his ghastly work. It was profoundly sad to hear this wonderful genius, this master of all knowledge, talking at intervals such unreason, and with earnestness and power. . . . During a walk of fourteen miles which we took together, his mind would sometimes dwell on the past, and I remember the delightful history he gave me of those days among the hills of Westmoreland when his daily companions were Professor Wilson, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. He had much to say also of the harmonies of language, the perfection of finish in English prose writers who had passed into fame, and he quoted to me Goethe's saying, that the difficulty in composition lies not in learning but in *un*learning.

From a miniature of Walter Scott, made at Bath, in his fifth or sixth year.

Then he spoke of his own baffled efforts, his defeated hopes in life, of his unfinished work on the Human Intellect, which he had longed to leave behind him completed as his crowning effort. Many things, too, he said to me in confidence which cannot be revealed. If they were true they ought never to be recorded, and if they were only the dreams of opium they should be allowed to fade like the unsubstantial visions of a deluded brain. He spoke of Charles Lamb and Southey with love and tenderness, and when he mentioned John Wilson his eyes filled and his voice trembled.

"He asked many questions about America, and he understood the geography of our country better than any untravelled American I had ever met. Webster's argument in the Salem-White murder case he thought contained the grandest utterances ever made in a court of justice.

"As we walked along his manner became at times singularly nervous and startling. Not infrequently he spoke like a man who had seen ghosts, and there was a kind of solemn awe and won-

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Scott. (From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, painted for George IV. in 1820.)

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der in his tone. Much of the time he walked bareheaded, as if his brain were hot and troublesome, and I noticed there was on his brow that signature of sorrow not uncommon to the sons of genius.

"He seemed to me to have accomplished nothing with his pen, great as his achievements have been, compared to the eloquence and greatness of his spoken words.

"When the time came for me to say 'good-night,' and return to Edinburgh, De Quincey, who had been talking all the evening in a strain of unequalled interest, began the prelude to a new theme. Although the carriage had long been waiting at the door I was bound to hear and still lingered listening. At last when the moment of departure arrived De Quincey rose and said, in his solemn manner, 'I feel that at my period of life, and your home being 3,000 miles away, the chances are against our ever meeting again. Send your carriage back to Edinburgh, and let us have a midnight walk to the city.' Not wishing to have him go so far as ten miles on foot I proposed that he should then retire to bed and let me say 'farewell.' This he declined peremptorily and I then agreed that he should walk a few miles on with me, the carriage following our footsteps. It was a black misty Scottish night, and as we trudged along I could hear the Esk River roaring at our side. De Quincey entered upon a fresh theme the moment we got out into the dark open country. The sight of cottages and other dwellings closed and cheerless in the midnight gloom led him to speak of the household wrecks he had witnessed. Leading me up to the front of a large dilapidated mansion, as the wind whistled in at the broken windows, he described the hours of happiness he had in former years been accustomed to pass with those who had once dwelt in luxury within. Insanity, Fraud, Suicide, had entered at various epochs within these once radiant walls, 'and now,' said De Quincey, with a shuddering sigh, 'behold the conquest of sorrow!'

"We were many miles away from his own door and it was almost morning, when I took his hand for the last time, and under the shadow of the Scottish hills bade him farewell, as he glided off into the darkness toward Lasswade. I watched his slight figure, vanishing, reappearing, vanishing, until it was lost in the mist—faded forever from my vision.

Mrs. Lockhart, Scott's daughter.

"In after years when I stood by his grave in the Edinburgh churchyard and thought of his strange, struggling life, I recalled his own words about a battlefield that nature had long since healed and reconciled to herself under the tender oblivion of flowers."

There is one old brown book upon the

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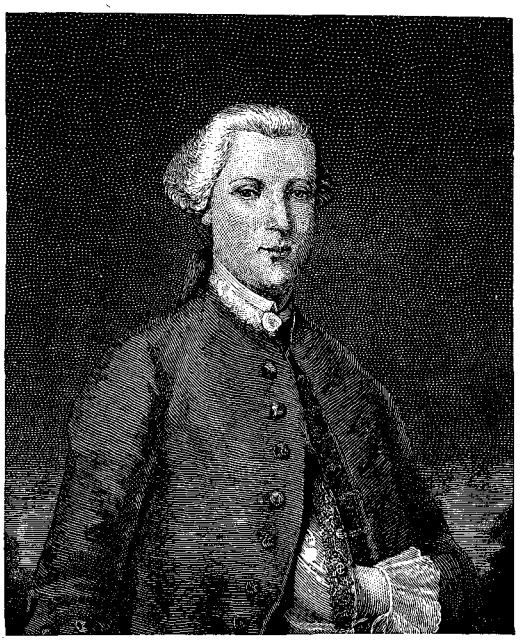
Edinburgh shelf connected with Robert Burns. Who can think of Edinburgh without a vision of his beautiful unhappy face rising up before us. It is a copy of the first Edinburgh edition of his poems, the same for which the members of the Caledonian Hunt subscribed, taking one hundred copies, and which Burns said it gave him "so much real happiness to see in print." This copy was said to have been a gift from Burns to some woman, but I find no proof of this. It is interesting enough, however, with its list of grand names, and when we recall all the circumstances of its publication. A small edition of his poems had been printed the year previous at Kilmarnock, and

Anne Rutherford, Scott's mother.

the rapidity with which it sold was a good promise for his poetic future. There was a "reprint and fac-simile" of this edition brought out in 1867, of which, also, only six hundred copies were made, and one of these reprints fortunately is now here before me. There is a manuscript letter, too, from Burns addressed to Captain Hamilton, of Dumfries. It is a sorrowful letter enough, full of money troubles, and confirms what we already know of his misfortunes.



Walter Scott, writer to the Signet, father of Sir Walter.

Burns in Edinburgh, with his new leather covered book, now looking so old and according to modern ideas so unattractive, was at the summit of his life's happiness. Mr. Fields often told how Burns was seen at that time by Mrs. Basil Montague, who later, in her old age, loved to describe him. She was herself just entering society as a young girl, she used to say, when Burns was enjoying the first-fruits of his fame. "I have seen many a handsome man in my time," she would say; "but none of them equalled young Robbie Burns. I never saw such a pair of eyes as flashed from under his noble forehead."

Burns had by no means grown up ignorant of books. In his father's cottage there were many volumes famous in those days which were well read by the young son, but of poetry, except Fergusson's and Allan Ramsay's, there was nothing, save a collection of ballads and

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songs owned by a strange old woman who lived with them. He did not forget his love for the two poets who had helped to nurse his young genius, and the first places he is known to have visited in Edinburgh were the lowly grave of Fergusson and the house of Allan Ramsay.

Among Mr. Fields's papers I find a page where he speaks of meeting one of the sons of Burns in London in 1859. "I asked him what made on him (as a boy) the deepest impression of his father's personality? He said, 'the sympathetic tone of his voice whenever he spoke to any poor person, anyone poorer and more suffering than himself.'" It was from the hand of this son that we received the daguerreotype of Burns taken from a portrait still, I believe, in possession of the family.

Lady Scott.

Lockhart's description of Burns at this period in Edinburgh, as given to him by Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Fields used to say was the one he liked above all others. Scott was a lad of fifteen when Burns came up to receive the homage of his native country at the hands of all the distinguished men and women gathered in the classic city to welcome him. Young Walter was longing to see Burns, but as he had at that time small acquaintance with literary people it seemed as if he would never have the coveted opportunity. "I would have given the world to know him," said Scott to Lockhart, and at last fortune favored the young lad. One day Professor Fergusson invited some persons to meet Burns at his house, and among them came the boy who was afterward to equal even Burns in the affectionate consideration of Scotland. "We youngsters," says Scott, "sat silent and looked and listened." Some one was showing Burns an engraving hanging up in the room. It was a print representing a soldier lying dead in the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side and on the other the dead soldier's widow with a child in her arms. Underneath the engraving these lines were printed:

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain,
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew;
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptized in tears.

Burns looked at the picture, read the lines and burst into tears. He then asked who had written them. Nobody in the group except young Scott remembered the author's name, and he modestly whispered to a gentleman standing near that the lines occur in a half-forgotten poem by Langhorne. The gentleman mentioned the fact to Burns and revealed his informant's name. Burns bent his brimming eyes on the boy and rewarded him with a look and a word of thanks which Walter Scott remembered during his whole life.

Burns's love for Allan Ramsay leads us to take tenderly down from the shelf the two small volumes of his poems.

Ramsay died in 1757, and this edition was printed in London during his life, in 1751. They are quaint leather-covered books, with an unpublished autograph poem by Ramsay on the first page. He was very popular in his day, and stopped a gap before the time of

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Scott. (From an original unpublished drawing in chalk by Stuart Newton, in the possession of Mrs. James Lodge, Boston.)

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Scott and Burns. He turned publisher, too, and became a rich man in spite of building a theatre and bringing righteous Scotland down about his head. But he established the first circulating library ever seen in Scotland, and many sins should have been forgiven him for that. His verses, which I will transcribe, show him to have been a man of wit and manners in his day.

Jan. 29–31.

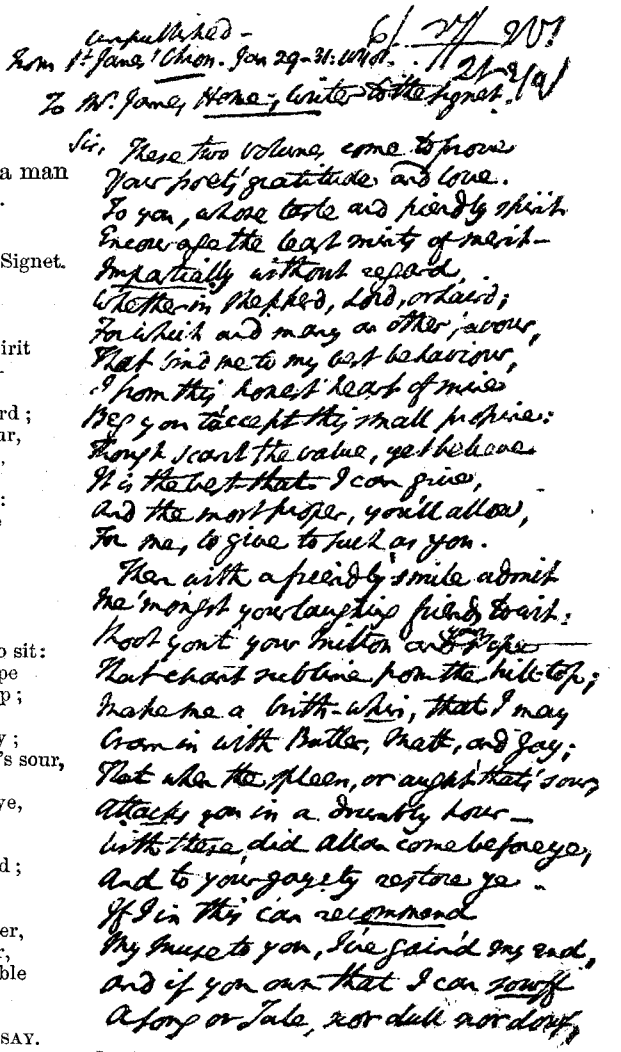
To Mr. James Home, Writer to the Signet.

SIR,

These two volumes come to prove
Your poet's gratitude and love.
To you, whose taste and friendly spirit
Encourage the least hints of merit—
Impartially without regard
Whether in Shepherd, Lord, or Laird;
For which and many an other favour,
That bind me to my best behaviour,
I from this honest heart of mine
Beg you t'accept this small propine:
Though scant the value, yet believe
It is the best that I can give,
And the most proper, you'll allow,
For me to give to such as you.

Then with a friendly smile admit
Me 'mongst your laughing friends to sit:
Root yont your Milton and your Pope
That chant sublime from the hill-top;
Make me a birth-*whin*, that I may
Crane in with Butler, Matt, and Gay;
That when the spleen, or aught that's sour,
Attacks you in a drumbly hour—
With these, did Allan come before ye,
And to your gayety restore ye—
If I in this can *recommend*
My muse to you, I've gained my end;
And if you own that I can *sowff*
A song or Tale, nor dull nor douf,
At some with no small pride I'll sneer,
Whose noddles are not quite so clear,
And never tent their spitefull grumble
While you stand by your
servant humble,
ALLAN RAMSAY.

From my closet in Edr.
August 10th, 1738.



Fac-simile of an Autograph Poem by Allan Ramsay, written on the first page of an edition of his poems.

There is a spirited portrait by Smibert in the first volume, which gives me a desire to say with *Quince*, in "Midsummer Night's Dream,"

Let us hear sweet Bottom.

We find in it such an aspect of ready speech. Leigh Hunt's name is on the first page, and his marks are to be found throughout wherever original beauty is to be recognized. One line I see,

To waft their young white souls through fields of air,

that is crystallized and will endure.

The "Gentle Shepherd," too, may well have won laurels in his day, and may still command a loving reader. Burns was once heard inquiring for the shop of the author of the "Gentle Shepherd."

The picture of Walter Scott in his interview with Burns leads us to turn to the goodly row of books which are precious because of their association with him.

The copy of the first edition of the

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"Lay of the Last Minstrel" is a fine quarto bound in morocco and printed as beautifully as Scott's taste and the devoted care of his printer and publisher could devise. We can imagine the pleasure of the young American book-lover on his first visit to Edinburgh in finding this volume and making it his own.

It was fifteen years only after Scott's death that Mr. Fields first saw "the gray metropolis of the North" and "the castle proudly looming in the early sunlight," and was received by his "landlady in her nightcap at the top of the stairs." How speedily he was away again to Black's, the publisher, and afterward to Blackwood's, "seeing the portrait of John Wilson," and much else, we cannot doubt, it being still very early in the morning and these gentlemen hardly at their offices.

As soon as the coach could start he was away to Abbotsford. To his joy he found a Scottish lady on the top of the coach beside him who knew every inch of the ground, and had seen Scott when she was a child. She knew Lockhart, also, and pointed out all the hills and castles as she talked, and he was sorry indeed when the coach set her down at her journey's end. Soon, with hurrying feet, he found himself in Scott's library, "walled about with books," which he examined with loving scrutiny. He was deeply impressed with the care which had been given them, and recalled Lockhart's saying how full Scott's den in Castle Street was of quartos and folios "all in that complete state of repair which at a glance reveals a tinge of bibliomania. A dozen volumes or so, needful for immediate purposes of reference, were placed close by him on a small movable frame something like a dumb-waiter. All the rest were in their proper niches, and wherever a volume had been lent, its room was occupied by a wooden block of the same size, having a card with the name of the borrower and date of the loan tacked on its front. The old bindings had obviously been re-touched and re-gilt in the most approved manner."

We can imagine the incipient publisher peering about among them and revelling in the knowledge that this friend of youth everywhere, this romance lover and writer, this hero of his heart should be a man to care so tenderly about his books.

I cannot tell at what "corner-shop" he found this treasure on his return to Edinburgh, but he not only bought it, but enriched it with whatever he could find to add to its value.

He has laid in it an engraved copy of Chantrey's bust of Scott, and one of the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and a note, also, written at the moment Scott was sitting for this portrait. Beside these there is a delightful picture taken when Scott was a child of six years, and romantic pictures of his two daughters, by Nicholson; also engravings of Abbotsford and Dryburgh. But the charm of the volume after all lies in the fact that Scott himself assisted at this sumptuous début of his poem and rejoiced in its fitting dress; that he handled this very copy perchance and pronounced upon the "tooling" of the covers, the thickness of the paper, and the kind of type. It brings us nearer to him, in short, than anything.

One of the curious facts relating to Scott's books is the rapidity of their production, and Mr. Fields has made a note to the effect that "'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' was dashed off at the rate of a canto a week!" It seems that "Waverley," too, was written at the same white heat "in thirty summer evenings," and Scott somewhere says, in a letter to a friend: "When I once set pen to paper it walks off fast enough. I am sometimes tempted to leave it alone and see whether the pen will not write as well without the assistance of my head as with it."

The success of the "Lay" caused Constable & Co. to make Sir Walter an offer for "Marmion," which he had already begun. The sum they mentioned was so large as to startle the literary world—it was one thousand pounds. Lockhart says of this work: "'Marmion' was first printed in a splendid quarto, price one guinea and a half. The 2,000 copies of this edition were all disposed of in less than a month."

Where the nineteen hundred other copies may be I know not, but here is one of that edition before me as I

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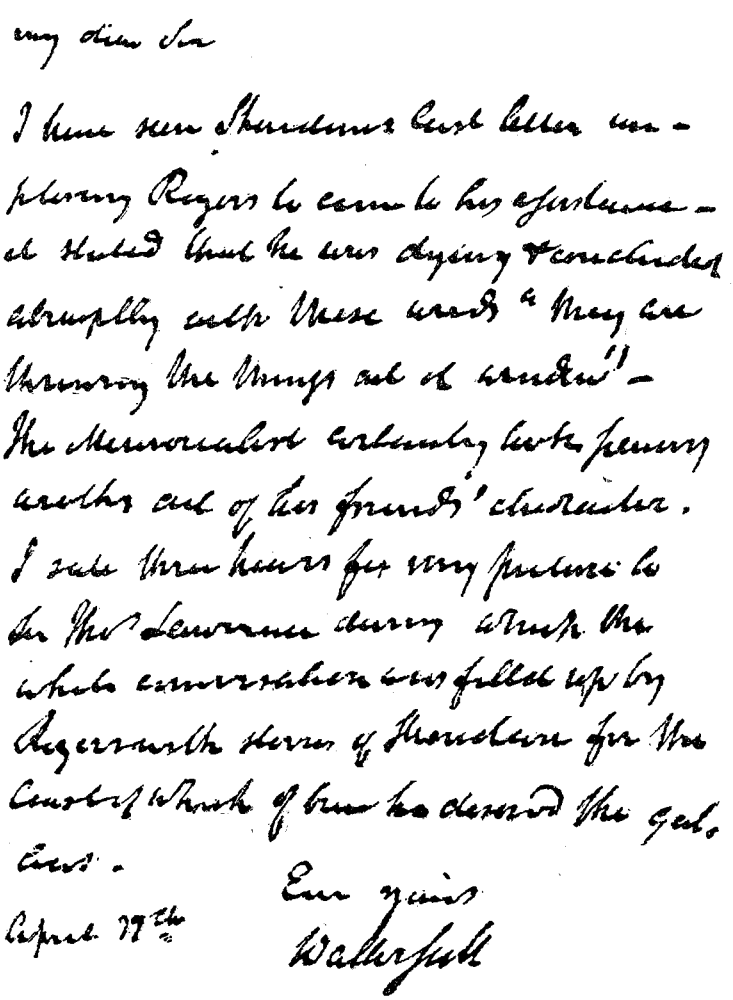
write. This copy is also enriched by a portrait of the mother of Scott, Anne



Fac-simile of a Note from Scott.

Rutherford, and a picture of Abbotsford in 1812.

At various times the first editions of the "Lady of the Lake" and "Rokeby" were added to our collection, and a copy in two volumes (also first edition) of "Scott's Border Antiquities." Scott evidently lost nothing of his pleasure in beautiful books as he grew older, for the last is one both author and publisher might be proud of. The fly-leaves are rich with portraits and autographs.

There was something in the wholesome humanity of Walter Scott which caused men and will long cause them to regard anything which belonged to him and even the spots he haunted as sacred in their eyes. Since his day Edinburgh has become a shrine for pilgrims in a new sense. Men admired the beauty of its castle-crowned steep before he lived, and visited Holyrood and caught glimpses here and there of its historic interest, but from the moment he came upon the scene the whole historic material of the place was organized and vitalized anew. Dinner-table wits of his day said that Scott's talk was commonplace, but Lockhart once replied: "Yes, it is commonplace as the sunshine is which gilds the most indifferent objects and adds brilliancy to the brightest."

Adam Black once told Mr. Fields that when Scott came stumping along the road with his cane and his dog and raised his cheery voice it seemed as if his merry laugh cleared the whole air; and from an old man in Glasgow he gained still another peep at Scott's delightful nature and of his relations with men. It seems that this person had carried a law-case to him for adjustment. "How did he manage it?" Mr. Fields asked. "Oh, beautifully," said the old client. "He told me a bonny story aboot a coo and a calf in Dundee, and then he sent

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me over the way to a brither lawyer, who, he told me, had a langer head for sich affairs than himsel'. But it was a braw story that he told me aboot the cattle o' Dundee, and it make's me laugh to this day when I think on't."

But of all the delightful memories of Scott's power of love and sympathy none can outrun that beautiful picture of him given by Dr. Brown as he bends over his belated Pet Marjorie where she sits in her little white dress in the dingy sedan chair in his "lobby" while he calls his friends from the supper-table to welcome her. "Sit ye there my dautie till they a' see you." Surely it is this gift above all the rest which makes us value the least trifle with which he had to do, the gift of which Matthew Arnold has said:

> For will and energy though rare,
> Are yet far far less rare than love.

CROWNED.

By Celia Thaxter.

The last gold lily in the garden blows,
The long, sweet days pause at their greatest length,
The air is rich with odors of the rose,
And summer heats begin to gather strength.

Flushes the pink dawn over silver seas;
The idle sail lies lapped in dreamful calm,
And waits, for in the south the wandering breeze
Lingering, is loth to leave the slender palm.

Soars the white gull in splendor through the sky,
With dazzling pinions lost in azure air;
Sleep the light clouds all motionless on high,
Or on the far sea line in islets fair.

The honeysuckle chalices outpour
Delicious perfumes to the dewy night;
The rosy wingèd sphinx wheels, hovering o'er
The many-clustered phloxes glimmering white.

Sinks the red moon, a crescent low and large,
Scattering its broken rubies on the tide;
Low whispers breathe along the ocean marge,
As if in heaven some happy spirit sighed.

Beyond the beauty of the ripening year,
Thrilling with deep enchantment sense and soul,
A hint of higher rapture still I hear,
Of wonder sent to glorify the whole.

Lo—Thou! The soft airs sing thee! To my heart
The day and night but change to bring thee near;
The central spark of every joy thou art,
The essence of all things divine and dear.

Thy blush is in the dawn, thy tender tones
In every gentle sound upon the air.
Shadows to me are the world's crowns and thrones,
For the king's purple by thy gift I wear.

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JEANNE.

By John Elliott Curran.

I.

AT the head of the front stairs in the house of Henri Prévost—a somewhat narrow and steep white stair, with cherry bannister, and spindles just beginning to be rickety—in the narrow hall of the second story of this house, oil-cloth under foot, very white paper on the walls, white door-frames and doors (except the brass knobs), —under the light of a kerosene lamp that was not very high up and yet that was not far below the white-washed ceiling, there stood, a conspicuous object in the midst of all this whiteness, early one evening, Jeanne Prévost. She was a stanch yet trim looking little figure; with the traditional blue eye of France, and an aquiline French nose; with the brown hair that may be found anywhere, and the white skin that may be found somewhere; but with the red lip and the lighted eye that belong only to organisms of excellent vitality. Jeanne stood shivering in the hall. But there was no need of that, for it was not cold, though it was winter. Her eyes wandered along the ceiling; but there was no need of that, either, for there was nothing there to see—but white; and that was probably why she looked at it, because there was nothing to break up the picture that she wished to have before her mind. Presently a door opened down-stairs. Jeanne's breast fluttered. A masculine step came up the stair. Her face beamed with smiles. She turned toward the comer. The masculine personage greeted her with a "good-evening;" but she did not answer; she only stood there, with smiles on her lips and in her eyes, but shivering. The masculine personage smiled too; but there was only surprise in his face. Hesitatingly he went past and had almost reached the next flight of stairs.

"Reu*ben!*" called the fresh little voice.

"What?" asked Reuben.

"Reu*ben!*" repeated Jeanne, a little more softly.

Reuben drew near; and then the face that had become clouded began to smile again. He stood before her and asked again, in a lower tone, "What?"

"Reu*ben!*" she only repeated, smiling less, and regarding him, while she shivered only the more.

"What, Jeanne?" he asked. It was the first time he had ever called her Jeanne, and it excited him a little to do it.

She breathed more quickly; and then he put his arms around the shapely little form and drew it one side while it breathed harder than ever.

Henri Prévost was a person whose importance belonged mostly to the past, and who was of little consequence in the world now perhaps, except as sustaining a slight parental relation to Jeanne. He had been, in his palmy days, the keeper of a salle-d'armes in Paris, where the fencing-master had instructed a portion of the genteel youth of France. The comfortable income from this source had been mostly spent in keeping in a certain relation with the habits of his rather generously-living pupils, yet without robbing Madame Prévost of what she needed. But Madame Prévost was good-natured enough to have been somewhat lenient with the master of the salle-d'armes, even if he had pinched her a little. She came to him for spouse, as an innkeeper's pretty daughter, who had learned rather early what there was going on in the world, and who started out upon life, both by nature and by education, in a very matter-of-fact sort of a way, regarding the individual much more than society. As long as she and hers were not in want, that was the end of her material care; and as she and hers were unmalicious and inoffensive, by heart and habit, she had no moral care whatever. As for

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the mind of Henri himself, he played his fiddle, took his snuff, read a little, and smoked a great deal; having, by long hanging-on to the skirts of men who were richer than he—though he was their master at the rapier—come to take their views, and be without any of his own—except this, that he was an appendage, now dismembered by his age, of a higher world than that around him. Here they lived in New York, hiring a small house, and letting lodgings by the month.

Jeanne lived with them. Jeanne was eighteen years old. Philippe was older than she by seven years. But he had been a reckless, ardent young fellow, who would do nothing but go into the French war marine, and in three years had sent home to his father a medal for gallantry. Henri would show this with pleasure; "he was an imp," he would say with a smile, "and he was brave. Ah!"—nodding and elevating his right hand—"he will rise to the—to the—honorable place. That is he," he would add, bringing out a photograph, a dancing-eyed image of a boy; "is he not handsome?" But Philippe was not very devoted to his family. So Jeanne lived alone with them—besides the lodgers.

Reuben Starkweather, after his interview with her, went to the Colosseum that evening; taking an inexpensive seat, but hiring a lorgnette, that he might recognize the features of Jeanne on the stage; and Jeanne looked very becoming in her costume and danced very gracefully among the other ballet girls. She was such a good little soul at home that the sight of her in this picturesque dress was additionally piquant to Reuben; and yet his heart went out in pity to see such a good little soul dancing the ballet. He had abode long enough in his Prévost lodging to know that she was a most bright and efficient personage under that roof, with no end of good spirits and of geniality. He had abode there long enough, too, for Jeanne to have got it into her little head that he was a very nice fellow. She liked his face and his manners; he was so refined in his appearance and so gentle and dignified in his deportment. She had stolen many a sly look at his face as he passed to and fro; and she liked him all the more because he was reserved and formal with her—until that evening in the hall, when she burst her fetters.

It had not been Henri's wish that Jeanne should go on the stage; nor her mother's; but go she would, and did; and Henri was not a man to have very strong feelings on such a subject, nor did her mother find fault, as long as Jeanne kept well and was as bright and happy as before; and at any rate, Jeanne was an impulsive, strengthful little thing, who was always bubbling and incapable of being repressed. She made a great hit, too; singing her song at the variety performance with great dash, and melting inwardly under the applause that followed. But she did not like some things about the variety theatre, and transferred herself to the more staid Colosseum as a member of the *corps*.

Reuben waited for her at the stage door and they went over to Staccato's restaurant for supper. She was as happy as a lark. Her little bosom seemed to be just bursting with love for Reu*ben*. He was in a sort of heaven, too. Who could resist the charm of Jeanne? Who could withstand the contagion of her vivacity? Who could help laughing when she laughed? Who would not be provoked into good spirits by the gush of her vitality? Reuben's reserve was cast all aside. It seemed to him as if he had never been so happy as now, with that little concentrated darling of human life opposite him.

"Reu*ben*," she finally said, reproachfully, "why did you always take no notice of me?"

"Because I liked you," he said, becoming a little sober.

Jeanne looked at him with the wealth of her blue eyes. "Ah! Reu*ben*, I love you for that;" and a very small foot under the table pressed upon his. "But you made a great mistake. Just think, if it had not been for me, you never would have—" and she bit her lip and looked at him roguishly; and then, as if overcome with satisfaction at the existing relation, she leaned back in her chair in a lounging attitude, as unconsciously as a little girl might, and regarded Reuben serenely.

Said he, "You haven't asked me what I thought of your dancing."

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"Oh! pah!" she ejaculated. "Dancing? I am not dancing now. Dancing is for the theatre. I am with you, now; you, Reu*ben*."

After ten minutes of chatter, she suddenly became serious, and said, "Reu*ben*, this is champagne."

It was, indeed, but Reuben did not care for that, this evening. However, he said, "It is only half a bottle, for both of us."

"You ought not to," she replied. "Let me see the list, Reu*ben*"—with pursed lips and reproving eye—"that is two dollars!"

Reuben made no reply.

"I owe it to you," she said. "After this, it shall be beer."

"But you don't drink beer; you don't like it."

"I like it with you," she answered, making a droll face at him.

He laughed outright. She laughed, too; and then assumed her gravity again. "Reu*ben*, listen. Do you think I will have you spend your hard-earned money on me? Do you think I am so sel*fish?* Do you think it matters just what I eat or drink? Bah!"

She turned her head away in disgust; and Reuben smiled at her earnest way. She smiled, too; and, the waiter passing just then, she stopped him. "Garçon, encore une demi-bouteille de Fransenac. I will not pay you in money," addressing her partner; "I will pay you in kind."

Reuben did not reply, but motioned to a tired, bashful little flower child that was leaning against the wall opposite. She came to him.

"Reu*ben!*" said Jeanne, looking fiercely at him, but with a smile in her look, too.

"I will take this one," he said, selecting a bunch of large roses.

Jeanne was quite overcome, and blushed at a great rate. She fastened the bunch at her breast, and then took out the largest rose and leaned over to the child. "Have you a mamma, my little infant?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the infant.

"Put that in your jacket buttonhole," said the benefactress, putting it in herself; "and when you get home, give it to your mamma;" and Jeanne beamed upon her, and the child arose out of its stupefaction under the beam, and actually smiled back, and said, "Thank you, ma'am," and walked off with a light step.

"Pauvre enfant!" muttered Jeanne.

Staccato's was pretty well filled now. The gas-jets were all blazing. The waiters hurried to and fro over the carpeted floor. There was the clink of china and glass, and the occasional popping of a cork; to which the suppressed hum of tête-à-tête conversation formed an undertone, only broken by a stray ripple of laughter. The theatrical world, partly of the audience and partly of the stage, was enjoying its late repast. Jeanne had been silent for a few moments, and then she looked up at Reuben, with the expression of one begging forgiveness on her face, and asked, in a faltering voice, "Do you think I am very wic*ked*, Reu*ben?*"

He only returned a laughing look, which seemed to say "yes." She seemed troubled by his levity and after a few moments asked again, "Do you think I am, Reu*ben?*"

"I don't know," he replied more seriously, as one should who saw the pathetic expression on her face.

"I wanted to tell you," she went on—but her voice wavered with her sense of immodesty, and she took a big swallow of wine to steady herself. "Reu*ben*, this is not the first time I have taken supper here." She looked at him a moment with doubtful eyes and then hung her head in a deep blush, burying her face over the glass in another bracing draught of champagne.

"You are very honest, Jeanne," said Reuben, softly.

She looked up, with a face radiant, partly with thankfulness and partly with youthful rejoicing over a hard task done; and for the rest of the evening she was as brisk as a squirrel.

II.

Reuben's love-dream was rather rudely broken a few days afterward by a letter from Elmwood, from his cousin Sarah, which said that his aunt Lucinda's health had taken a very bad turn,

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and that she herself—troubles never came singly—was obliged to go and take care of her widowed brother Sol's children, who had all come down with the measles; and that really his aunt Lucinda would be without a nurse by next evening, unless Reuben came back and looked after her.

Reuben was in great straits. His family had been supposed to be, until within a few years, well-to-do—in a country way; but the death of his father had shown his affairs to be in bad condition. The mother soon followed the father. The rest of the family were scattered; and Reuben, a youth of nineteen, and his maiden aunt Lucinda, a sister of his father's and always a member of his household, found themselves relegated to the homestead of former years, as the only piece of property not eaten up by mortgages. This was an ancient homestead, with fifty acres or so of arable, but rather sterile, hill land in Connecticut, in whose midst, upon one of the many knolls, stood the old house that Reuben had been born in—a red, weather-beaten, but comfortable-looking abode, with a rickety barn, and outhouses sprawled around; everything out of repair, and spots of moss on the old boards of the structures—even on the house, where the red paint had come off. It was an up-hill task to start in to cultivate the farm without capital; and as a solution of the difficulty cousin Sarah had been induced to come and keep Aunt Lucinda company, while Reuben went off to the city to earn a living, live frugally, and send some of his small earnings up to the country—if he could. He succeeded in getting a situation in a wholesale dry-goods concern, on small wages; and stinted himself, as he had expected, to help his aunt. He was doing well in his place—Jeanne burdening herself with the care that he should do no worse just because she liked him; but he could not be with his aunt and his employers at the same time. In view of this letter, then, what was he to do? It took Reuben about five seconds to make up his mind. He told his employers that he should have to be absent for a few days, to attend a sick relative; and he was excused accordingly.

He had been gone nearly a week, when one morning there came a ring at the Prévost door-bell. Jeanne opened the door. "Does Mr. Starkweather live here?" asked a small boy.

"Yes, he does," answered Jeanne, eying the youngster sharply. Reuben's matters were under her self-imposed care, and any inquirer had to be inspected.

"Mr. Wareham wants him."

"Who is Mr. Wareham?" asked Jeanne.

"He is one of our partners," said the small boy. "He sent me up, to say that they wanted him; and if he can't come, they will have to get somebody else. They are very busy, you know," added the urchin, with a slight swagger, as if the business were his own.

Jeanne hesitated but an instant. "Tell Mr. Wareham," she said, with great facility of utterance, "that Mr. Starkweather will be there to-morrow morning, without fail; without fail—do you understand?"

"All right," said the boy, swinging himself down the steps, two at a time, and going off whistling down the street.

It was in the spring of the year. Winter had relaxed its grip enough to let the pavements in the city get a little warm under the sun; and in the country to have unloosed, for a night or two, the mysterious bands that keep the eager throats of the tadpoles silent, and to have turned the sprouting grass green around the pools. A robin and a song-sparrow or two had been heard in the gray trees around Elmwood, and around the old red house of the Starkweathers as well—there being only a mile between the two. The little rill that jumped down the hill behind the house, which went nearly dry in summer, was babbling away at a great rate, with its mouth full of the story about the departure of winter and the good things of summer that were coming, so that, even in the night, when all else was sleeping (except the excited young tadpoles lately come into life and unable to keep their tongues quiet over the event and their pleasure thereat)—even in the night, the rill went rattling on and gasping out its story. It was on the evening of that very day when the

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whistling boy had called at the Prévosts', just after sundown, with the evening star already alight and all the sky deep blue except for the light in the west, with all mankind and nature, about Elmwood, going to hush, that a rumble fell on Reuben's ear, as he strolled for an airing along the road in front of the old home. It came nearer; and presently a wagon drew over the crest of the steep little hill ahead of him, and, rushing down the descent, would have passed him with a whirl, had not the driver, recognizing Reuben, reined in his nag with a jerk. "Here he is now," he said, in a doubtful tone and with a doubtful look from Reuben to the figure that sat beside him.

Reuben was dumb. Jeanne sat on the seat, with a large bundle in her lap and a travelling sack at her feet. "Good-evening, Mr. Starkweather," she said, respectfully, as if she might possibly have seen him once before.

"Good-evening," repeated he, mechanically.

She was proceeding to alight. He assisted her and took the bag, which the driver, with mystification on his face, handed to him.

"I have come to nurse your aunt," she said, in a low voice; "they want you at the store."

They were proceeding toward the house, she actively, and Reuben like an automaton, when he suddenly remembered a letter in his pocket to his cousin Sarah, and turned back to give it to the wagoner for posting. The latter stopped at his call and on Reuben's coming up he exclaimed, in an awe-struck tone, "Gawsh! Reub, who's that?" And not being able to give the faintest guess himself, he waited with dropped jaw on Reuben's reply.

"She is a nurse for my aunt," said he.

"You don't say! From the city, ain't she?"

"Yes," said Reuben.

"She's pretty though! Gawsh, Reub"—his feelings getting the better of him—"she's the prettiest critter ever I see! She'll make them Elmwood's folks' eyes stick aout. Good-night, Reub;" and with that he drove away.

"She will, indeed," thought Reuben, as he turned back toward the house.

"Reu*ben*," she said, viewing him with a broad smile as he came up; "I am so glad to see you."

"And I am glad to see you," he returned, though in a subdued tone.

"Reu*ben*," she continued, seeing his fond eyes but long face, "I *had* to come."

"Why, Jeanne?"

"You will lose your place in the store, if you don't go down to-morrow."

Reuben's eyes opened wider.

"A little boy came to our house and said so. So you will go down to-morrow morning—early, Reu*ben*—and I will stay here;" and there she stood, leaning against the gate-post, with her pretty face additionally pretty in its childlike simplicity of expression.

Reuben bethought him then—when he recognized the extreme usefulness of Jeanne's coming—of the extreme inconvenience of other people's absence. Cousin Sarah, he had already surmised, had departed not without some gladness. Not that she rejoiced over the descent of the measles upon her brother's children. But the old red house was a mile from the village, and there was no horse, and nobody to talk to but Aunt Lucinda, and she and Aunt Lucinda had to do all the work; and when it came to Aunt Lucinda's being sick besides—well, the measles are rightly timed, on occasions. As for the good people of Elmwood, many of whom had known Lucinda Starkweather for years, it did not somehow enter their heads—no, not the head or heart of one of them, to minister to their musty acquaintance in her illness; although they might have guessed that it would be a strait for Reuben to leave his new work in the city to attend her. He had obtained the precarious service of a neighboring laborer's wife, the mother of eight active children, to help with the cooking; but she had told him this very evening that she couldn't do it any more. It was difficult to hire any female human being about Elmwood. Certainly, then, Jeanne's thoughtfulness was grateful. All at once, as he was considering, a thought struck him, and he suddenly asked: "But what becomes of you, Jeanne? What about your place? Will the ballet-master keep it for you?"

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The twilight was not so deep as to hide the blush that came into her face, as she answered, with a smile that was summoned to remove her embarrassment, "Oh, yes!"

"I don't believe it," he said.

"Yes, he will. I don't care if he doesn't. I like you, Reu*ben;*" and her face beamed with pleasure; "I can be a good nurse, Reu*ben.*"

"Jeanne, you are a darling."

"Hush! I am only here as nurse."

Reuben again became thoughtful. He thought of his aunt, a rather prim, old-fashioned lady, of nearly sixty; what would she think of a young ballet-girl from the city, come to nurse her? Reuben gave a low whistle of consternation, as he thought of it.

"Jeanne," he stammered, "my aunt, you know, she is—she has always been —rather—rather stiff——"

"That is nothing, Reu*ben,*" she broke in, decidedly; "I can get along, I don't mind people being cross."

"But, Jeanne, I mean rather stiff in —in her morals, you know——"

"O! Reu*ben!*" she cried after a moment, subduedly but desolately, as she comprehended his meaning; then composing herself a little, she went on pleadingly, "Am I not good enough to help you?" and her fallen little hands clasped each other with a movement of despair, and the sudden tears trickled down her cheeks. "O, Reu*ben,* I did not think of that. I did not know I was so bad that I could not do good;" and she sobbed aloud.

Poor Reuben felt the pangs that a tender heart feels over an unintended hurt. He had no deep philosophy on social questions; but there was Jeanne, leaning in utter dejection against the gate-post, with her large brown bundle and her travelling sack at her feet, a hundred miles from home, the chilly April evening about her, weeping because she was too bad to be permitted to do good; all the brightness of her face dimmed with tears, and all her life gone. He turned away. The movement brought his face to the west. It was still faintly glowing with the light of the departed sun. His heart somehow took a great leap at that spread of light coming suddenly on his vision. There was home, off there somewhere in that light; and Jeanne belonged to it. What was the earth, and the thoughts that man sent roving back and forth over it? What was the earth? The only thing that came to him now from it was the plaintive peeping of the tadpoles—their voices tender, like youthful Jeanne's, making a doleful refrain to her pitiful speech—and the tumbling brook, that seemed to be hurrying somewhere in noisy haste to head off something or other that was wrong. Then his eye went up to the evening star hanging in the blue. Who hung it there? And was it any brighter than the white little soul that had fluttered to the earth by his side? He turned round quickly and with his handkerchief wiped poor Jeanne's tears away. "You are not too bad, Jeanne," he said in a strong voice; "no one is so good as you; come."

She smiled through her drying tears. "Are you sure I am good enough to wait on her?" she asked.

"You are good enough to wait on an angel; and she will be one soon, I guess."

"This is very solemn, Reu*ben,*" she said, as he stood before her holding her baggage.

"You will make it cheerful," he replied.

That suggestion seemed to restore Jeanne's spirits, as if she had hit upon her mission at last. "Yes, yes, I will," she said, as she followed him with a light step up the steep path to the old house; and now the tadpoles were as lively as you please, and the rill had quieted down again and was making a satisfied chatter to itself of reëstablished right and order; while a grim determination to do what he thought was right was grinding away in Reuben's soul.

A cot was arranged for the nurse from the city, in the invalid's room. When Reuben first entered the apartment with the nurse—having first advised his aunt that he had obtained one —there was a single candle burning there, on a little table by the bedside. A look of surprise passed over the sallow and wrinkled face of the patient, as this plump but lithe dot of a nurse moved noiselessly over the carpet to her side; and she scrutinized the young,

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pretty countenance closely by the candle-light. But Jeanne bent down so tenderly over her with her bright face, and told her in such a soft, pleasant voice that she would try to make her comfortable, that the old lady's look of surprise and scrutiny was replaced by one of pleasurable satisfaction, and she replied, "I think you will; you are very pretty; and you have very good manners; and" —examining her face again—"I think you will be kind."

"She will," muttered Reuben, but not loud enough for the invalid to hear.

There was a shade of feeling in Miss Starkweather's last words, as if somebody, perhaps, had not been kind; but no complaint. The old lady could criticise severely, but not complain of want of kindness to herself; she was too independent for that.

The next morning Reuben arose at daylight to go to the city. But Jeanne was down-stairs before him, with a hot breakfast on the table. His aunt was still sleeping, she told him; and when he went away, she only said for parting, "Good-bye, Reu*ben;* I will do everything."

"And yet," he reflected, as he trudged away, "she looks just the same as she did that first night at Staccato's. Yes, it is the same person."

III.

The days went on. The elm branches leaved out over the old red house and dangled their green tips very near the square, crumbling chimney; the twin lilacs came into bloom by the front door; the tadpoles fell to more serious business than piping all the time; the rill dwindled to its normal, early-summer size, and far away in the city the *corps-de-ballet* of the Colosseum had been disbanded for the season; but Jeanne stayed on, and made the interior of the homestead bright with her presence. She it was who tripped out, with her sleeves rolled up over her pretty elbows, pail in hand, as blithe as any of the birds about her, to the old well-sweep and fetched water for her cooking. She it was who hunted out an old hoe and tilled Aunt Lucinda's flower-bed of the year before and cherished the hyacinths. She it was who rippled the snatches of gentle songs that caught the ear of the chance passer-by through the open windows. She it was who was attentive to every want of the kind, but somewhat starchy, Lucinda Starkweather, growing feebler little by little. Besides all this, she posted regularly, twice a week, a missive to Reu*ben*—in which French words were impulsively stuck in where she could not think of the English—stating his aunt's condition.

By and by a compunction seemed to strike the town of Elmwood here and there; and one and another, now that Lucinda Starkweather had been provided for, made up for their past omission by calling on the patient. Lucinda was keen enough to observe, on these visits, that her guests, besides paying attention to herself, sent prying glances after the young nurse, and that some looked critical, while others softened at Jeanne's grace and gentle ways, and bestowed smiles upon her. The fact was that, in making her various foot excursions to Elmwood, Jeanne had caused some remark by her prettiness and by the knowledge, which soon crept about, that she was Lucinda Starkweather's nurse. "Who got her there?" it was asked. "Why, Reuben." "Well, Reuben knew how to pick." But it may be that the visits were neighborly ones too.

Meanwhile, Reuben was enduring all sorts of qualms in the city, over the plight he had left his aunt in. He had come to town originally—it was only four or five months ago—in his neat, but cheap, newly-purchased suit of clothes, with a fresh pair of split-cowhide shoes, with his socks all neatly darned by Aunt Lucinda, and with mind intent only on earning, and on keeping her and himself and the mortgaged farm above water. That intentness of mind he still held. But this little minx of a Jeanne had somehow become mixed up with it all, and the thing was more complex now than it used to be. Here he had let her go into the house; and he felt as if he were imposing on his aunt. Yet it would have been sheer cruelty to Jeanne to keep her out; and how otherwise could he go on earning money, or at

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least keep this place he had got? Sometimes he thought of sending the invalid to a hospital. But then, he meditated, would Aunt Lucinda go? She was proud; and it was not the way with old New England stock to go to hospitals. At any rate, he knew he could trust Jeanne to "do everything," as she said she would do; and that was a great deal.

But Reuben, good fellow that he was, need not have troubled himself so much. Aunt Lucinda was more of a character than he had given her credit for being. Out of regard to family tradition in part, and in part from a feeling of not eating meat when her brother (nephew here) might—for all she knew—be weak, she had displayed, both to Reuben and his family before him, a cold, orthodox side. But Lucinda Starkweather had an enterprising and a restless mind—always had had; and if any fresh ideas were afloat, she fished them in. Proceeding through life in this fashion, she had, at heart, become a Unitarian—with one of the finest spun of Unitarian beliefs, in fact, little better than an agnostic. Daring to assert but little, therefore, except the love of God and an incomprehensible wisdom in the universe, she had become a decidedly tolerant soul, judging people by their acts and not by their creeds. For this reason it was that she looked with despite on many of the village ways of Elmwood; and, perhaps, had not merited from its denizens much more neighborliness in her sickness than she had got—that is, taking human nature as it runs; for, whom we do not court we cannot expect to run after us.

But the patient had a tender side to her heart, too. Stony toward the world for its personal harming, she was equally loving toward it for its doing of genuine good. Her affection wound its way outward to her little nurse, therefore, for her eminent loving-kindness. Jeanne captivated her, too, by her artless blithe ways; always cheerful, always vivacious, her good spirits never grating on Lucinda, she was like a flood of sunshine let into the old house. Its sombre old-fashioned wall-paper, even, seemed to get into a kind of a blaze, with Jeanne about. The straw under the carpets seemed to gain a store of elasticity of its own, under her tread. Even the clatter of the crockery—though the nurse did not make much noise with it—was like a kind of a musical awakening in the old stuff, responsive to Jeanne's melodious humming as she washed it. It certainly was a fact that the old place, inside and out, was tenfold brighter than it had appeared before for many years. And although Aunt Lucinda was failing day by day, it seemed to be an agreeable thing to her that as life left her it came abroad into the household.

Who could help loving that little personality? Jeanne was as fresh and sweet as a new-blown pink; and there was an unfettered flow of spontaneity, that made it seem as if her ardent, kind little soul were pouring itself out in a stream—so voluble and incessant as to make one think that the store of loving life must soon be exhausted; but still it poured on, like the gush from a never-failing spring that has its reservoir so deep down and so widely extended that it may seem to be limited only by the universe. So Jeanne bubbled and bubbled over from her wealth of unconscious love; and Lucinda Starkweather thought she was the dearest specimen of humanity she had ever seen.

Yet Lucinda was apprehensive about her little nurse's future. Jeanne lived so evidently without confines, being utterly devoid of policy, that the invalid dreaded her loving contact with the world. She thought of Reuben, too.

By degrees she learned many things from Jeanne about her life, and was much interested in her account of the *corps-de-ballet*, discovering the fact of Jeanne's membership in an odd way.

A mirror hung in the sick room, which disclosed to the invalid's eye the interior of a room across the hall; and one day, when the nurse's lively and buoyant little feet would no longer walk the floor in a staid fashion, an apparition came in the mirror—Jeanne was in the other room in her petticoat, executing what seemed to Lucinda a very astonishing succession of pirouettes, her pretty little bare arms weaving about meantime very gracefully. The sallow invalid smiled, after a while, and lay still, watching with some enjoyment

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the exuberant gyrations. Poor Jeanne took no thought of the mirror. That evening, as the sun was going down, the nurse sat by Aunt Lucinda's bedside. She had been reading to her charge (Jeanne's reading was specially pleasing to Aunt Lucinda; the reader entered with all her soul into the spirit of the text, whatever it was, and was decidedly effective in her rendering of the meaning; her imperfect French accent only giving a kind of additional charm to the words, whether they were solemn or light); she had been reading now from an old, English translation of the Life of Madame Guyon. Presently Jeanne, volunteering a remark as she gazed off on the golden clouds in the west, said, "She was a very good woman."

"Yes," replied the invalid, regarding her doubtfully; she hardly knew whether Jeanne comprehended the religious devotion.

The nurse still kept her eyes on the west, not heeding her patient's penetrating look. "She was so strong," she continued, "and so full of love;" there was the French verve in Jeanne's utterance, and her little fingers clinched, to intensify her meaning; "she swept so wide!" and here she made a sweeping gesture with her little arm; "she went over all the earth, it was all hers."

Still her eyes were on the gold of the west; she was wholly without self-consciousness; Madame Guyon filled her mind.

"The earth is very wide, Jeanne," said the elder, looking fondly on the little nurse; *her* mind was full of Jeanne.

"Ah, yes; very wide," said Jeanne; and then, after a pause, "as wide as heaven."

"It ought to be," said the invalid.

"It *is*," replied the girl, with spirit.

"It is to those who feel it so."

"*Et moi!* I do;" then she added more softly, "it is to me," turning her eyes for the first time then on her patient's face.

The invalid stretched out her thin, shrivelled hand and laid it upon Jeanne's. "You have a pretty little hand, Jeanne."

Jeanne turned it over in the other's palm and looked at it seriously. It was pretty, in spite of the household work it had been doing. She said nothing.

"Dear young hands, and dear young feet," the invalid went on.

The nurse's thoughts instantly reverted to the stage, the blaze of the footlights, the bright scenery and the music. "Have you ever seen the ballet?" she asked.

"No."

"I wonder if you would like it." Then, with a burst of frankness, she added, "I make my living by it"—but she had to be strictly honest—"at least, I did."

"Why do you say 'did,' Jeanne?"

"I have a letter from my father; he says that Signor Carlo says as I have broken my engagement he does not want such people. He will not take me again."

"How did you break your engagement?"

Before the words were out of Lucinda's mouth, the nurse had blushed crimson and clapped her hand to her lips. But the secret was out which she had meant to keep. She put a bold face on it, however, and said as indifferently as she could—which was not very indifferently—"O! I broke it when I came here. I wanted to nurse instead."

Lucinda supplied the missing part of the truth. "To nurse me," she said.

Jeanne was now wholly confused, and blushed hopelessly.

"Yes, you," she said, in final surrender.

"So that Reuben could——"

"Yes, so that Reu*ben* could go to work;" and Jeanne regarded the west, with a smile on her lips, but traces of tears of vexation, over this compulsory avowal of disinterestedness, in her eyes.

She fidgetted in her seat; and Lucinda said, softly, "That is nothing to be ashamed of, my little friend."

Jeanne started at the last words, and looked intently at the old lady. Then she said, quite distinctly, "O! no; not your friend; I am your nurse; your nurse and your housekeeper; only that;" and her fingers twisted together nervously. She was silent a few moments, and then added, in a very low voice, "I am not good enough to be your friend." She could not bear to speak of it; but she had to be honest. It was very likely that Aunt Lucinda had scruples.

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"You are good enough to be anybody's friend, Jeanne," said the invalid solemnly, as she took her hand and held it firmly.

This convulsed Jeanne, and she fell to weeping copiously. She was so impressionable. And at last she had—in that dread of being thought bad and in this failure to think her bad—to withdraw her hand and bow her head on both hands on the window-sill and weep.

But all at once she arose, with a sudden smile on her face through all her tears, and said, with vigor, "This is not nursing. I have disturbed you; made you unquiet."

Lucinda was glad to relieve her, and she pointed to the tell-tale mirror. "Jeanne, I saw you dancing there this afternoon."

Jeanne looked, and saw dimly the other bed-room in the mirror. Again she blushed. "O! Miss Starkweather!" and bubbling over with laughter as she flung herself into a chair, she stuck out the tips of her wretched little feet and looked at them. Then she blushed again, and said, "O! I am so ashamed!" And the old lady smiled, almost laughed, in spite of her weakness, at her nurse's confusion.

"Jeanne," she said suddenly, the hard look coming over her face, "what did Miss Harmony say to-day, when she called and did not come in?"

"She said she wanted to know how you were, but she could not stop just now."

"Humph! She could not stop! *She* could not stop! No; and forty others can't, where there is only a yellow, wrinkled thing like me. You may bring me my tea now, Jeanne."

A fortnight later, Reuben came home to stand at his aunt's death-bed. It was late in the evening. Jeanne would not come in. She was not good enough. "Go fetch her," whispered the old lady.

Reuben brought her in by the hand, trembling. He led her to the bed-side. With difficulty the dying woman raised her hand and laid it on Jeanne's head as she knelt to receive it. "God bless you—my child," she whispered slowly and with an effort. Jeanne was motionless and still. "I am very near—to my God;" she continued, slowly, as before, "and so are you—very near Him—Jeanne, though you are not dying; you are living. You are one of His tenderest—His dearest—children;" and, with the expiring voice, the old, withered hand slipped off the young head and fell upon the coverlet again; and the speaker's eyes closed. Her little nurse remained kneeling, as motionless as a statue. And so the old lady's spirit, little by little, as the two were by her, quietly passed away.

Jeanne went home, before the funeral. Reuben remonstrated with her, urging her to stay. But she was obdurate.

"Why won't you stay, Jeanne?" he asked, at length.

"No; O, no," was her only reply, as she stood before him in the yard, with her face cast down.

"Tell me why."

But she was silent. At length, after he had asked her again and she had waited, silent, again, she raised her head and looked him in the face. "Reu*ben*," she said, "this is a long story. Look back. I do. I came here to help you—and your aunt. I have done now what I could. She is gone now To you, I was only a little pleasant side to your life. I ought not to become anything great, anything important, here"—with a wide gesture of the little arm—"just because I came to assist a little. I should not be at the funeral. The need is over. Now I go back home."

She stood erect, having vindicated her decision.

"Jeanne," he said, "you have been very good to me. You know I cannot help thinking even more of you than I did before."

"Ah!" she said, raising her hand; "Reu*ben*, you must not mistake yourself. I am only a little ballet-dancer; you are going to be a great man."

"You are great already, Jeanne."

"Bah!"

"I want you to stay so."

"Dancing is not great, then?"

Reuben hesitated, and finally said, "No;" though he was not half in earnest, and smiled as he said it.

"I like to dance," she replied, cocking her little head and smiling at him composedly with half-shut eyes.

Reuben could not help laughing. But

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in a few minutes he said, as tenderly as a young fellow of nineteen can say such words, "I do not want you to leave me, Jeanne."

She looked at him with a mixture of love and thankfulness in her own face; and smiled as she said, "You would soon tire of me."

He disregarded her words and answered, "Jeanne, you are almost alone in the world. You need some one to protect you."

"No," she answered, with the smile of a sort of heavenly sweetness; "no, the earth is not unkind. It is very broad—a very broad breast. I can go giving out my life to it—I am a little thing, am I not?" and she held up her little arms; "but I have no fear of the earth when there is—love"—tapping her breast—"in my heart for it;" and she whirled away and danced into the house.

Ever since Reuben's return, she had occupied an old, leaky room over the wood-shed, which she had reduced to a sort of neatness. The next morning she did not appear. At breakfast time, Reuben went and knocked on the door. There was no answer. It was not locked. He went in. The little cot bed had evidently been made afresh that morning. Everything was orderly. The window had been thrown open and the morning air pervaded the loft. A fresh sprig of pink hyacinth stood in a bright glass on the rough deal table. By the glass, on a neatly squared bit of white paper was written, in her rather cramped hand—"Reuben: I shall be at breakfast with papa and mamma when you smell this hyacinth. JEANNE."

IV.

WHEN Reuben returned to the city and to his quarters under the Prévost roof, Jeanne welcomed him with the broad smile that denoted her unmixed gladness to see him. "I found your note, Jeanne," he said.

"Ah!" she responded, blushing; "I thought you would like the hyacinth."

"I did, Jeanne." After a pause he added, as he surveyed her fair face, "It was just as pink as you; and as sweet as you—yourself—your heart."

"O Reu*ben*!" she exclaimed, confused at this unexpected application of the hyacinth qualities to herself; and blushed so that she became pinker than the flower had been. In a moment, however, she became serious, and asked solemnly, "Reu*ben*, where did you bury her?"

"In our old family burying ground on the hill behind the house."

"Ah!" she said pensively, as if contemplating the form that slept peacefully on the old farm. Then she said, with a force of feeling that had to find vent in an embrace, and she reached her arms partly around his neck as she said it—"Reu*ben*, she was a good soul," and the blue eyes were moist as she looked into his face; "I love her." Jeanne released her arms and looked at one of her little round hands. "Her hand was not like mine," she said, musingly; she was thinking of its withered aspect as it fell from her head that evening; "but it was just as handsome," she continued, innocently; "it was so kind." Suddenly she looked up and asked, "Were there many people at the funeral?"

"Yes," he answered, "they all came."

"All those people from Elmwood?"

"Yes."

Jeanne said nothing.

Reuben had returned with great thoughts in his mind. He had always liked Jeanne, but never in a very serious way. She was partly to blame for that, herself, because she never would be serious—at least for more than a moment at a time, and then seemed to consider such moments as unworthy relapses, jumping up again, with a rebound, into her lighter atmosphere of merriment and cheeriness. Whether he would or not, therefore, she had been to him, as far as any manner of deporting herself was concerned, much like a plaything—a kitten that would do nothing but frisk, with occasional seasons of demureness. But Reuben, who was serious by nature—though he could have his light moments, too—could not regard Jeanne in anything but a serious mood after all that had occurred in the vicinage of Elmwood; and during the few days that he had remained there after his aunt's death he had been

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revolving the subject of Jeanne's improvement. It was painful to him, too, to think of her changing. He dreaded to still her vivacity in any way, to becloud her with notions of unworthiness. But Reuben was firm of purpose and went about, only postponing, not giving up, his plan. Jeanne noticed his sober, thoughtful behavior, but thought it was for thinking of his aunt, and said nothing. One evening, however, as they were sitting in the exquisitely clean Prévost parlor, he began: "Jeanne," he said, "you are not going back to the stage, are you?"

Jeanne promptly nodded that she was, with so much resolution about her lips that it seemed to indicate that nothing could shake her.

"I wish you wouldn't, Jeanne."

"Why?" she asked, with surprise in her tone, as if there could be no earthly reason why she shouldn't.

"Because."

"What reason, Reu*ben?*" she inquired affectionately, putting her hand in his. She perceived that he was considering something that he thought was her good, and that brought Jeanne to affection at once.

"Why don't you learn a trade—dressmaking, for instance?"

She looked at him curiously and smiled.

"Or millinery," he added, fearing that he was presenting too sombre a case.

"Bonnets!" murmured she, contemplatively, and put both her hands on her head, as if there were something objectionable in having or exposing hair. "Do you like bonnets, Reu*ben?* Would you like to have me make bonnets?" She asked it innocently, as if Reuben had proposed an ideal occupation.

"No," he laughed; "no, not that way."

"Or dresses?" she inquired, plucking here and there at her crisp, clean calico frock, which became her very well with its large plaid and simple white edging. It was evening, but calicoes were good enough for Jeanne in summer. "I do make my own dresses already; and my own bonnets, too, Reu*ben.*"

"Very pretty and becoming they are, Jeanne."

She slightly thrust out her lips, in doubt. "Good enough—for me," she said, as if passing a judgment of low mediocrity on herself. "What do you want me to make dresses for?" she asked, addressing him seriously.

Reuben collected himself for a brief and true expression of his thought, which should not hurt her; and drew a deep breath before he said: "Because it is more what—what—people regularly do."

She bent her head and considered. "You mean," she said at length, "because it is more respectable?"

"Yes," said Reuben, roundly, as the only way to speak if he was to speak at all.

Jeanne leaned back upon the sofa in an indolent attitude, and smiled musingly.

"I don't like it," she said.

If Reuben had bethought him that she had gone on the stage at all, only against the protests of her father and mother, he might not have been sanguine enough of success to make the present overture. But he had overlooked that. He knew very well that she was not tired of it.

"I don't mind sewing," she continued; "but, sewing and sewing, and nothing but sewing—O, Reu*ben!* and day after day sitting still"—she stopped and her brows knit and for half a minute she seemed to be struggling with some thought, while he awaited her speech. "Suppose, Reu*ben*"—with the same knit brows and her hands making vague gestures, "suppose some stalk of grass, some little green spear, out in the field, growing up, up, under the broad sun, in the light, to—well, just growing and living, Reu*ben*—and suppose it should take it into its head to break off and go off somewhere and—and—do something else—make dresses, Reu*ben*"—laughing at the wide jump in her figure; "why—why, what do you think? It would get brown!" She laughed again nervously, embarrassed at her inadequate power of expression.

Reuben meditated a long time, trying to improve on what she had said. It was as if she had expressed her ten-

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dency to be a Bohemian, and yet that was not quite it; a desire for the air, for freedom—no; he could not find the precise phrase.

But Jeanne was meanwhile cogitating, too; and she began: "Now you will think, Reu*ben*, that there is no sun over the stage, and no grass growing on it. No; there is only the calcium light; quite artificial, Reu*ben;* and the footlights and the paint—but not on mine," clapping her small palms to her cheeks, "and the tinsel, that is not a field and sunshine; no! no! but it is grace; it is something going up"—and Jeanne made a copious gesture as of a huge volume of something gushing upward; "it is, perhaps, that little something that makes the grass green, that makes alive, that makes me to like the sun and like to throw my arms up to it and like to feel the grass in my hand, but not to pull it, not pull it up nor break it off, but just to feel it, Reu*ben*, and think that it belongs to the sun, so far away, and yet they are just side by side so close! it is so wide! Oh, Reu*ben!* How can I sew?—I can sew; that is not it! But you want me to leave the stage; to look only at the needle; nowhere else. No!"

In her excitement she had risen and stood before him, panting with her rapid words and her difficult thoughts. As she discovered her attitude and her excitement, however, she broke into a pouting smile and exclaimed shamefacedly, "Oh, Reu*ben*, you make me make such a fool of myself."

Jeanne's earnestness and enthusiasm, as she had endeavored to explain herself, were such—her body fairly vibrating with the discharge of her idea—that he felt convinced of the hopelessness of striving to bring her to the desired occupation of dress-making. Without wasting much time on regrets—though he was disappointed, too—he proceeded to bring his second gun to bear on her. "Jeanne," he said, after she had seated herself again and her excitement had begun to subside; "Jeanne, there is something else I wanted to speak to you about."

"What is it, Reu*ben?*" she asked, smiling, with a frank display of readiness to listen.

"Jeanne," he returned deliberately, "I want you to marry me."

It took her a moment to recover herself. Then she exclaimed, "You goose!" and administered a corrective slap to his cheek so that the spat of her little palm on it rang through the room.

Reuben reddened under the sudden return and looked almost angry for an instant. But she giggled childishly at his discomfiture, and that made him laugh. In a moment, however, she resumed her indignant look and said: "What do you ask me that for? I told you once before, at Elmwood"—here her voice softened—"that you must not think of it. What do you say the same thing over again for?"

"You might, Jeanne," he replied.

She meditated. "No, Reuben; you are very kind, but no."

"I say yes, Jeanne."

"I say no." Then she arose and stood before him in the attitude of one delivering a lecture, and using her forefinger toward him as she spoke. "Reu*ben*, there is one thing you must understand. I am going to make my own living. No one else is going to make it for me. What should I do without work? Ah, you say, there would be work at home. But no; I want work outside. I am in the world. Why should I not make my living? be active? Why should I sit down in the house? There is such a buzz in my breast—I could not do it! I must make my own living!"

"But, Jeanne, you do work here in this house."

"Yes, I know," she replied; "and I always shall. Think, Reu*ben*, there"—pointing to the rear room, "are papa and mamma. They are growing old. They will want me. How could I leave them? How could I let my own cares come in before them? Remember, there is Philippe. He is away. He will not return. I am the only one, the only child. I must stay with papa and mamma."

Reuben's thought went to old Henri Prévost, not so very old, but past his working days and somewhat decrepit; and to Madame Prévost, by half a score of years his junior, but, as Reuben reflected, a helpless kind of personage if

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she were left alone. He could not gainsay Jeanne's insight into the old couple. Nor could he deny that she should be filial.

"You see, Reu*ben*," she said, with a practical air, "I must be their support, in all ways. I like to be so, and they need me."

He reflected a while, as she sat down again, and then muttered, "But what will become of you, Jeanne?"

"I?" she asked; then was silent a moment, and then brushed a tear away. But then, sitting erect, she said, brightly, "I have a great idea, Reu*ben*."

"What is it?"

But she only put her finger on her lips and looked at him.

"What is it?" he repeated.

"No, not now; I won't tell you now;" and she smiled at him benignantly.

"Jeanne," he said, rising, and speaking in a despondent tone, "I don't seem to be able to do anything with you."

"Ah, Reu*ben*, you must not be vexed with me. You must have faith."

"In you?"

"Yes."

"And you think of everybody but yourself; and when you do think of yourself, it is only to depend on yourself and not on anybody else."

"Ah, never mind," she replied, gaily. "*Courage!* Reu*ben*, do you just take care of yourself. Work hard and be faithful at your store."

V.

Old Henri, at this time, was beginning to stir in his torpor and show signs of coming to life. Once in a while he would drop his book in his lap, as he read, and fall into a study of something that seemed to be very abstruse; sometimes, too, he would stop in the very act of taking his snuff, and meditate; and even in his violin-playing, the fiddle would drop from his chin in the midst of a bar, and he would stand regarding the music for a long time, without ever learning anything wonderful from it. Finally, one day, he showed symptoms of going out—that is, of going farther than his usual walk, which was to the corner of the next street.

The fact was, that the fencing-master was contemplating an errand, of which, in due course, he imparted the news to Jeanne. He had no clear perception, in his dotage, of Jeanne's character, and scarcely comprehended the fact that she set out for a career on the stage. But he was aware that she regretted being dropped by Signor Carlo from the *corps*. As he had not favored her going on the stage at all, it might be supposed that he himself would be rather glad of this discouragement. But he was too much shattered to be capable of adhering to so logical a course; only the present touched him; and as his opposition in the first place had not been strong, now, in his parental consideration, he vaguely developed a notion of the desirability of reinstating Jeanne—especially as he mildly resented Signor Carlo's action—a man whom he had known and rather looked down upon in Paris a score of years ago. It was the case, indeed, that Captain Prévost, being liked for his military punctilio and sturdiness, by his fashionable pupils, had not appeared ill-companioned at the Paris cafés, nor been slighted by his company there either; while Carlo could not claim more than a professional eminence.

It had never occurred to the captain to find fault with Jeanne for losing her place by going away to Elmwood. She was the master-spirit in the household, and if she saw fit to go away, that was a matter for her. Neither he nor his spouse had ought to say to Jeanne's clear sight and determined courses.

So he confided to Jeanne one day that he should go and see that fellow Carlo and bring him to some sort of terms. It was a fortnight after the announcement of this resolution before he reached the point of really going on the errand. Jeanne neither encouraged nor discouraged him. She did not have much hope of his success, and yet she was so grateful and tender for his interest in her that she had not the heart to express her doubts and check him.

He brought forth from the closet a blue surtout, and inspected it carefully. It was designed for winter, and it was now only August; but Henri could scarcely go abroad without the elegance

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of his surtout, whose skirts stuck out smartly from the rather small waist, and whose general appearance gave a military effect. Jeanne whisked the dust out of it for him, and helped him to put it on. Then he himself carefully rubbed down the customary silk hat, until it shone like new; and, taking a switch of a walking-stick from Jeanne into his gloved hand, Henri went forth. Once upon the pavement, his spare figure, that was bent in the house, straightened up, and he marched erect, but somewhat slowly, down the street. The daughter had opened and closed the door for him, and then stepped to the window to watch. She was moved by all her father's effort and his two months of thought upon this expedition; and as he stepped off with his military port, not undistinguished-looking in his apparel, with his tall figure, his snow-white mustache and imperial, his blue eye and that fresh skin that good claret gives to Frenchmen, a little tear of pride and pleasure dimmed her eye.

Capitaine Prévost pursued his military walk to the well-known victualling establishment of C. Borghilloni. It was piping hot August weather, with a misty sky and copper sun, pavements and house-fronts turned into an oven; and with only a span of starlit darkness, and not of coolness, from twilight to dawn. The stone front of Borghilloni's baked with the rest. But the glistening crystals in the sandstone were partly put out of sight by piny and palmy plants set in their green tubs on the balconies. It was nearly noon when the upright captain arrived, and by the aid of the rail mounted the steps. Inside, he took off his beaver and mopped his brow with his colored silk handkerchief; and being here unobserved, in the hall, the weariness that he felt from his promenade crept into his face. Espying C. Borghilloni himself, however, placidly seated in the coolest corner of the dining-room reading the morning *Planet*, he entered the apartment with address, and advanced to the host dangling his right-hand glove. By his manner, the captain was certainly count of this marche, but conducting himself affably and perfectly courteously toward the squatter Borghilloni. The latter, first lifting his eyes over his glasses at the comer, and recognizing the captain, was put partly to smiles and partly to reserve by the appearance of an old customer who always somewhat mystified him with an elegant manner. Having paid his respects, and perceiving ballet-master Carlo in another corner of the room, breakfasting *à la fourchette* with a napkin over his breast, the captain minced his way over and presented himself.

He made an inward grimace as he did so, for the discharge of Jeanne rankled in him, and the sight of the offender rubbed the hurt afresh. Besides, Signor, though he was polite, did not display much pleasure at meeting his old acquaintance, and that irritated the captain. However, he took the chair that Carlo offered him. The dancing-teacher's hair had turned gray since Prévost had seen him; but his eyes were black still, and sent a keen, unabashed look at the Frenchman through the spectacles. A copy of *Le Journal d'Amérique* lay on the table before him, and the sight of it afforded Prévost an opening to the conversation.

"We still read the news of the world in our native language," he remarked.

"No, we do not," returned the ballet-master, decidedly; "you read it in your native language"—tapping the gazette—"not I in mine."

"Ah!" returned the captain, pleasantly, "you should not draw the distinction after your long residence in Paris."

"Paris!" ejaculated Carlo, who was apparently in ill-humor. "If Paris were just, one would think well of her, of one's days there, of her language. But of Paris unjust, Captain Prévost, who would care to think well?"

The captain fidgetted in his seat. It disturbed him to hear his capital spoken ill of.

"No," continued the Italian more vehemently, "the empire has disgraced itself; the emperor has trafficked in Italian politics to enrich himself; the friend of Italy has turned her sinister enemy."

The captain had raised his hand deprecatingly.

"Ah, but he has," returned the other warmly, taking up the paper and point-

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ing to a paragraph; "read that, on the cession of Nice and Savoy."

Henri declined to take the paper or to look at it. He only remarked, calmly, that it was a *plébiscite*.

"*Plébiscite!*" exclaimed Carlo, truculently; "*plébiscite!* How can you call it a *plébiscite?* Ask Garibaldi if it was a *plébiscite!* No, it was robbery; robbery under form of law. A sale, by our own monarchy—they are no better than yours; a sale of Italian people and Italian lands! No, it is only the republicans in Italy who are patriots; the rest trade in her. But it is for your exquisite friend of freedom, your Napoleon, to profit by it."

The attack was a strain on Henri's old nerves. He was surprised and unstrung, but his fire of allegiance to the empire and the emperor gave him a bold bearing outwardly, as he rose and stood before Carlo.

"No," he said, "it is for France to gain nothing but what is hers. Who could have won you what you got in 1859 but France? What could you have done without France? Did France earn nothing? That is always the way of the helped toward the helper—after the help is rendered, *after*, not before. What other sovereign would have befriended Italy so? The only man in Europe who has spirit enough to fight your enemy you call a thief!"

The captain struck his stick upon the floor in emphasis with a trembling hand.

"He fought for himself," growled Carlo.

"There is not a crowned head of so much sentiment in Europe," returned the captain; "so brilliant and fair a man is not to be found, I care not what Garibaldi says."

"Ah, I cannot argue with an imperialist," answered Carlo, with a smile that irritated the captain to the last pitch.

"No, no! Signor Carlo, it is as well that we do not discuss it more."

Nor was there any disposition left in the wrought-up old captain to discuss any other subject, not even Jeanne's dismissal. An affront to the emperor was enough. He wished never to exchange a word again with his disputant, until he should have apologized for this speech. Coldly but courteously bidding him good morning, he turned and walked with a dignified step out of the restaurant. His old face showed no sign of any emotion as he reached the pavement, nor any when he reached home. Jeanne, anticipating extraordinary fatigue after his long walk, was on hand with a glass of cognac, which he needed, indeed. She asked him no questions, and he volunteered no news. Only, as he finally sank, rehabited in his ordinary costume, into his easy chair, he muttered to himself, "*Cette canaille Italienne!*" Jeanne then twined her soft little arm around his neck, and whispering, "*Doux* papa!" kissed him once; which he permitted, squeezing her shoulder with his long hand an instant in recognition of her attention. After all, she had had some little unconfessed hope of her father's attempt; and as she hung up the old surtout again, it seemed as if some one had dashed her backward; yet what appealed to her the most was a certain pathos in her father's long preparation for this errand and its so speedy ill end. Poor old man! to have thought so much about Jeanne, all to no purpose.

(To be concluded in the May number.)

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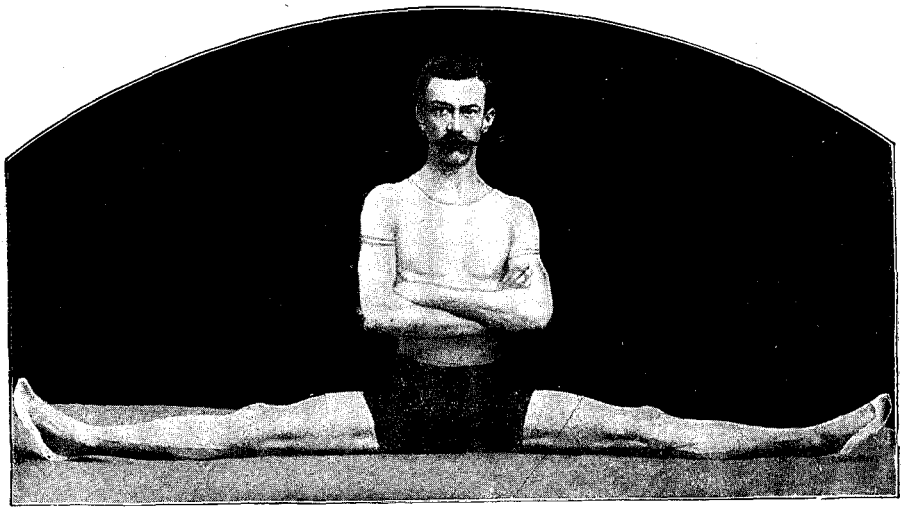

Figure 1.

THE ANATOMY OF THE CONTORTIONIST.

By Thomas Dwight.

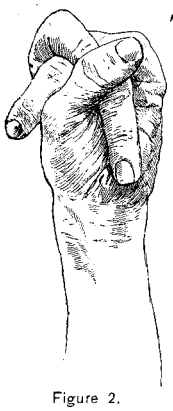

Figure 2.

THE taste for the variety show is a very old one. The ancient Greeks and Romans, besides their athletes and gladiators, had their jesters, dancers, trainers of animals, rope-walkers, jugglers, and acrobats, who in point of skill were neither much better nor much worse than those of to-day. They appeared not only in public exhibitions, but frequently enlivened private entertainments. Among the acrobats was a particular set, who, though they might dance a little and tumble a little, owed their renown to their peculiar powers of twisting themselves into postures for the most part neither graceful nor pleasing, but extraordinary. Contortionists appear to be related to both athletes and dancers. Most authorities would probably classify them as a variety of the species of tumblers, of the genus of acrobats, of the order of athletes; but much might be advanced in favor of the theory that tumbling and contortion are degenerations of the dance. All change is not progress. There is plenty of evidence of degeneration in the world, and it is not necessarily a retrograde movement along the lines of advance. The grotesque never rises into the beautiful, but the beautiful may degenerate into the grotesque. It may be replied that, according to one theory, dancing began from the imitation of animal movements, and that contortion had its origin in the imitation of the movements of the snake—whence some of its exponents are called snake-men to the present day—which, after all, is not more imaginary than some other theories gravely propounded by learned men.

There are still earlier records of contortion than those of the Greeks. There are figures of contortionists among the carvings of ancient Egypt. The postures, however, though characteristic, show no great proficiency. Those of the Greeks are far better.

From what I have been able to learn of contortion among the Greeks and Romans, it appears that most of their feats were those that are practised to-day by our backward artists—to use a term which, with its opposite, "forward artists," will be fully explained later. I am not clear about forward performers in antiquity, and have never seen a drawing

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of one, though I think I have met with an allusion to them. This may be accounted for by the fact that backward

Figure 3.

contortion is much more common. All the figures from Egypt that I have seen, and, I believe, all from Greece, are those of women, although boys and men performed also in Greece and Rome. A drawing from the Greek, which is frequently reproduced, shows one or two female figures doing very fair backward evolutions among daggers planted with the points upward. Another not uncommon drawing shows a woman juggling with balls thrown by her feet, which are curled above her head, and a third shows another resting on her chest and hands, and drawing a bow with her feet, which are high in air. If we imagine the man in Figure 7 half uncurled and aiming toward the right, we get an idea of the position. The taste that favored these shows was, no doubt, not of the highest, and one is not surprised that Socrates thought them an injury to an entertainment. "Is it more amusing," he asked, "to see a beautiful woman twirling and contorting herself than to see her calm and composed?" There are also allusions to those who make themselves into wheels. It appears that in early Saxon translations of the Gospels it is stated that the daughter of Herodias "tumbled" before Herod. It may be said that dancing and tumbling were thought to be synonymous; but that mediæval writers looked on tumbling as we do is shown by their illuminations. Thus, Figure 3 is from a series of Scripture stories of the beginning of the thirteenth century in the Harleian collection. It is said to represent Herodias and her servant. I would suggest, under correction, for I have not seen the original, that the standing figure is more probably Herodias training her daughter.* That backward contortion was practised in the Middle Ages is shown by Figure 5, from a manuscript of the same century in the Cotton Library. Figure 4 is from a manuscript of the next century, representing a man who makes an effect by agility and quaintness of dress without apparently any great merit as a contortionist. In a picture of Bartholomew Fair, formerly held in England, there is a placard on the side of a booth showing the contortions of a "posture-master."

We shall now look at some of the feats of contortionists of our day: Figure 6 is from a photograph of one who is a representative of a certain class. He has taken a long breath, and with his hands above his head is beginning to bend backward. There is a figure from an ancient monument of a female Egyptian in nearly the same position. There

Figure 4.

is a sharp bend just above the haunches, and as he bends further another is seen

* I have taken this figure, as well as the next two, from Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England."

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some inches higher, which becomes more and more marked as his head descends. Having reached the ground with his hands, he may walk forward or backward on his hands and feet, with the front of his body in the air. This is perfectly simple: he represents a hoop if his hands and feet are at some distance apart, or a ring if they are together. The great distance between the hands and feet of the Egyptians show that their art was as yet rudimentary. Having brought his hands to his feet, he now grasps his ankles and works his hands up his legs, and then, clasping his hands in front, will bring the top of his head almost, or quite, into the small of his back, so that he represents a capital P. Should he now bend his knees he brings himself to the ground curled up into a still smaller ring. Another very common act is to stand on two chairs, a couple of feet or so apart, and, leaning backward, pick up with the teeth some object, usually rising some inches from the floor, which is placed between them. This, wonderful as it seems, is no great advance over the previous act, for the performer brings himself down lower by strongly bending his knees. A very telling performance is to assume the position shown in Figure 7, which shall be analyzed later, or even the more trying one which differs from it in the feet being raised a little from the ground, so that the entire strain comes on the chin and shoulders. If this position be viewed from the front, the artist will be seen looking forward between his legs. A very fantastic variation of this attitude is to let the feet rest on the top of the head. Perhaps the most impressive, though by no means the most difficult, of these performances is that of placing the head on the ground and of walking around it. Two phases of this are shown in Figures 8 and 9, which also shall be discussed later in detail.

Figure 5.

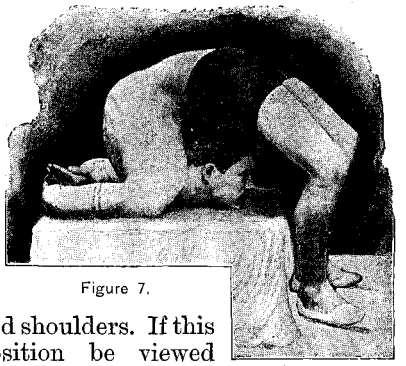

Figure 7.

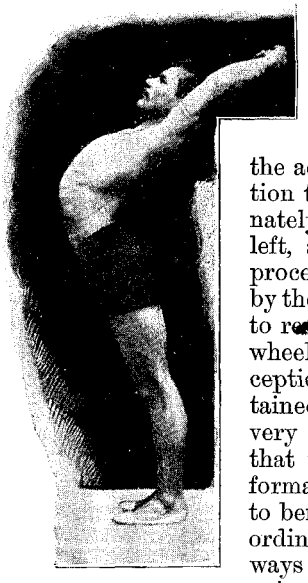

Figure 6.

It is clear that in the first act, after the hands have reached the ground, if the acrobat transfers his weight to them and bends his legs above him, he can walk on his hands with his legs curling backward. He may then allow his feet to reach the ground again behind him, that is, he may form the hoop, and then by an impulse from the feet throw a back somerset, his feet alighting a little behind his hands, which, in their turn giving the impulse, throw the body over a second time, and in this way it continues to revolve backward. But the act may be executed in such perfection that the hands and feet fall alternately in the place the others have just left, and the performer, repeating the process with great celerity and profiting by the momentum he has acquired, seems to revolve as on an axis like a stationary wheel. This, however, shows very exceptional acquirements, and is rarely attained by performers of this class. A very important point to be noticed is that the essential feature of every performance as yet described is the ability to bend the spine backward to an extraordinary degree. It may be bent sideways and twisted, advantage may be gained by uncommon mobility in other

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joints, but the key to the whole is the backward bend in the spine. Those who practise these feats are therefore known in their profession as *backward* contortionists.

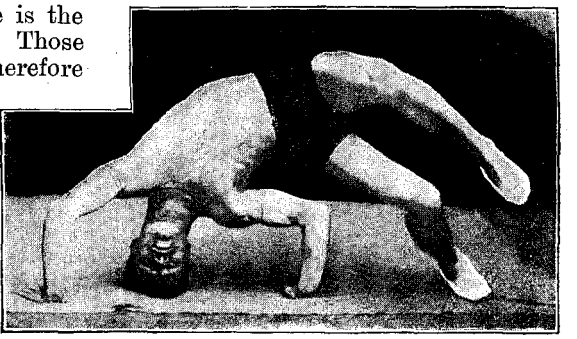

Figure 9.

We now turn our attention to a performer of another class. He bends forward at the hips, shutting himself up like a jack-knife, and bringing his head between his legs. He throws his arms outside of his legs, after having passed between them, and clasping them behind his back squeezes himself still closer together and bending his neck looks upward behind his thighs, as is shown in Figure 10. Then, unclasping his hands and somewhat relaxing, he allows himself to roll onto his back. He steadies himself with his hands—rights himself if it can be so called—and, straightening his arms, hangs suspended, swinging between his hands with his feet above his head, as in Figure 11. These experiments involve a great capability of flexing the spine forward, and are directly the opposite of those of the preceding class. He is therefore a *forward* contortionist. He now begins a series of acts, some of

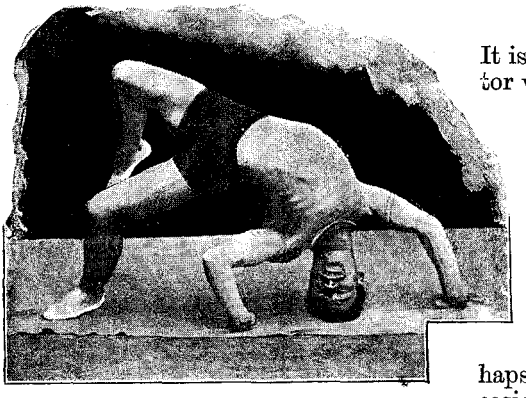

Figure 8.

which are occasionally well performed by the professors of the "backward" art, but which are more consistent with "forward" work. One of these consists in standing on one leg, with the other passing under his arm, with the foot beside his head (Fig. 12). In this remarkable position he is able to wave his foot from side to side, and suggests a striking parody of the students of surveying whom we see in the streets waving their hands to their colleagues.

The reader of the charming Bab Ballads will remember that when the Bishop of Rumtifoo was in London attending the "Synod called Pan-Anglican" he took lessons of a street acrobat, with a view of ingratiating himself with his flock on his return.

> "Another game that dancer planned—
> 'Just take your ankle in your hand,
> And try, my lord, if you can stand,
> Your body stiff and stark.
> If, when revisiting your See,
> You learn to hop on shore, like me,
> The novelty would striking be
> And must excite remark.'"

It is probable that the bishop's instructor was a "forward" man.

A remarkable position is that represented in Figure 1, called the "split," or the "true split," to distinguish it from the one to be presently described. The legs are stretched nearly straight outward, with the knees looking nearly upward. From this the contortionist passes into the "stride" or "false split" (Fig. 14), which, though perhaps more effective, is really much easier. One leg being forward and the other back, he can bend forward so as to bring his head to the foot in front, and on recovering raises his body a little from the ground, and by a sudden effort reverses the position of both body and legs, so that, instead of looking to the right one, he now looks to the left. The stride is made more telling by being assumed with the feet

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just resting on the edges of chairs placed far apart.

Perhaps the most astonishing, though

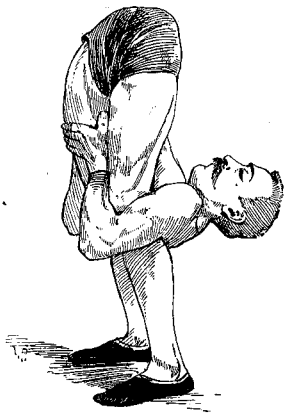

Figure 10.

it must be owned a repulsive position, is assumed by lying on the back of the head and neck and bending the body forward so that the back is vertical, the knees bent down against the face, and the legs tucked in between the body and thighs. The arms are extended on the ground behind the body. The effect is very confusing, but analysis shows that this posture (Fig. 13) is practically the converse of the backward one shown in Figure 7.

The exhibitions given by groups of performers are more pleasing and more varied (Figs. 15 and 16). Such a family should contain artists of both the forward and backward varieties, and all should be capable of the split and the stride. A special charm of such a performance is the dash and rapid change of effects. There is far more grace than in the single performer, though it is very likely, on the other hand, that none of the acts depending on the spine will be absolutely first class. The reason is that contortion pure and simple is laborious and cramping, grace is sacrificed to grotesqueness, and the difficult positions are not in most persons consistent with hand-springs and somersets. In the group, what is lost in perfection of contortion—which the public, by the way, is very likely not to appreciate—is made up for by grace, agility, and variety. No one notices individual shortcomings, owing to the rapidity of the changes of position. The "stride" is very effective when made with a rush across a table, and the bending of the body at the hips is very prettily illustrated by a performer falling, while thus bent double, into a barrel from which his head and legs protrude all together. The wonderful freedom of motion permitted by what is probably a peculiar condition of the hip-joint is strikingly shown by one actor lying immovable and passive on a table while another seizes his foot and runs rapidly around him, bringing it now above his head, now across his body. Both forward and backward performers can easily crawl through rings, or tie themselves up in them, and thus assume startling postures, which, however, do not differ essentially from those already discussed.

The question before us is, What is a contortionist? How does he differ from other men? Is he an artist or a monstrosity? Can any boy, not uncommonly stiff, awkward, timid, or fat, be trained to contortion? If we find peculiarities of structure, are they the cause of the individual's fitness or the results of his efforts? The popular errors, skilfully perpetuated by the ingenious advertisements of showmen, are very amusing. We read of men with flexible bones, with relaxed ligaments, with, in short, all that would make ordinary motion impossible. I have even been asked

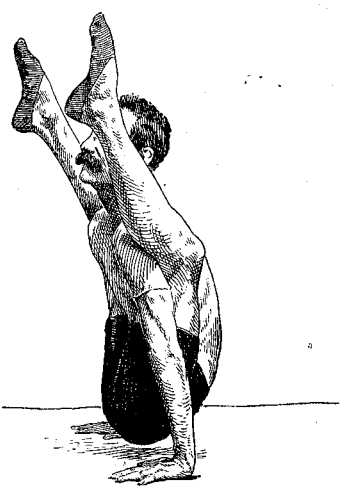

Figure 11.

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whether children's bones were broken as a preparation.

The answer to the above questions cannot be a simple one, for there is some truth in the views which as a whole are absurd. Not everyone can be a contortionist. Some feats are absolutely impossible to the average man. Others,

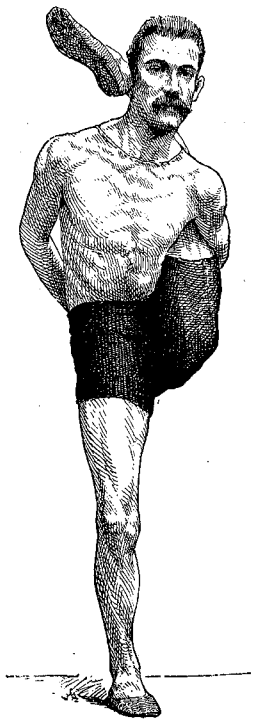

Figure 12.

again, depend less on peculiarities of structure than on those of function. When we come to consider what, and how great, are the deviations from the normal structure of bones, joints, and muscles, we feel at once the difficulty of defining precisely what is normal. It is no paradox that the more learned the anatomist the greater difficulty will he find in doing it. The structure of the human body, at least so far as it can be studied with the naked eye, is so well understood that new discoveries are hardly to be expected, and students are turning their attention to researches involving large numbers of observations, by which the peculiarities depending on race, age, occupation, inheritance, etc., may be learned, and the range of individual variation noted, if it cannot yet be explained. This range of individual variation is wonderfully great. I have seen human shoulder-blades so different that if they were the bones of unknown animals sent for examination to Huxley's scientific inhabitant of Saturn, it is highly probable that he would assign them to different species. To take a more familiar illustration, it is well known that children differ greatly in their ability to turn out their toes. Failure to do so does not imply awkwardness, but often depends solely on the shape of the bones of the leg, which offers a hinderance which it is useless cruelty to call on the child to overcome at once, though it may yield to long-continued treatment. Now, just as some children naturally turn out their toes more than others, so some can bend their backs and twist themselves more than others, and in all likelihood the primary cause is in both cases a peculiarity of structure, which may well have been increased and accentuated by suitable exercises, till in some cases the peculiarity has become so pronounced that it must be called abnormal. Many curious questions are involved in this study, which are puzzles to anatomists and surgeons as well as to others. There are various points, of little practical importance, which are so familiar that one is surprised to find out how little they are understood. One of these is, What is the actual condition in loose-jointed or "double-jointed" persons, as they are called? What occurs when people "snap

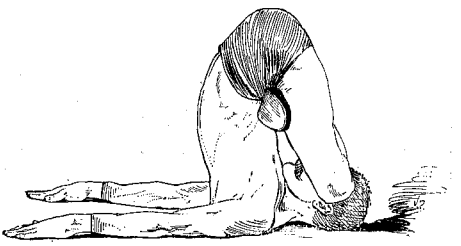

Figure 13.

their joints," or when some movement of the knee causes a sudden report? I am not aware that these latter questions have ever been satisfactorily answered. Something shall be said concerning loose joints later.

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The spine is evidently the part most concerned in contortion, so it will be best to begin by getting an idea of it

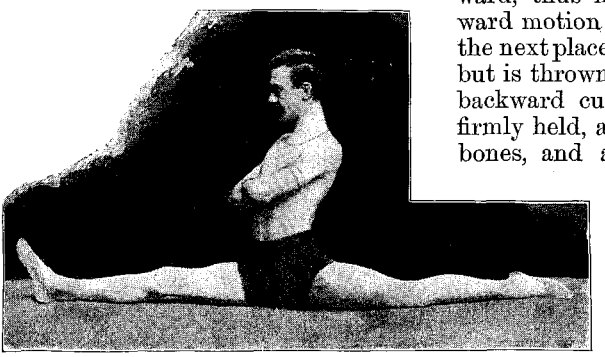

Figure 14.

under normal conditions. Let us see what is its shape, its curves, and how the direction of its motions is determined and their extent restricted. A good idea of the spinal column may be gained by comparing it to a pile of checkers in which the blacks and whites are placed alternately. The blacks may be imagined to represent pieces of bone, called the bodies of the vertebræ, and the whites to be disks of very strong, tough, elastic gristle by which they are held together. Such a column would evidently be at once very strong and very flexible. It could bend backward, forward, and to each side. It could be swung around so that its upper end would describe a circle, and it could be twisted to some extent on its axis. It is clear that the amount of motion would vary with any change in the proportion of the bone and the gristle. The more bone the more stability; the more gristle the more motion. This conception, though convenient as a starting-point, is, however, neither accurate nor complete. In the first place, the bones are not circular, but, for the most part, broader from side to side than from before backward, thus making forward and backward motion freer than to the side. In the next place, the column is not straight, but is thrown into alternate forward and backward curves. The lower part is firmly held, as in a vise, by the haunch bones, and above this is first curved forward in the loins, causing the hollow of the back, then backward in the back proper, and again forward in the neck, thus forming an elastic spring to bear the head. Moreover, we represented in our column of checkers the gristle as equal in amount to the bones, while in fact it forms only about a quarter of the movable part of the spine and is unequally distributed. The loins have the largest proportion of cartilage, and the back the least. So we have one reason why in the back the motions should be less free than in the neck or loins. But there is another cause of restricted motion in this region. The back is distinguished from the neck and loins by the ribs, which, resting with one end on the gristle between two vertebræ, are attached in front either to the breast-bone or to each other, and thus form a cage. But there is yet another feature of the spine by which its motions are still further limited, and at the same time their direction determined. The spine is not merely an elastic rod to support the head; it also encloses the spinal cord by means of a series of arches springing from the back of the body of each vertebra, which bear sharp points, which can be felt through the skin in the middle line of the back.

Figure 15.

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The arches bear two pairs of little plates of bone on their upper and lower borders, which are connected by joints with

Figure 16.

those of the next vertebra, and allow only such motions as admit of their sliding on one another without undue separation. The shape of these plates differs in each region.

We have now to consider the movements which occur under natural conditions in the different parts of the spine. They are very free in the neck, both forward and backward, and to either side, but they need not detain us, as they play no important part in the contortions we are to study. If, for instance, a man can assume the position represented in Figure 10, though he adds to the effect by bending his neck, the essential part of the feat is the bending at the hips and in the loins. The movements in the back are very slight, from the causes already mentioned, and also from the position of the little joints on the arches. There is but little bending and stretching possible, and no great lateral motion, but some twisting. In the loins, on the other hand, twisting is almost abolished, owing to the way in which the joints on the arches are formed by projecting plates which receive those of the vertebra above as in a mortise. Now, it is an anatomical fact of importance that for practical purposes the region of the loins encroaches on that of the back, for the last two dorsal vertebræ bear ribs which do not join the others, and which are attached behind to the bodies of the vertebræ instead of being wedged in between them. Hence the motions are more free here than above, and the lower end of the back may, from a mechanical point of view, be added to the loins.

Thus it appears that in the movements of the spine there is some slight play in many, or in all, of the numerous joints, but that certain movements occur chiefly at certain places. If we bend forward, the chief movement occurs in the loins; but the arch of the back is increased by many little movements among the bones composing it, and the neck may or may not take part according to circumstances. If we bend backward, the bend is greatest near the two ends of the loins, the back can help but very little, and again the neck may or may not take part. The act of bending to one side is accomplished chiefly at the two ends of the spine—the neck and the loins—though the back has an appreciable share in it. The act of twisting is a curious one, and we need to recognize how it is distributed throughout the body. There is a special arrangement by which the head and the first vertebra turn on the second, the amount of rotation to either side being 25°. The rest of the neck gives 45° more, so that we can turn the head 70° by the neck alone. In the back, with perhaps some trifling help in the loins, we get 30° more, so that by

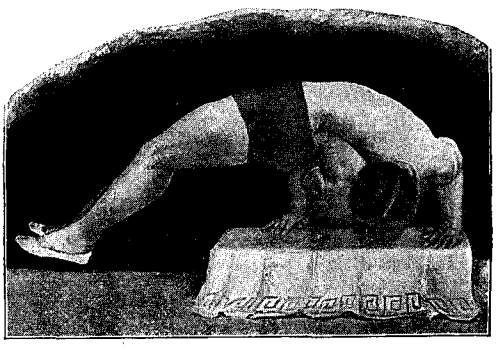

Figure 17.

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motions in the spine alone we can turn the head 10° beyond a right angle. If, in standing, the feet are kept fixed and the body is twisted at the hips, many persons can turn so as to look directly backward; but this is probably more than most grown men can accomplish. So much for the adult spine; that of the infant is a marvel of elasticity, and, not to weary the reader with anatomical details, I will say only, first, that the proportion of gristle is far greater than in the adult; and secondly, that the loins are relatively longer. The application is sufficiently obvious.

Let us now, in the light of these facts, look again at some backward work. Figure 6 is from a photograph of an extremely "close" backward contortionist. He has just inflated his very dilatable chest, and is beginning to bend backward. He shows, to an unusual degree, some of the characteristics of his class which have been alluded to. The hollow in his loins is very great, and it extends far up the back. Most of the spinous processes are small and hard to distinguish, which of course is favorable to bending backward. Though, as has been stated, the most important region for backward work is that of the loins, the flexibility of this man's neck is a factor not to be despised. The increased hollowing of the back is often, but not always, to be seen in contortionists of this class. It is rarely so great as in this man, in whom it probably causes the uncommon prominence of the chest. Otherwise he is of good figure, though short. He adds very much to the effect of his feats by his power of twisting his spine. When standing with his feet fixed he is able to face some 10° or 15° beyond directly backward. That a large proportion of this extra rotation resides in the spine is shown by Figure 17, which represents a remarkable and instructive position. The weight is borne chiefly by the right arm, the face looks downward and to the right, while the spine shows all three kinds of movements. It is bent backward, laterally to the right, and twisted as well. The twist is so great that the front of the right leg is turned upward. Let us now return to Figure 7. This position can be assumed by more than one series of preliminary movements. Perhaps the most striking is the one that the reader can follow by imagining the man uncoiled and standing at the left of the picture looking toward the right. He lays his head on the platform, not as on the block, but in a way that would disconcert the traditional headsman, for, as the illustration shows, it is bent far back, and the chin, which is to serve as a fulcrum, rests on the table. The strong muscles of the back of the neck now come into play as the acrobat allows his legs and body to swing slowly upward, forward, and then downward without violence, which might well break his neck. The bend in the back of the neck, and also at the junction of the back and loins, is very sharp as he reaches the position in which he rests on his chin, his neck, and the front of his shoulders. Some relief is gained when the feet are allowed to touch the ground, but even then the strain is great. Respiration seems to be entirely suspended, the veins swell, the face grows bluish, and the spectators, as well as the performer, breathe more freely when, giving a kick, he uncurls himself, alighting on his feet at the place he started from.

Figures 8 and 9 show two phases of the feat of walking around one's head, a very remarkable *tour de force*, which, however, is said to be easy of execution. To follow it, let us imagine the performer to have "made the hoop," that is, to be on his head and feet, with the front of the body arching upward. We must remember, further, that his head always continues to face us, and that he begins the act with his feet directly behind it. At first he moves round from left to right, the right foot keeping in advance of the left one. By the time he has accomplished about a quarter of a circle the neck can endure no further twist. He then passes the left leg, which is behind, over the front one, and at the same time turns the body over so that the back instead of the front looks upward. Figure 9 represents him in the act of executing this part of the trick. The left leg is in the air, and when it alights in front of the right one the body will have turned back upward, all strain will have been removed, and

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the position will be a comparatively natural one. He continues to move the front foot (now the left) before the other, and will have traversed about three-quarters of the circle when the strain on the neck again becomes excessive. He once more passes the rear foot (now the right) over the other, turning the front of the body upward, and thus, having regained his original position, he easily completes the circle. Figure 8 represents the completion of the second change. This feat, which can be executed with the greatest rapidity and continuously for an indefinite number of times, is absolutely bewildering. The head remains fixed like the centre of some rapidly gyrating firework, and around it we have a confused vision of swift-moving feet, now following, now passing one another, and a revolving trunk, with the chest now up, now down, which seems to be struggling frantically to unscrew itself from the head. It is hard at first to see why it does not succeed. I must omit the explanation as too technical, and will only say for the benefit of readers versed in mechanics that the movements of the head on the spine are divided between two joints, one above the other, whose axes of motion are at right angles, the upper axis being transverse, the lower vertical. As we leave this class of contortions we recognize that this artist, beyond wonderful flexibility in a backward direction as well as laterally, and great powers of twisting the spine, has shown absolutely nothing in the least remarkable in any of the other joints.

Let us now examine the achievements of a performer of the forward variety. The artist who figures in the illustrations is twenty-eight years old, and five feet six and three-quarter inches tall. His body is long in proportion to his legs, though it must be owned that the photographs do not give that impression. His figure is good and pleasing when at rest, which is perhaps more than can be said of it when in professional action. The muscles of the arms and legs are strong, but those of the chest decidedly weak. It is interesting to note that his back presents peculiarities precisely the opposite of those of the backward contortionist. The spines in the upper part of his loins are very large, appearing as a ridge when he bends forward, and presenting an insuperable obstacle to any backward work. Their enlargement gives firmer attachment to the ligament which runs over them and is put on the stretch when the back is arched. His powers of twisting are great, for with his feet fixed he can turn his nose a good 45° beyond half a circle. Unlike his colleague, again, this excessive twist appears to be due more to the hips and legs than to the spine. Figures 10 and 11, which have been described already, require no additional elucidation as far as the back is concerned, except to note that in him also the great bend is in the loins. The part that his legs play in his tricks is an essential one, and brings us to the discussion of a new branch of the subject.

In Figure 12 he stands with the thigh bent on the body and the knee straight, or nearly so. When we come to analyze this remarkable posture we are surprised to find that we all can flex the thigh on the body, and that we straighten the knee at every step we take. The difficulty consists in doing the two at once. If standing upright we try to raise the leg with the knee straight, as in the "goose-step," there comes a time when there is great difficulty in continuing the motion if the knee be kept rigid. There is a pain in the upper part of the calf, which is relieved on bending the knee, and as soon as this occurs the rise of the thigh is no longer impeded. The difficulty consists in the shortness of the hamstring muscles which pass from the trunk to the bones of the leg. Now the reader should remember that a muscle consists of two parts—the muscular portion proper, which has the power of contracting and is elastic also, and of the tendon, which is simply a strong fibrous cord, neither contractile nor elastic, by which the action of the muscle is transmitted to the parts to be moved. The contracting muscle may be compared to a living hand pulling a bell-rope, the latter being the tendon. Of course the greater the proportion of tendon to muscle, just so much less elasticity. Now, in the new-born child the proportion of muscle to tendon is greater than in the adult, and this is of

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course associated with greater freedom of movement. The movements, to be sure, are irregular, but they are extensive.

In the hamstring muscles we have an instance of a mechanical arrangement very common in the lower animals. This is that of muscles passing over more than one joint, so that their action is not limited to one joint but has its effect on several. We find that in the living dog, if we straighten the fore-limb at the shoulder the paw is extended automatically, and that if, instead, we flex the leg, we cannot extend the paw. The same thing is shown strikingly in the wing of a bird. If we open or close it at one joint, it opens or closes in all. The mechanism is simple, but nowhere more so than in the human leg. As we bend the thigh with the knee straight we carry the two ends of these hamstring muscles farther apart, and as the movement goes on there comes a time when the muscle acts as a string, which, refusing to yield, makes the bending of the knee imperative. This system is most developed in animals whose limbs have a more or less automatic regular work to perform, and by it the work is done with a less expenditure of vital force. Where more varied, irregular, and spontaneous actions are called for there is a greater number of muscles passing over only one joint, and although in man there are many that pass over more than one, few of these are short enough to exercise this restraining and combining action. What there is of it, however, is much more marked in the leg, whose work is so largely automatic, than in the freer and more versatile arm. Figure 12 shows us the performer in a position quite at variance with this law. In spite of one or two little tricks of the trade by which the clever artist has lessened the strain, it is still a great one. This is shown by the prominence formed by the hamstring muscles in the back of the thigh, which are striving to gain relief by flexing the knee. If we compare this position with that known as the "stride" (Fig. 14), we find that in essentials they are the same. If the performer should (as indeed is often done) allow himself to lean forward on the leg before him, he would be in very much the same position as in Figure 12, only lying instead of standing. It is curious to notice, by the way, that when he bends forward the position seems more extraordinary than when he is upright, but yet the latter is the more difficult one. The strain on the curved back, which this figure shows clearly, would be relieved were the body to fall forward. We have the same features—the straight, or nearly straight knees with the flexed hips, combined with a strong forward bend of the spine—in Figures 10 and 11. For this to take place we must assume either that the hamstring muscles are unusually long, so that they cannot act as check ligaments, or that they admit of being lengthened, or, finally, that the proportion of muscle and tendon is not that which is usual in full-grown persons. The first supposition has absolutely nothing in its favor. The second is more plausible. We can imagine that the muscle admits of more stretching in some persons than in others, or that this individual has the power of completely relaxing muscles that are antagonistic to those by which a movement is made. In ordinary movements many more muscles are called into play than one would suppose. For this there are many reasons: the duty of some muscles is to hold steady the part from which others spring; others again slightly modify the direction of the action of those chiefly concerned, and the antagonists have the function of moderating and restraining the efforts of those opposed to them by offering a certain resistance, so that a movement is performed steadily and securely instead of by a jerk. This resistance is not only quite involuntary, but even persistent in spite of the will, in the case of most of us. There is no question that the power of complete relaxation of antagonistic muscles is one of the most important factors in all kinds of contortion. Finally, as to the theory of the persistence of the condition of more muscle in proportion to the tendon, I can only say that, while it is not unlikely, there is no proof of it.

The attitude assumed in Figure 1 is not to be accounted for by any of these theories. Called the "split," it differs essentially from the "stride." The

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limbs are thrown nearly straight outward, with the knees looking upward. When the acrobat endeavors to show this in its greatest degree he goes through a rather trying series of preliminary movements. He gets the legs into the greatest possible spread while lying forward on his face, and then, curving his loins by a great effort, he draws himself up. This accomplished he relaxes the muscles of his back and remains balanced in what does not appear to be the most stable equilibrium. The stride is very common; the split really well done is less so. The strain on the muscles of the thighs is very great, as is well shown in the illustration. I am satisfied that to many, if not most, this position is a physical impossibility, the structure of the hip-joint not allowing it. I have convinced myself that this performer has the power of partially dislocating several of his joints, and the hip among them. This is a very interesting point, for, on the one hand, the public talks glibly of the power of india-rubber men to displace their joints; and, on the other hand, those more versed in anatomy see difficulties of which the public knows nothing. If the ligaments be loose enough to allow a bone to slide more or less out of its socket, whence, they ask, is the stability which is absolutely necessary for walking, running, or even standing? To this it may be answered that while certain powerful and important bands can hardly be supposed to be relaxed, yet these are not on the stretch in all positions, and it is conceivable that the weaker parts of the capsule may be lax enough to allow displacement at certain times. It is also certain that muscles, by their constant spontaneous tension, may pull joints together which the weakness of the ligaments would not keep snug. This is the case in the shoulder-joint, which cannot boast of a socket, properly so called, which by its shape keeps the bones in contact, as is the case in the hip and the elbow. The arm naturally tends to fall away from the shoulder and is kept close in place not by the ligaments of the joint, which are too long for this, but by the constant pull of the muscles. We may imagine the chief joints of the limbs surrounded by layers of muscle constantly exerting a pull on the bones. Now, in loose-jointed persons it is probable that either the shape of the joints or an unusual laxness of the ligaments allows the bones, when in certain positions, to become somewhat displaced, and that under ordinary circumstances the pull of the muscles is sufficient to maintain stability, especially if, as is probable, the ligaments are short enough to do their work in the positions which require them the most. If such a person have the power of completely relaxing the muscles, extraordinary effects are produced. This man allowed me to pull his hand and wrist directly away from the bones of the forearm. With very little effort, and apparently without causing him pain, I bent one of his fingers back till it touched his hand near the wrist. Figure 2 (p. 493) is offered in evidence that his smaller joints admit of considerable displacement. I leave the identification of the fingers to the ingenuity of the reader.

What, then, is a contortionist? In the first place, it appears that a contortionist is a person who has preserved in his spine, and in some cases in his joints, the infantile condition which in most persons is merely transient. This implies a great flexibility of the spine in all directions, and great powers of twisting it. It is also very likely that there are many small individual peculiarities all favoring uncommon freedom of motion. If a young boy without any of this special fitness should be trained for contortion, I think he probably would meet with some success, but never achieve distinction. So far as I am aware, children are not educated for this profession from their tenderest years, as they are for several kinds of acrobatic performances. Their capacity makes itself known by accident, from which it is fair to infer that it rests on an anatomical basis.

The ability to do both forward and backward work is rarely found in the same individual, and still more rarely does one so gifted attain excellence in either direction, though his movements are more easy and graceful than those

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of either the exclusively forward or backward man. I have been at much pains to learn the truth in this matter, as it is often said that a performer must be either a forward or a backward man, or at least that those who pretend to practise both kinds of work can do but little in either. The facts I believe to be as follows: It is perfectly possible for a boy possessing the requisite capacity for contortion to do both forward and backward work, and with practice to become very proficient in both. If, however, he should devote himself exclusively to either, certain changes will probably occur in his bones which will favor contortion in one direction and be an obstacle to it in the other. This is shown in both the performers whose nude figures are used for illustration. Thus it follows that he will reach greater perfection in his own branch than is physically possible for the "all-round" performer. He will, however, gain it at the expense of versatility, activity, and grace.

The contortionist's spine, as it may be called, is the only peculiarity of structure that is essential for the backward artist; many can do the "split" and the "stride," but the one figured in this paper can do neither. The forward artist must offer other attractions than that of bending forward, for to whatever extent the movement may be carried, the performance would savor of monotony if he could do nothing else. Therefore, what has been alluded to as "leg work" must be among the accomplishments of the forward man. There is no occasion to suppose that in all the feats of this class there is any displacement of the joints, though there certainly is in some, as in the "split," and its occurrence, of course, allows a greater range of motion in other acts, as, for instance, in raising the straight leg to the head. When it exists it is another instance of an anatomical peculiarity.

But the power of relaxing antagonistic muscles, though a functional peculiarity, is fully as important as any structural one. There is no use in having a flexible spine or loose joints if rigid muscles refuse to allow them play. This suppleness must be preserved by constant practice. If a contortionist has been idle for a time he cannot at once resume his labors. It is customary for contortionists to go through preparatory exercises just before appearing on the stage. Their suppleness varies with the weather and with diet, and its dependence in part on the nervous system is shown by more brilliant performances when there is music and the excitement of an audience than when these helps are wanting.

To sum up as concisely as possible—putting aside the cases in which displacement of the joints may occur, which, though of assistance, is not essential—we may say that the contortionist is an artist, inasmuch as he has cultivated the uncommon power of relaxing certain muscles and has learned to avail himself to the utmost of favorable peculiarities of his structure; but if he devotes himself exclusively to certain exercises exaggerated peculiarities are acquired, and he is no longer a thoroughly normal specimen.

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SHAKSPERE'S ENGLISH KINGS.

By Walter Pater.

A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face.

THE English plays of Shakspere needed but the completion of one unimportant interval to possess the unity of a popular chronicle from Richard the Second to Henry the Eighth, and possess, as they actually stand, the unity of a common motive in the handling of the various events and persons which they bring before us. Certain of his historic dramas, not English, display Shakspere's mastery in the development of the heroic nature amid heroic circumstances; and had he chosen, from English history, to deal with Cœur-de-Lion or Edward the First, the innate quality of his subject would doubtless have called into play something of that profound and sombre power which in "Julius Cæsar" and "Macbeth" has sounded the depths of mighty character. True, on the whole, to fact, it is another side of kingship which he has made prominent in his English histories. The irony of kingship—average human nature, flung with a wonderfully pathetic effect into the vortex of great events; tragedy of everyday quality heightened in degree only by the conspicuous scene which does but make those who play their parts there conspicuously unfortunate; the utterance of common humanity straight from the heart, but refined like other common things for kingly uses by Shakspere's unfailing eloquence: that, unconsciously for the most part, though palpably enough to the careful reader, is the conception under which Shakspere has arranged the lights and shadows of the story of the English kings, emphasizing merely the light and shadow inherent in it, and keeping very close to the original authorities, not simply in the general outline of these dramatic histories but sometimes in their very expression. Certainly the history itself, as he found it in Hall, Holinshed, and Stowe, those somewhat picturesque old chroniclers who had themselves an eye for the dramatic "effects" of human life, has much of this sentiment already about it. What he did not find there was the natural prerogative—such justification, in kingly, that is to say, in exceptional qualities, of the exceptional position, as makes it practicable in the result. It is no "Henriade" he writes, and no history of the English people, but the sad fortunes of some English kings as conspicuous examples of the ordinary human condition. As in a children's story, all princes are in extremes. Delightful in the sunshine above the wall into which chance lifts the flower for a season, they can but plead somewhat more touchingly than others their everyday weakness in the storm. Such is the motive that gives unity to these unequal and intermittent contributions toward a slowly evolved dramatic chronicle, which it would have taken many days to rehearse; a not distant story from real life still well remembered in its general course, to which people might listen now and again, as long as they cared, finding human nature at least wherever their attention struck ground in it.

He begins with John, and allows indeed to the first of these English kings a kind of greatness, making the development of the play centre in the counteraction of his natural gifts—that something of heroic force about him—by a madness which takes the shape of reckless impiety, forced especially on men's attention by the terrible circumstances of his end, in the delineation of which Shakspere triumphs, setting, with true poetic tact, this incident of the king's death, in all the horror of a violent one, amid a scene delicately suggestive of what is perennially peaceful

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and genial in the outward world. Like the sensual humors of Falstaff in another play, the presence of the bastard Faulconbridge, with his physical energy and his unmistakable family likeness —"those limbs which Sir Robert never holp to make"* —contributes to an almost coarse assertion of the force of nature, of the somewhat ironic preponderance of nature and circumstance over men's artificial arrangements, to the recognition of a certain potent natural aristocracy, which is far from being always identical with that more formal, heraldic one. And what is a coarse fact in the case of Faulconbridge becomes a motive of pathetic appeal in the wan and babyish Arthur. The magic with which nature models tiny and delicate children to the likeness of their rough fathers is nowhere more justly expressed than in the words of King Philip:

> Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face!
> These eyes, these brows were moulded out of his:
> This little abstract doth contain that large
> Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time
> Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.

It was perhaps something of a boyish memory of the shocking end of his father that had distorted the piety of Henry the Third into superstitious terror. A frightened soul, himself touched with the contrary sort of religious madness, doting on all that was alien from his father's huge ferocity, on the genialities, the soft gilding, of life, on the genuine interests of art and poetry, to be credited more than any other person with the deep religious expression of Westminster Abbey, Henry the Third, picturesque though useless, but certainly touching, might have furnished Shakspere, had he filled up this interval in his series, with precisely the kind of effect he tends toward in his English plays. But he found it completer still in the person and story of Richard the Second, a figure—"that sweet lovely rose"—which haunts Shakspere's mind, as it seems long to have haunted the minds of the English people, as the most touching of all examples of the irony of kingship.

Henry the Fourth—to look for a moment beyond our immediate subject, in pursuit of Shakspere's thought—is presented, of course, in general outline, as an impersonation of "surviving force:" he has a certain amount of king-craft also, a real fitness for great opportunity. But still true to his leading motive, Shakspere, in "King Henry the Fourth," has left the high-water mark of his poetry in the soliloquy which represents royalty longing vainly for the toiler's sleep; while the popularity, the showy heroism, of Henry the Fifth, is used to give emphatic point to the old earthy commonplace about "wild oats." The wealth of homely humor in these plays, the fun coming straight home to all the world, of Fluelen especially in his unconscious interview with the king, the boisterous earthiness of Falstaff and his companions, contribute to the same effect. The key-note of Shakspere's treatment is indeed expressed by Henry the Fifth himself, the *greatest* of Shakspere's kings.—"Though I speak it to you," he says *incognito*, under cover of night, to a common soldier on the field, "I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me: all his senses have but human conditions—and though his affections be higher mounted than ours yet when they stoop they stoop with like wing." And, in truth, the really kingly speeches which Shakspere assigns to him, as to other kings, weak enough in all but speech, are but a kind of flowers, worn for, and effective only as personal embellishment. They combine to one result with the merely outward and ceremonial ornaments of royalty, its pageantries, flaunting so naïvely, so credulously, in Shakspere, as in that old mediæval time. And then, the force of Hotspur is but transient youth, the common heat of youth, in him. The character of Henry the Sixth again, *roi fainéant*, with La Pucelle† for his counterfoil, lay in the direct course of Shakspere's design: he has done much to fix the sentiment of the "holy Henry."

* *Elinor.* Do you not read some tokens of my son (Cœur-de-Lion)
In the large composition of this man?

† Perhaps the one person of *genius* in these English plays.

> The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
> Exceeding the nine Sibyls of old Rome.
> What's past and what's to come she can descry.

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Richard the Third, touched, like John, with an effect of real heroism, is spoiled like him by something of criminal madness, and reaches his highest level of tragic expression when circumstances reduce him to terms of mere human nature:

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

The Princes in the Tower recall to mind the lot of young Arthur:

I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.

And when Shakspere comes to Henry the Eighth, it is not the superficial though very English splendor of the king himself, but the really potent and ascendant nature of the butcher's son on the one hand, and Katherine's subdued reproductions of the sad fortune of Richard the Second on the other, that define his central interest.*

With a prescience of the Wars of the Roses, of which his errors were the original cause, it is Richard who best exposes Shakspere's own constant sentiment concerning war, and especially that sort of civil war which was then recent in English memories. The soul of Shakspere, certainly, was not wanting in a sense of the magnanimity of warriors. The grandiose aspects of war, its magnificent apparelling, he records monumentally enough—the "dressing of the lists," the lion's heart, its unfaltering haste thither in all the freshness of youth and morning:

Not sick although I have to do with death—
The sun doth gild our armor up, my Lords!—
I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury.

Only, with Shakspere, the afterthought is immediate:

They come like sacrifices in their trim.

—Will it never be to-day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

This sentiment Richard reiterates very plaintively, in association with the delicate sweetness of the English fields, still sweet and fresh, like London and her other fair towns, in that England of Chaucer, for whose soil the exiled Bolingbroke is made to long so dangerously, while Richard on his return from Ireland salutes it—

That pale, that white-fac'd shore,—
As a long-parted mother with her child.—
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth!
And do thee favor with my royal hands.

Then (of Bolingbroke)

Ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
My pastures' grass with faithful English blood.—

Why have they dared to march?—

asks York,

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd visages with war?—

waking, according to Richard,

Our peace, which in our country's cradle,
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep:—

bedrenching "with crimson tempest"

The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land:—

frighting "fair peace" from "our quiet confines," laying

The summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rained from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:

bruising

Her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces.

Perhaps it is not too fanciful to note in this play a peculiar recoil from the mere instruments of warfare, the contact of the "rude ribs," the "flint bosom," of Barkloughly Castle or Pomfret or

Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower:

the

Boisterous untun'd drums
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms.

* Proposing in this paper to trace the leading sentiment in Shakspere's English Plays as a sort of *popular dramatic chronicle*, I have left untouched the question how much (or, in the case of "Henry the Eighth," how little) of them, may be really his: how far inferior hands have contributed to a result, true on the whole to the greater, that is the Shaksperian, elements in them.

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It is as if the lax, soft beauty of the king took effect, at least by contrast, on everything beside.

One gracious prerogative, certainly, Shakspere's English kings possess: they are a very eloquent company, and Richard is the most sweet-tongued of them all. In no other play perhaps is there such a flush of those gay, fresh, variegated flowers of speech—color and figure, not lightly attached to, but fused into, the very phrase itself—which Shakspere cannot help dispensing to his characters, as in this "play of the Deposing of King Richard the Second," an exquisite poet if he is nothing else, from first to last, in light and gloom alike, able to see all things poetically, to give a poetic turn to his conduct of them, and refreshing with his golden language the tritest aspects of that ironic contrast between the pretensions of a king and the actual necessities of his destiny. What a garden of words! With him, blank verse, infinitely graceful, deliberate, musical in inflexion, becomes indeed a true "verse royal," that rhyming lapse, which to the Shaksperian ear came as the last touch of refinement on it, being here doubly appropriate. His eloquence blends with that fatal beauty, of which he was so frankly aware, so amiable to his friends, to his wife, of the effects of which on the people his enemies were so much afraid, on which Shakspere himself dwells so attentively as the "royal blood" comes and goes in the face with his rapid changes of temper. As happens with sensitive natures, it attunes him to a congruous suavity of manners, by which anger itself became flattering; it blends with his merely youthful hopefulness and high spirits, his sympathetic love for gay people, things, apparel—"his cote of gold and stone, valued at thirty thousand marks," the novel Italian fashions he preferred, as also with those real amiabilities which made people forget the darker touches of his character, but never tire of the pathetic rehearsal of his fall, the meekness of which would have seemed merely abject in a less graceful performer.

In truth, in the painstaking "revival" of "King Richard the Second," by the late Charles Kean, those who were very young thirty years ago were afforded much more than Shakspere's play could ever have been before—the very person of the king based on the stately old portrait in Westminster Abbey, "the earliest extant contemporary likeness of any English sovereign," the grace, the winning pathos, the sympathetic voice, of the player, the tasteful archæology confronting vulgar modern London with a scenic reproduction, for once really agreeable, of the London of Chaucer. In the hands of Kean the play became like an exquisite performance on the violin.

The long agony of one so gayly painted by nature's self, from his "tragic abdication" till the hour in which he

> Sluiced out his innocent soul thro' streams of blood,

was for playwrights a subject ready to hand, and became early the theme of a popular drama, of which some have fancied surviving favorite fragments in the rhymed parts of Shakspere's work.

> The king Richard of Yngland
> Was in his flowris then regnand:
> But his flowris efter sone
> Fadyt, and ware all undone:—

says the old chronicle. Strangely enough, Shakspere supposes him an over-confident believer in that divine right of kings, of which people in Shakspere's time were coming to hear so much; a general right sealed to him (so Richard is made to think) as an ineradicable personal gift by the touch—stream rather, over head and breast and shoulders—of the "holy oil" of his consecration at Westminster—not, however, through some oversight, the genuine balm used at the coronation of his successor, given, according to legend, by the Blessed Virgin to Saint Thomas of Canterbury. Richard himself found that, it was said, among other forgotten treasures, at the crisis of his changing fortunes, and vainly sought reconsecration—understood, wistfully, that it was reserved for his happier rival. And yet his coronation, by the pageantry, the amplitude, the learned care, of its order, so lengthy that the king, then only eleven years of age, and fasting, as a communicant at the ceremony, was carried away in a faint, fixed the type under which it

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has ever since continued. And nowhere is there so emphatic a reiteration as in "Richard the Second" of the sentiment which those singular rites were calculated to produce.

> Not all the water in the rough rude sea
> Can wash the balm from an anointed king,—

as supplementing another, almost supernatural, right.—"Edward's seven sons," of whom Richard's father was one,

> Were as seven phials of his sacred blood.

But this, too, in the hands of Shakspere, becomes for him, like any other of those fantastic, ineffectual, easily discredited, personal graces, as capricious in its operation on men's wills as merely physical beauty, kindling himself to eloquence indeed, but only giving double pathos to insults which "barbarism itself" might have pitied—the dust in his face, as he returns, through the streets of London, a prisoner in the train of his victorious enemy.

> How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face!

he cries, in that most poetic invention of the mirror scene, which does but reinforce again that physical charm which all confessed. That sense of "divine right" in kings is found to act not so much as a secret of power over others, as of infatuation to themselves. And of all those personal gifts the one which alone never altogether fails him is just that royal utterance, his appreciation of the poetry of his own hapless lot, an eloquent self-pity, infecting others in spite of themselves, till they too become irresistibly eloquent about him.

In the Roman Pontifical, of which the order of Coronation is really a part, there is no form for the inverse process, no rite of "degradation," such as that by which an offending priest or bishop may be deprived, if not of the essential quality of "orders," yet, one by one, of its outward dignities. It is as if Shakspere had had in mind some such inverted rite, like those old ecclesiastical or military ones, by which human hardness, or human justice, adds the last touch of unkindness to the execution of its sentences, in the scene where Richard "deposes" himself, as in some long, agonizing ceremony, reflectively drawn out, with an extraordinary refinement of intelligence and variety of piteous appeal, but also with a felicity of poetic invention, which puts these pages into a very select class, with the finest "vermeil and ivory" work of Chatterton or Keats.

> Fetch hither Richard that in common view
> He may surrender:—

and Richard more than concurs: he throws himself into the part, realizes a type, falls gracefully as on the world's stage.—Why is he sent for?

> To do that office of thine own good will
> Which tired majesty did make thee offer.—
> Now mark me! how I will undo myself.

"Hath Bolingbroke deposed thine intellect?" the Queen asks him, on his way to the Tower—

> Hath Bolingbroke
> Deposed thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?

And in truth, but for that adventitious poetic gold, it would be only "plume-plucked Richard:"—

> I find myself a traitor with the rest,
> For I have given here my soul's consent
> To undeck the pompous body of a king.

He is duly reminded, indeed, how

> That which in mean men we entitle patience
> Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

Yet at least within the poetic bounds of Shakspere's play, through Shakspere's bountiful gifts, his desire seems fulfilled:

> O! that I were as great
> As is my grief.

And his grief becomes nothing less than a central expression of all that in the revolutions of Fortune's wheel goes *down* in the world.

No! Shakspere's kings are not, nor are meant to be, great men: rather, little or quite ordinary humanity, thrust upon greatness, with those pathetic results, the natural self-pity of the weak heightened in them into irresistible appeal to others as the net result of their royal prerogative. One after another, they seem to lie composed in Shak-

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spere's embalming pages, with just that touch of nature about them, making the whole world akin, which has infused into their tombs at Westminster a rare poetic grace. It is that irony of kingship, the sense that it is in its happiness child's play, in its sorrows, after all, but children's grief, which gives its finer accent to all the changeful feeling of these wonderful speeches:—the great meekness of the graceful, wild creature, tamed at last:

Give Richard leave to live till Richard die!

his somewhat abject fear of death, turning to acquiescence at moments of extreme weariness:

My large kingdom for a little grave!
A little little grave, an obscure grave!

his religious appeal in the last reserve, with his bold reference to the judgment of Pilate, as he thinks once more of his "anointing."

And as happens with children he attains contentment finally in the merely passive recognition of superior strength, in the naturalness of the result of the great battle as a matter of course, and experiences something of the royal prerogative of poetry to obscure, or at least to attune and soften men's griefs. As in some sweet anthem of Handel, the sufferer, who put finger to the organ under the utmost pressure of mental conflict, extracts a kind of peace at last from the mere skill with which he sets his distress to music,

Beshrew thee, Cousin, that didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!

With Cain go wander though the shades of night!—cries the new king to the gaoler Exton, dissimulating his share in the murder he is thought to have suggested; and in truth there is something of the murdered Abel about Shakspere's Richard. The fact seems to be that he died of "waste and a broken heart;" it was by way of proof that his end had been a natural one that, stifling a real fear of the face, the face of Richard, on men's minds, with the added pleading now of all dead faces, Henry exposed the corpse to general view; and Shakspere, in bringing it on the stage, in the last scene of his play, does but follow out the motive with which he has emphasized Richard's physical beauty all through it—that "most beauteous inn," as the Queen says quaintly, meeting him on the way to death—residence, then soon to be deserted, of that wayward, frenzied, but withal so affectionate soul. Though the body did not go to Westminster immediately, his tomb,

That small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones,*

the effigy clasping the hand of his youthful consort, was already prepared there, with "rich gilding and ornaments," monument of poetic regret, for Queen Anne of Bohemia, not of course the Queen of Shakspere, who however seems to have transferred to this second wife something of Richard's wildly proclaimed affection for the first. In this way, through the connecting link of that sacred spot, our thoughts once more associate Richard's two fallacious prerogatives, his personal beauty and his "anointing."

According to Johnson, "Richard the Second" is one of those plays which Shakspere has "apparently revised;" and how doubly delightful Shakspere is where he seems to have revised! "Would that he had blotted a thousand"—a thousand hasty phrases, we may venture once more to say with Pope, now that the tiresome German superstition has passed away which challenged us to a dogmatic faith in the plenary verbal inspiration of every one of Shakspere's clowns. Like some melodiously contending anthem of Handel's, I said, of Richard's meek "undoing" of himself in the mirror-scene; and, in fact, the play of "Richard the Second" does, like a musical composition, possess a certain concentration of all its parts, a simple continuity, an evenness in execution, which are rare in the great dramatist. With "Romeo and Juliet," that perfect symphony (symphony of three independent poetic forms† set in a grander

* Perhaps a *double entendre*: of any ordinary grave, as comprising, in effect, the whole small earth now left to its occupant: or, of such a tomb as Richard's in particular, with its actual model, or effigy, of the clay in him. Both senses are so characteristic that it would be a pity to lose either.

† The Sonnet: the Aubade: the Epithalamium.

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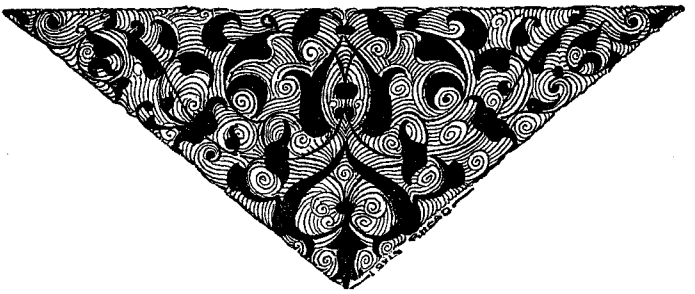
one which it is one of the merits of German criticism to have detected) it belongs to a small group of plays, in which, by happy birth and consistent evolution, dramatic form approaches to something like the unity of a lyric, a lyrical ballad, a song, a single strain of music. Which sort of poetry we are to account the highest, is perhaps a barren question. Yet if, in art generally, unity of impression is a note of what is perfect, then lyric poetry, which in spite of complex structure often preserves the unity of a single passionate ejaculation, would rank higher than dramatic poetry, in which, especially to a reader, as distinguished from the spectator assisting at a theatrical performance, there must always be a sense of the effort necessary to keep the various parts from flying asunder, a sense of imperfect continuity, which the older criticism vainly sought to obviate by the rule of the dramatic "unities." It follows that a play attains artistic perfection just in proportion as it approaches that unity of lyrical effect, as if a song or ballad were still lying at the root of it, all the various expression of the conflict of character and circumstance falling at last into the compass of a single melody, or musical theme. As, historically, the earliest classic drama arose out of the chorus, from which this or that person, this or that episode, detached itself, so, into the unity of a choric song the perfect drama ever tends to return, its intellectual scope deepened, complicated, enlarged, but still with an unmistakable singleness, or identity, in its impression on the mind. Just there, in that vivid single impression left on the mind when all is over, not in any mechanical limitation of time and place, is the secret of the "unities"—the true imaginative unity—of the drama.



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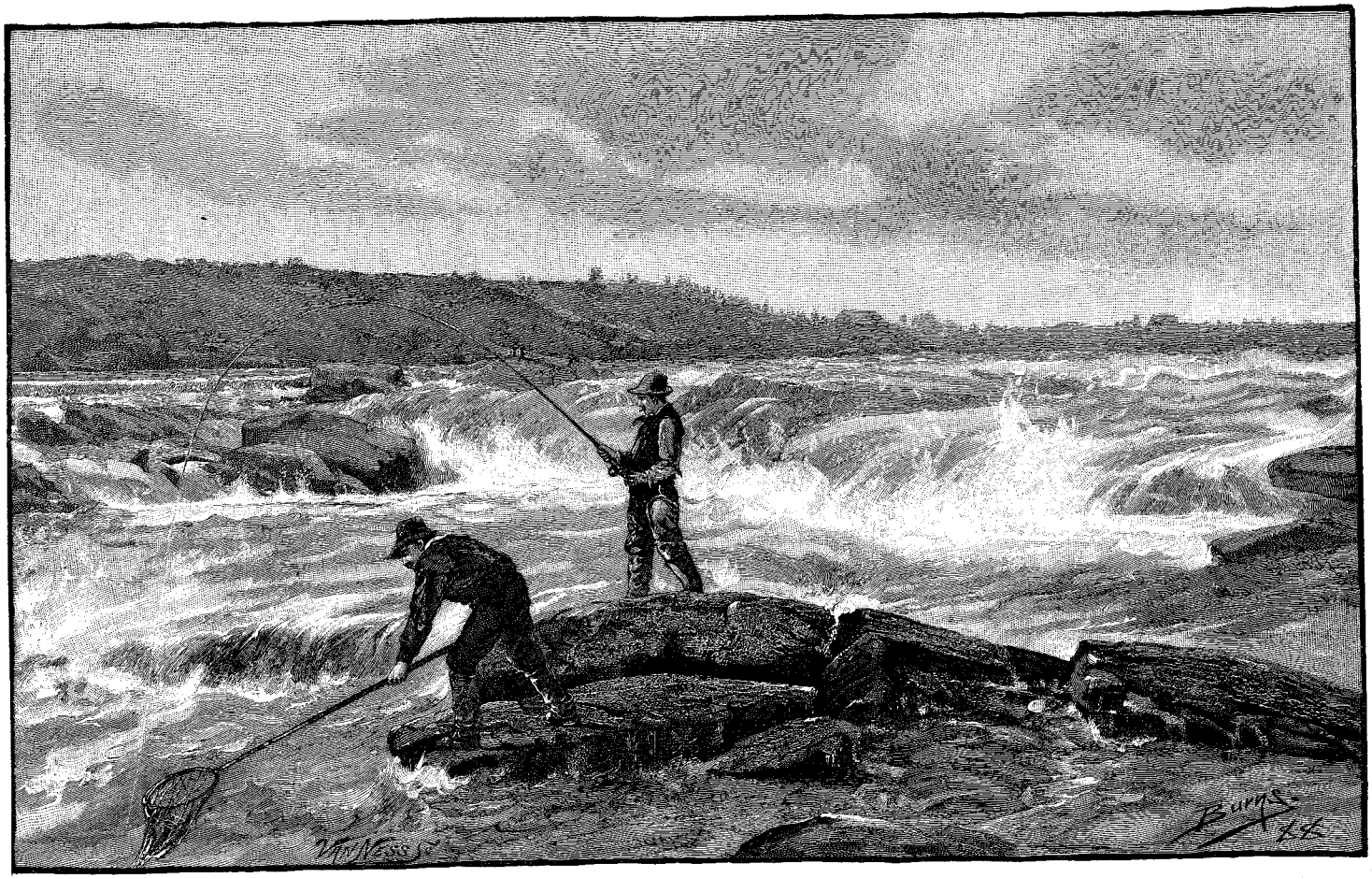

THE CARCAJOU POOL.

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